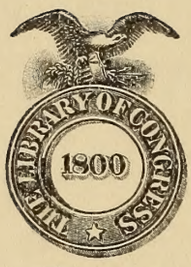

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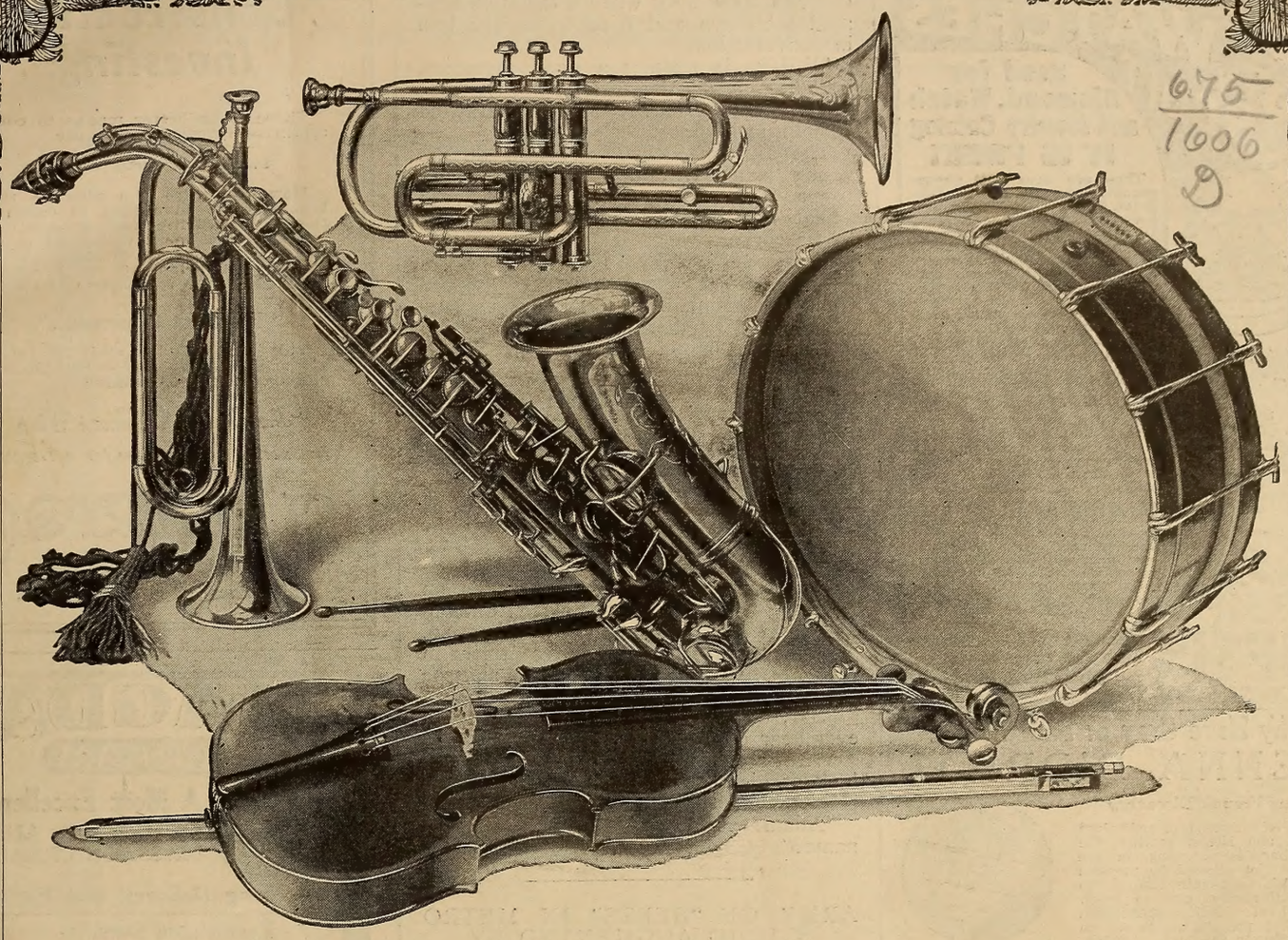

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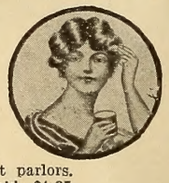

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CHARLIE'S LITTLE JOKE

Charlie was recently traveling from the coast to New York when a talkative hayseed sat down and tried to engage him in conversation.

"Wilson is making a good president, isn't he?" began the farmer.

"Wilson? Wilson? Who's he?" drawled Chaplin in his most serious vein.

The farmer looked surprised at the young man's ignorance and was silent for a few minutes—Then he renewed: "That last picture of Mary Pickford's was a corker, wasn't it?"

"Pickford? Mary Pickford? Who's she?" yawned Charlie. The hayseed tried to explain, but—without much success. After another pause he continued: "Charlie Chaplin was great in 'Shoulder Arms,' wasn't he?"

"Chaplin? Charlie Chaplin? Never heard of him," replied Charlie with a blank stare in his eyes.

Concluding that Charlie was not very strong on pictures, the agriculturist tried another task.

"Roosevelt is making things hot for the administration, isn't he?"

"Roosevelt? Who's Roosevelt? Confound it, you know more strangers than I ever dreamed of," drawled Chaplin with a slight indication of animation. This seemed to stir a bit of resentment in the talkative tiller of the soil and he blurted out:

"Say, where do you hail from—did you ever hear of Adam?"

With a yawn and a blank faraway look at his traveling companion, Charlie slowly inquired:

"Adam? Adam? What was his last name?"

ARMY OF "BERTS" IN METRO STUDIO AUGMENTED BY BERT NUTTLEMAN

Up to a few days ago there were four "Berts" on the lot at Metro's West Coast studios in Hollywood. Now there are five. The newest is Bert Nuttleman, of the technical department. The other four are Bert Lytell, the young Metro star; Bert LeVino, head of the scenario department; Bert Dorris, assistant director; and Bert Wayne, property-man.

This abundance of Berts was the cause for Lytell's first outburst of "temperament" during his three months at the studios. And temperament is not one of his frailties.

George D. Baker, manager of productions, wanted to talk to Lytell. He came to the rear door of the executive offices and shouted, "Oh, Bert!" Several times before he had done this same thing and all four Berts had responded from various corners of the lot. This time Nuttleman joined Lytell, LeVino, Dorris and Wayne. Lytell lost his temper. He aviated.

"Now listen, George," he snorted. "You ought to find some way to put a stop to this. It isn't efficient. I feel like a quartet singer, and it's the same way with the other fellows."

"Well, I've tried to classify you all," said Baker, ruefully. "First a card index, and then, as you suggested, the Bertillon system——"

Then an idea struck him forcibly.

"I know what I'll do," exclaimed the production manager. "I'll give you each a number."

So now it's B-1, B-2 and up to B-5. And Bert Dorris says that his number, B-4, sort of gives him the precedence, as it were.

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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At the Movies

By CHARLOTTE MISH

The heroine has been captured by a band of ruffians. Her terrified, heavily-lashed eyes gaze pleadingly from one to another of the vicious crew. She——

SMALL VOICE BEHIND YOU—What does she say, mamma? What does she say? What — does — she—say? Whatdoesshe say? Wha——

MOTHER — For goodness' sake! She says: "Is there no one here who will have manhood enough to release me?"

ANOTHER VOICE (loudly) — Is — there—no—one—here—who—will—have—manhood—enough—to—release—me?

SMALL VOICE—*Now* what does she say? Why does she say that? Why? Why? Why does she say *that,* mamma? Why—does—she——

MOTHER—Because. Now be still!

The owner of the small voice inserts feet into the back of your chair. You turn around and glare fiercely. But you do not miss any of the action of the play, for the other voice, the loud one, says:

My—father—will—see—that—you—are—punished!

ANOTHER VOICE—My father will see that you are punished!

STILL ANOTHER VOICE — Myfatherwill seethatyouarepunished!

FIRST VOICE — Oh, here's where we came in. Remember? Pretty soon the big man comes riding up and shoots the villain and carries the girl away.

The owner of this voice rises and nearly takes all your back hair and a piece of your scalp along with the pin holding her flowers. She also stabs you in the back with the handle of her umbrella and her escort gives you a neat crack with his elbow.

For a moment, *peace.* Then:

SMALL VOICE—What does he say now, mamma? *What* does he say?

MOTHER—I will have revenge.

SMALL VOICE—Why will he have revenge, mamma? *Why? What* are they doing *now?* What? Why? *Why* do they do that? *Why*——

A large person in front of you rises and stands, arranging her hat. She performs this operation with care, taking her own sweet time. When at last she departs the hero is in deadly combat with a lion. What events lead up to this you know not. You regret Loud Voice.

A person with very sharp knees digs her way past you. She sits down on your hat, which you have laid on the chair beside you, and then glares just because you left your hat pin in it, without even apologizing for mashing a perfectly good hat.

This calamity accomplished, you behold the hero, noose about his neck, the party of the first part in a hanging bee.

VOICE—Oh! Oh! You dont suppose he will be hung, do you? Oh! How perfectly terrible! Surely they cant let him be hung? He didn't do anything to get hung like this! Oh, why doesn't some one come?

ANOTHER VOICE—Oh, they wont hang him. I've seen this play before. Just at the stroke of the hour, as they are about to drop him off the plank, the girl will come with a regiment of U. S. cavalry and save him. Every one will applaud then. Then, after that, they go to the church, and, sure enough, in the back of the altar they find the papers. Then——

SMALL VOICE—What are they doing now, mamma? Why do they do it? Why? Why?

The person with the sharp knees begins cracking peanuts with vim and pep, the shells from which she strews over your skirt. A giddy youth, reeking with ten-cents-a-pint perfume, who sits on your other side, sneezes; and you wonder absently if he has pneumonia and if you will catch it if he has. The child in front of you reaches for your nose, but is forestalled in this pastime by its father.

The hero, true to schedule, has been rescued and every one is now in the deserted church making the search for the missing documents. Suddenly, as they reach the altar——

The child—oh, he is a very determined child, indeed—has grabbed your nose at last. Having captured it he wearies of the game, to your relief, and settles down in his chair. You rub your nose and watch the discovery of the papers.

The hero and heroine embrace. This was where you came in, but you wait for the final close-up, the one where they stand silhouetted against the midnight sky. You liked that part pretty well. The child in front of you begins to wail.

You leave.

PICTURE PHILOSOPHY

As some of the most delicious fruits and beautiful flowers have their parasites and enemies, so some of the most illustrious men and women have their detractors.

We gain a laugh by saying a good thing—we gain esteem by doing one.

My son, beware of prejudices. They are like rats, and men's minds are like traps; prejudices get in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

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Men who are long on words are likely to be short on deeds.

Philosopher—A man who can see others make such big mistakes.

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Among the features will be:

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At the height of her popularity, this star has left pictures. This story is the scoop of the film world for it not only contains the first authentic description of Madame Petrova's home, but also the reason for one of the most momentous decisions in the picture world.

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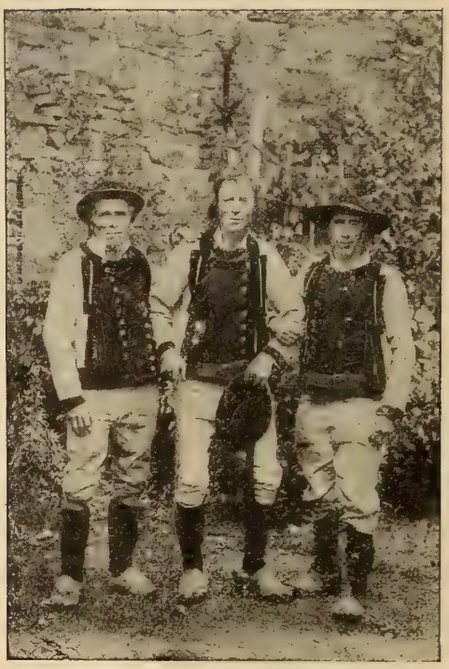

Do you think this familiar figure is your own Bill Hart? Looks like him, but it is in reality an old Frenchman, a *vieillard de guiscriff* whose likeness to Bill Hart is so apparent that while "over there" one of our soldier boys snapped his picture.

BALLADE OF ANCIENT MOVIES

By C. P. McDonald

When, at the end of a weary day,
  Forth to the movies I blithely fare,
Hoping to witness a snappy play,
  One that will succor my soul from care,
  Dont pull the "problem" stuff on me there,
Something that hasn't the "pep" and "go";
  Gimme a fil-lum of vintage rare—
Gimme Bill Hart in a gunman show!

Pass up the yarn of the roué gay,
  Wrecking the lives of the happy pair.
Cut out the chicken who had to pay
  For putting her foot in the villain's snare.
  Nix on the clandestine love affair,
The ruined home and the vamping, bo;
  All of these fillers I gladly spare—
Gimme Bill Hart in a gunman show!

Pickle the tale of the brainless jay
  Who falls for the moll with the baby stare;
The hard-working husbands whose wives betray
  For the paramours that they knew "back there."
  Can the poor geezer whose son and heir
Inherits a taste for the bubbles' glow.
  Gimme a he-man, a whale, a bear—
Gimme Bill Hart in a gunman show!

Summary

Showmen, I shy like an old gray mare
  At the silk-tiled dudes of the long ago;
They're ringing the knell on the game, I swear—
  Gimme Bill Hart in a gunman show!

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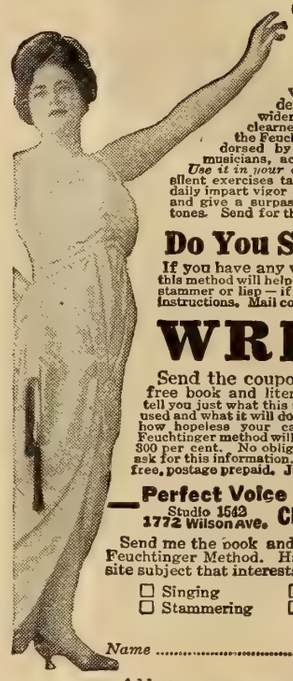

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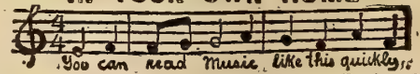

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With humor and insight Frederick James Smith will tell you of his afternoon with Miss Bara, when he drank tea in an atmosphere laden with incense and talked of—— But that would be telling! Here is a chat brimful of odd and picturesque interest.

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Ethel Clayton Lasky Star

Lillian Walker, With the Lillian Walker Production Co.

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Lillian Walker Says: "You'll Prove It On Your Own Complexion."

"There is a way, a quite-certain way, to make the skin clear and uniform, indescribably lovely, free from freckles, and spots, muddiness, or blemishes. Those who are willing to try this, should remain faithful to its use. You will prove its results on your own complexion. If you will simply mix the contents of a one-ounce package of zintone,—which any druggist can supply you—with water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine as directed on the package, it will form a delightfully satiny cream, ready for use. This makes over a pint of cream, it is economical and can be used liberally. I can render you no better service than to make this suggestion."

Marguerite Clayton Says Shampoos Are as Different as Night From Day.

"Most people, apparently, do not realize that there are accumulations constantly forming on the scalp and which hold on very tenaciously. Washing with ordinary soaps or shampoos does not seem to dislodge this film. A very effective way to remove it is by dissolving them with what is known as eggol. This comes in small white and golden pearls.

"A teaspoonful of this dissolved in a half cup of water makes a most luxurious head-wash, and dissolves every bit of foreign accumulation on the scalp. You will find it leaves the scalp cleaner than you ever thought it possible to have it. It leaves the hair silky, and, I am sure, helps the hair to more vigorous growth. For a quarter, one can get enough eggol for over a dozen of these shampoos."

Ruth Roland: "By All Means Use Sulfo Solution for Superfluous Hair."

"Here is a way to remove superfluous hair which is as pleasant and easy, and free from irritation, as the use of any ordinary face lotion. In fact, it now becomes a toilet pleasure instead of a dread. You wet the hairs to be removed with just a few drops of sulfo solution, which you can secure at any drug store. You can apply it with your fingers.

"The hairs will quickly shrivel up, dissolve away, so that you can rub them right off with your fingers. The best part of it is that it leaves the skin in a glorious condition, free from any spotting or irritation, every hair is gone and no one can tell that you had superfluous hairs at all. It is as safe as any face cream."

Ethel Clayton: "Make Skin Pores Smaller To Remove Wrinkles."

"It is well known that a coarse skin, or one with large pores, usually shows the most flabbiness and the most wrinkles. By making the pores smaller, an important result is produced on wrinkles. The pores 'brace up' and the skin becomes finer in texture. It is possible to brace up the pores, to give the skin a finer texture, to make it more plump and youthful. Result, fewer wrinkles.

"You can produce a very pronounced effect on wrinkles by using a cream, very easily made by mixing two ounces of eptol in a half pint of water and adding a tablespoonful of glycerine. Use it very freely and notice the results of lines of age, wrinkles, and crow's feet. I feel sure you will not be disappointed."

Muriel Ostriche Says: "Hair Growth Can Easily Be Forced."

"Talk about hair growing out fast, and in rich vigorous profusion, well, I would like to see every woman just use this. Personal experience is more eloquent than any written-word. Just measure the length of your hair today, use the method I suggest here, and then measure your hair again in a few weeks. That will tell the story. All that is necessary is to get from the drug store an ounce package of beta-quinol, and mix this with a half pint of bay rum and a half pint of water, or else with a full pint of witchhazel. Then the hair-grower is ready. It certainly is a delight to use, and it contains no oil. It is exceedingly economical."

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Letters to the Editor

Does any producer wish to properly picturize Boston girls? Here's a handy hint:

DEAR EDITOR—As a reader I find your Magazine interesting, original and clever. Your method of presenting talented players to a fanciful American public is especially interesting. Will some one explain why those who are responsible will pose Bostonian girls on the screen with manners not unlike the antics of a frantic puppy?

I do not mention any special presentation, because I am not writing with the intent to be critical. I greatly admire the perfection of detail so nearly attained in this (to me) new and delightful world of creative artists. Truly Bostonian types are very distinct. Their exclusiveness leaves them misunderstood—if not altogether unknown in the theatrical world.

Flirtatious, cuddling creatures without a chaperon, all jerks and angular movements, skipping among the shrubberies with sweethearts no more resemble Boston girls than do Chinamen. Since Chinamen are shown in filmland true to type and color, then why not the Boston girl? In a gracious mood she is a really charming personality and in contrast with more lively types she would make an interesting study for the best screen productions.

I know whereof I speak, inasmuch as I have lived much among them (tho not being one of them).

In Boston humanity reaches the climax of frigidity—B-r-r-r-r——

Socially Bostonians are the coldest caste on earth, and, as you know, this good old world is a big world with plenty of frosty places and peoples to beat. Ever had the east wind there cut thru you? or attend a social function within a set wherein you had not been born and bred, cultivated and cultured all your days? Try it. I'll venture that unless you are blessed with being a social lion, a prince, or the like—a second attempt is unlikely. Nor will your imagination, no matter how highly developed, picture to you a hopping, skipping, giggling Boston girl! No, sir!

Young children there express gentle breeding, dignity and good manners, veritable little reproductions of their Bostonian grown-ups. It has been truly said that a Boston child knew everything but childhood. The incorrect thing simply is not done.

Attend a play in New York (referring to the spoken stage), then attend the same show in Boston and half the wit of it is gone. Why? Bostonians will not permit themselves to be shocked! Temperature, not temperament, decides the issue—one blames the climate.

Dress in Boston town is simplicity itself; again we blame the climate. The human element instinctively harmonizes with the sombre hues of the east; nature all along the northeastern Atlantic shores favors dusky greys, shadowy green hills with rare glints of pinkish purple granite for color, and the race naturally trails to the hill tops to behold the sun rise. Travel westward nearer the sun with all its warmth and glory of color and you find humanity corresponding in variety and action as unconcerned concerning conventionality as nature is of her blending brilliance of color.

All along the Pacific shores one is invited to view their beautiful sunsets. Here we look for the sunshiny, cheerful types, but the Boston girl, like Boston town, is more often than not cold and frigid outside of the pale of her own social world and perfectly proper therein.

Very truly,
I. M. R.
132 W. 16th Street, New York City.

A dissertation, somewhat deep, which deserves thinking over:

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Many a good thing has been said by readers of your Magazine in letters published by you, and I have always relished them. In fact, those letters from the public are the first thing I am looking for upon purchasing your esteemed Magazine. I venture that even some of the film manufacturers derive valuable suggestions from the contributions of your readers, and this assumption causes me to put forth an advice regarding one of the most annoying features of the industry, or to be more exact, accompanying the showing of the pictures. Must all the wails about the deadly reader of subtitles in the theaters be in vain? Why, oh, why is all the mental energy spent on uttering wild curses about this pest, why is all the stifling wrath throttling our breath wasted away, daily anew? There is a remedy. Let the manufacturers, instead of informing the world of the startling fact that Mr. Smith was the indispensable fellow turning the crank of the camera, or that Mr. Smearer is responsible for the continuity—I say, let the manufacturers give twenty feet of film to the printed request to the audience to kindly refrain from making their neighbor's life an unbearable burden by reading out loud the titles, either with creaking voices or with much feeling. I predict that there will be a day when some patron of the less insipid sort will, with a wild and weird howl, leap upon the scoundrel who has just uttered, in accordance with the screen, the magic words, "the dawn of a new day," murdering him mercilessly. And the jury will render an unanimous verdict of "not guilty," and the liberator, bless him, will be elected President of the United States of the World.

Did you ever notice, in real life, that while speaking, folks push their eyebrows up and down? You did not? Neither did I. Why then do some of the actors insist upon performing that exercise? Petrova does not, and still they roast her for being unnatural on the screen. Let the readers think it over, they will have to admit that, quite on the contrary, she is one of the very, very few actresses who act in pictures just as any normal human being would act in real life. Few people are prejudiced against her by thoughtless critics who call her "cold," and who cannot see that she avoids exaggeration; that exaggeration to which said critics have became used in the past, and the lack of which they interpret as lack of temperament. Compare her acting—no, not acting, her portrayals!—compare it with the mannerisms of the cuties who invariably snatch the first place in popularity contests! Behold, for instance, Pearl White. She is one of the most beautiful women of the screen, but her acting—horrible. Or Margarita Fischer. She gives me the blues. Or that impossible June Caprice.

Why is William Fox? Has there ever been a time when he has put out pictures of merit? The word "mediocre" has been created, without doubt, by some ancient philologue who had a premonition that there would be, some day, a great coun-

try named the U. S., and that there would be, in that country, a man who hated all mankind, and that that misogynist would, in his sulky mood, turn to making sordid pictures, and that people would fall for that stuff and pay their good money to behold his "offerings." He is the guy who let that Lady of the Nile, born in Cincinnati, loose upon poor, suffering mankind; he is the fellow who exploits the talents of Annette, the Kellerwoman, and the merits of the epidermis. As to the epidermis, all right, let's have it, as much as the camera lens will stand, but in the name of Makart, let Maurice Tourneur handle the subject. You would not think of letting a poor but honest butcher remove your appendix, would you? Then we should refuse to approve of Mr. Fox's endeavors to mishandle the glory of the human skin.

There is many a subject on which I could whet my pen did I not fear to cause you ennui. Hear ye my last cry: from operatic stars, oh, Lord, deliver us! Let us assemble, guileless patrons of the "movies," to march to the headquarters of certain producers, there to grab them, treat them with violence and then throw them into the deepest of dungeons, for it is they who make us shudder at the sight of female and male voice-acrobats, acting all over the screen in heinous fashion. Cant those producers see that sensationalism does not pay in the end? Oh, that the vulture "bankruptcy" devour all those who dare sin against the spirit of the art, who try to deceive the people into believing that it is not the eye, and the eye alone, which conceives the picture.

Kindest regards and much gratitude for the joy I derive from each edition of your Magazine!

Very sincerely yours,
A. ENGELKE.

It is an easy thing to criticize, but just try doing the work yourself!

MY DEAR EDITOR—I was very much interested in the letter in the November Magazine, concerning Alice Brady.

It seemed to me that the person who so vehemently accused Miss Brady erred, if I may use this word, quite a little in her judgment. I have seen a good many of the Alice Brady productions, and am proud to say that I enjoyed every one of them most heartily. Also I think Miss Brady a very attractive young woman, and therefore could not help feeling that this criticism was very unjust.

I am afraid that people are beginning to look for too much in the motion picture field. They seem to think that there must not be a single flaw in any production, or if there is such, that the actors and directors are all a "bum lot," to resort to slang phraseology. To me all motion pictures are fine, and the actors and actresses likewise. I enjoy them all, men and women, old and young, blond and brunette, "vamp" and ingénue. They are all doing a mighty fine work, giving pleasure to old and young alike, and working their very hardest to help give a little fun and add to the enjoyment of this "old world." It seems, therefore, that we, who stand on the outside and look on, should not criticise too severely, for most of us could not do one-half as well, but should "take off our hats" to the motion picture players, every one of them, and bid them all "god-speed."

I hope you will pardon this intrusion on my part into motion picture discussions, Mr. Editor, and realize the spirit in which it is written.

Yours very sincerely,
G. E. W.

Another Movie Queen

Margaret Marsh

feminine star of the superserial "The Master-Mystery" writes us as follows:

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persistently for a short time. Miss Marsh and many other stars of the screen and stage, as well as women prominent in society, all use and highly recommend this efficient and harmless preparation, which nourishes and promotes the growth of eyelashes and eyebrows, and so adds greatly to the charm and beauty of the eyes and face. Will you not try "LASH-BROW-INE"?

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A PROFESSION WITHIN YOUR GRASP!

With the Dawn of Peace comes the rise of New Opportunities

The World War was waged against Kaisers and all Autocrats who suppressed the People's Opportunities. Opportunity was relegated to a Favored Class.

The Favored Class has been abolished and today you and I stand on the Rim of a New Age. One look into the Agonized Face of the Victors tells us that the Supremacy of the Sword lies buried in the Ruins of the Old World which we have forever left behind.

You and I—we are the People. And it is true that the People will rule henceforth. But whether or not it be You and I who shall rule is not left to Chance. For our fellows will permit none to rule who has not won his Crown!

So a new war is upon us—the War of Peace, the War of the Pen. And the Pen is Mightier than the Sword! For the Pen is Bloodless and every well-directed stroke means a new rivet in the Renaissance of Right.

The Pen shall be the scepter of this New World that woke on Flanders Fields. The Pen shall bring the World's Men to the World's Market Places and leave to Unknown Failure the Merchant who does not Advertise. The Pen shall weigh and sway the Opinions of the People until they rock the sphere in the Cradle of the Press, and he who fails to read his Magazine or Newspaper will be blasted with Ignorance. The Pen will rouse the Sleeping Souls of Men to set Monumental Deeds over the graves of Dead Resolutions, and he who has not ears to hear the Voice of the People thru their Orators shall never see the Morning! The Pen shall skim the richness and sweetness of the World's Glories in History, it shall bring the Essence of Men's Lives to be relieved in the Library, it shall enchain the tragedies and laughter that storm and sun the Human Soul, in an exquisite hour on a curtained Stage, it shall last of all Sing the weary world to sleep by sweeping the strings of Poetic Fancy!

Hail to the Age of the Pen! For the literary arts are the foundation of all the arts and sciences. Without them success in any undertaking is well nigh impossible. They are stepping-stones, as well as independent professions.

So, the time is ripe for the New Education to rise—The AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS. This is the only institution in the World devoted solely to the Word and the Pen. It is consecrated to Opportunity and the People's Need. It puts a Profession within the grasp of the Man Who Has Ears to Hear.

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Men and Women of Talent, we salute you! We greet you with the Key to the Door of Opportunity in our hand.

We warn you, that the Door stands at the top of a high mountain which only diligent Study and honest Perseverance may hope to reach. We Keepers of the Gate, are trustees only. Treasures lie within that none but True Knights of the Pen may lay hands on.

We are seeking Dreamers of Dreams, to be sure, but none shall pass out with the Seal of Approval until we are convinced that he IS a Doer of Deeds.

Old Schools have passed away, we offer you one born Yesterday breathing the New Spirit of the Age. Here is a School in the very midst of the Turmoil of Life. Here the Man and the Woman meet Masters, mind to mind and heart to heart, who have solved Life's Problems in their Particular Profession. Here may study Students who never walked in Learned Halls, students who are gray with Age or grimed with Toil, students who commune with their Masters tho they dwell in Timbuctoo or Kokomo, students who are masters of all their time or who can garner a treasured hour a day. The A. C. L. A. plan fits the student's Mind and Ambition and ignores his or her physical, financial and social handicaps.

If YOU think you belong to the Ruling Class, if you can Dream Dreams and Do Deeds, if you can follow Opportunity over the rugged paths that lead to the Summit of Achievement, if you would like to peer into the Treasures the New Age holds for YOU, clip the Coupon below, and send it to us and we will send you a handsome Brochure of Inspiration called "The Open Door."

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplay-wrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big and great.

Central—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story—Effie Shannon and Shelly Hull, who are both fine. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

Morosco.—"Remnant," according to Hoyle, and some of the learned (?) critics (notably those of *Times, Sun* and *Post*), this play will never, never do. Fortunately the public and the critics dont often agree. The repartee in this comedy sparkles like a Shaw or Wilde, in sentiment and romance it equals "The Cinderella Man" and "Daddy Longlegs," the humor in it rivals that of "Peg o' My Heart," it exceeds the joy spirit of "Pollyanna," and the cast is as strong as any of these. It may not be perfect in construction, and it may lack atmosphere, and maybe Florence Nash's mannerisms are not true to type, (she is wonderful, nevertheless), but this play will charm and delight practically everybody but the critics.

Harris.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

ON THE ROAD

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy and one of the best that New York has seen in many a moon. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. (Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.)

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelley's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining, with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

"Where Poppies Bloom." Melodramatic war play of a woman who discovers that her husband is a Hun spy. Action takes place on the Flanders battle line. Marjorie Rambeau is very emotional in the star rôle.

"The Little Teacher. A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime.*

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Wetona," in which Lenore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

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By "You Tell 'Em," *an* Admirer of The Answer Man.

The Answer Man sits at his task,
Answering you o'er and o'er;
Delving deep into each one's past
As he has done before.
Dear, old, white-haired Answer Man,
Come to our pages to stay,
Cheering his readers as they go
The pathways of today,
Shooting the stars from their places,
Telling us what they do—
If Mary's eyes are of hazel hue,
If F. X. Bushman's blue,
If Marguerite Clark is thirty years old,
If Theda is vamping yet,
If Douglas F. wears orange hose,
And other things, you bet!
Here's the point I want to take—
Just this, what difference does it make?
Dont you love him just the same?
A rose—you know—by any name.
Is Clara Kimball very Young?
Is Blanche so awf'ly Sweet?
Why is Louise so Lovely?
And Pearl so White and neat?
Does Fannie Ward off middle age?
Is Mary Fuller than of yore?
Pray tell me what does Wallace Reid
And is he Owen More?
Is William's Hart all sound and true?
Is Theda any Bara?
Here's the point I want to take—
Just this, what difference does it make?
If Mary drinks soda thru a straw
And always sleeps till nine,
If Chaplin's underwear is silk
And, oh, so very fine!
Is this your business or mine?
This point I'm asking you to take—
Dear friends, what difference does it make?
They are the stars 'way up in the sky,
It's up to us to watch them shoot by—
They are the meteors that fall 'cross the screen
And otherwise judging is cruel and mean.

CONCERNING WANDA

By S. King Russell

Ever since I saw Wanda Hawley
In "We Cant Have Everything"
I've wanted Wanda,
That little blonde goddess,
Who played havoc with the hero, the audience and me.
She has made my mind Wanda ever since;
In fact, if I wanted to pun outrageously,
She has made my mind wander wholly.
But, honestly,
That picture gave me a new ambition.
I'm going to work and save
Till I've gathered in eight million,
(Or my uncle might die some day).
And then I'm going to do
As the hero did
So that Wanda can vamp me
And my millions.
And to think that the said hero,
Instead of being really worth eight million,
Was paid a fine salary
To carry Wanda Hawley,
Who was pretending to be lame,
Into her dressing-room,
And *let* her kiss him
(Dont you love that?)
One of those slow, fade-out kisses . . .
That you dont get in real life,
You and I.
So, if you've seen her,
You'll understand why,
Ever since I saw that Rupert Hughes play
I've wanted Wanda Hawley.
But what's the use?
We Cant Have Everything.

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IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your *"looks,"* therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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Hollywood, Cal., Dec. 17, 1917.

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Louise Huff

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FEBRUARY, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Mary Miles Minter holds the place of honor among the ingénue stars of today, not only because of her youthful charm, but because of her unaffected naturalness. Little Miss Minter has been on the stage ever since she was five years old, when she played nearly every child rôle in stock repertoire. She also originated child parts in "Cameo Kirby," "Hanele," "A Fool There Was," and "The Littlest Rebel." She is now starring in pictures made at the American studios at Santa Barbara, where she lives with her mother, grandmother and sister.

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WATCH FOR
The real personality story of Billie Burke in the next Magazine.

READ
"The Life-time of a Star" in the March issue.

For *cleansing*, one cream—For protection, an entirely *different* cream

To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two creams are needed —an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection

The nightly cleansing and massage with Pond's Cold Cream keep the skin clear and smooth

THE skin is constantly being toughened and coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care both to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have.

Cleanse the skin each night

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond's Cold Cream. The soothed, *refreshed* feeling will be noticeable at once.

You will find Pond's Cold Cream a perfect oil cream for massage as well as for cleansing.

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Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying a little Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out.

Rub it lightly into your skin. It is wholly different from any other cream you have ever used. It contains no oil. At once it disappears without leaving a trace of disagreeable shine. By taking this simple precaution, you can keep your skin lovely all winter.

The very first application will show you how much your skin is benefited.

Neither Pond's Vanishing Cream nor Pond's Cold Cream will grow hair or down on the skin. Try them both for a week and notice how much lovelier your skin looks.

Free sample tubes

Tear out and mail the coupon today and we will send you sample tubes of each cream free. Or for 10c we will send you larger tubes of both creams, containing enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 136P Hudson St., New York City. If you live in Canada, address 136P Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

AT a moment's notice, Pond's Vanishing Cream brings your skin new freshness. As a protection, apply a little before going out into the cold

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Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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Gallery of Photo Players

ALICE BRADY

Daughter of the famous William A. Brady, Alice, it would seem, had an easy entrance to the stage. But Papa Brady didn't want Alice to be an actress. She simply ran away and joined Fritzi Scheff's company. Just now Alice is dividing her time between the Select studios and "Forever After," her stage hit.

© Alfred C. Johnston

PAULINE CURLEY

Pauline has been before the public since she was three years nine months old, to be exact. Her first work was a song and dance. At the age of five she played in stock in her home town, Holyoke, Mass. At the age of six she did her first screen playing. One of her first hits was the Princess Irena in Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs."

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Miss Young has been a film favorite since the palmy days of Vitagraph. Clara came to Vitagraph from vaudeville, and her success on the screen was instantaneous. Finally she was sent around the world on the famous Vitagraph tour. Do you remember Miss Young's very first rôle? It was Anne Boleyn in "Cardinal Wolsey."

MONROE SALISBURY

Monroe was born in Buffalo and came to the pictures after appearing on the stage with such stars as Mrs. Fiske, Richard Mansfield and John Drew. He appeared in the first Lasky production, "The Squaw Man," but his biggest hit was scored as Alessandro in "Ramona." Now he's a Bluebird star.

© Lumière

HELENE CHADWICK

Helene was born in Chadwick, N. Y., a town named after one of her ancestors, Lord Chadwick. She was educated in New York City and, while at school, began posing for artists. Then she obtained her start with Pathé. Now she's a Pathé star. Her work will be watched with interest.

GERALDINE FARRAR

Gerry is now back grand operaing and wont be in the Goldwyn studios before April. No singer has come to the silversheet with quite the success of Miss Farrar. She smashed the bull's-eye of popular favor with "Carmen" and then duplicated again with "Joan the Woman."

BRYANT WASHBURN

Bryant's grand-uncle was Dwight Moody, the famous revivalist. The Washburn family has been prominent in New England history for over 250 years. Indeed, the Washburn pedigree dates back to the thirteenth century. Bryant, however, was born in Chicago and educated there. He went on the stage and then into the photodrama with Essanay. Now he's Paramounting.

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

Altho only a kiddie, Virginia is already a star. Between cashing stellar checks, little Miss Corbin plays with her dolls and Teddy-bears. Virginia has been a Fox player for some three years. One of her biggest hits was scored in the kiddie feature, "Jack and the Beanstalk."

The mother-tongue of America's millions — the modern motion picture.

BABEL crumbles before the motion picture screen. "A universal language," said President Wilson. The language of the eye and the soul. And the Famous Players-Lasky Corp. has taken this universal language and placed it on a plane where it enriches the life of the whole nation with a perpetual new joy.

This season, for example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is giving to America even finer pictures—pictures attuned to the spirit of the time—208 Paramount and Artcraft Pictures generously laden with the joy of living, with romance and adventure, with song and laughter, fun and frolic, rare entertainment for high hearts.

It is the emotions that are the universal language, and it is the emotions that the motion picture speaks and sings to, whether it be the emotional deeps of patriotism or the dancing shallows of merriment.

Paramount and Artcraft touch the deepest chords in *you!* Such is the power of *"Foremost* stars, *superbly* directed in *clean* pictures."

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Verify for yourself wherever you see these trade-marks, the trade-marks of "the universal language."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*

NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

HERE are the latest productions of **Paramount** and **Artcraft** Stars, listed alphabetically, released up to January 1.

Save this list. Check the ones you have seen and ask your theatre manager when the others are coming.

Artcraft

Cecil B. DeMille's Production "The Squaw Man"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree"
D. W. Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life"
William S. Hart in "Branding Broadway"

Paramount

Enid Bennett in "Fuss and Feathers"
Marguerite Clark in "Three Men and a Girl"
Ethel Clayton in "The Mystery Girl"
Dorothy Dalton in "Quicksand"
Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest"
Shirley Mason & Ernest Truex in "Goodbye Bill"
Charles Ray in "String Beans"
Wallace Reid in "Too Many Millions"
Bryant Washburn in "The Way of a Man with a Maid"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials:

Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

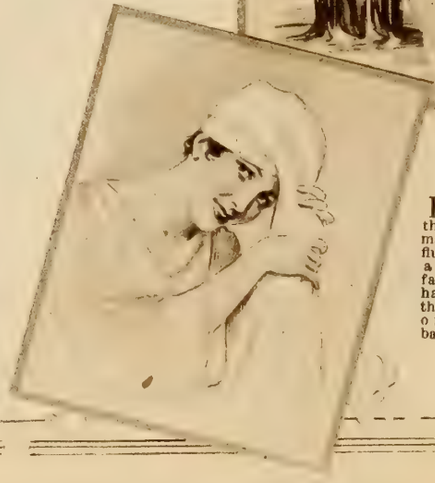
BEFORE shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails.) Make the scalp itself move in little circles. This stimulates the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, and loosens the particles that clog up the pores

NOW dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly

The Right Way To Shampoo

NEXT apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes

CLEAR off with fresh, warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in tepid water



DRY very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily around the face, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back

HOW THIS TREATMENT HELPS YOUR HAIR

THE whole beauty and lustre of your hair depend upon your *scalp*. This is why caring for the hair is the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in combfuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

Keep your scalp healthy

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Use the soap treatment given on this page as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake to-day. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

SEND 6 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatments) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1302 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1302 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

THE SLEEPING CITIES

OPEN stood the gates to the Sleeping City, and, none being there to deny me entrance, I passed within, and, in wonder, made my way adown the spacious thorofare, where, but yesterday, were re-enacted scenes from the long ago, that the world of today might look upon the pictured life of by-gone ages; today, a city silent, abandoned, asleep. Pausing, I looked about me. Here, against a stack of cruel-looking lances of War, rested a replica Cross of the Master of Peace, and in contradiction unintended, there hung across its arm a Mercurial caduceus, while at the foot had been tossed, and still lay, the costume of Mephistopheles.

Silence, profound, held sovereignty over this mammoth picture studio—this Sleeping City. Passing on thru countless wonders, I entered the Projection Hall. It, too, was silent and abandoned, its white screen specter-like.

Here I sat down and gave myself to retrospection and reverie.

Trooping past the eyes of Memory came the players of the past, bearing the Cinema Industry thru its struggling infancy. Players, artisans and mechanics of later day, who gave their generous share to Progress—and passed along. Then came players and artisans of today, who, altho appearing to have reached the summit, must, in some near tomorrow, step aside to make way for a yet greater Progress.

A queenly figure now arises before this vast multitude and, commanding their silence, addresses them:

"I am the Spirit of the Motion Picture, and to you, my devotees, I come to proclaim that Pestilence in our land demands that we must pause and rest; that, for a time, our Industry must sleep But let this not dismay us, for often it is that the greatest and most convincing voice is the voice of Silence; that the most marvelous works of mankind are but the realities of the dreams of yesternight, and, in this moon's sleep, this month of slumber which is now imposed upon us, what dreams shall come? What visions to spur us on, that at our awakening the Cinema of our tomorrow may rise to astounding heights above the Cinema of today? Sleep is the period of recuperation and regeneration, that our awakening may, like unto a resurrection, be amidst things and conditions higher, nobler, more perfect than in that world of the yesterday wherein we laid us down in slumber.

"Dream, then, my children, for your dreams and fantasies of this moon-rest, we must, tomorrow, weave into realities. This sleep of the Cinema is its first Death, its awakening, its first Resurrection.

"Its Sleep shall be the Worker of Wonders in the Realm of Miracles.

"Therefore, my Followers, until the slender crescent of the moon shall again, as now, gleam from the early sky, I bid thee *sleep* and *dream.*"

The FAIRBANKS AMERICAN

By Hazel ~

© Underwood & Underwood

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and cigaret smoke will always be inseparable in my mind. Cigaret smoke that, having an aroma of the Orient, curls heavily about the head of the smoker. Cigarets that come from Cairo and cost ten cents apiece.

The scene of this entr'acte was Mr. Fairbanks' temporary suite in the Biltmore Hotel, New York City. The time eleven-thirty A. M.

Douglas Fairbanks stood uneasily at the door to greet me. After a preliminary handshake, we contemplated each other seriously like a couple of inmates of the Zoo.

I was offered a seat and, accepting, proved the exception to a Fairbanks rule.

Young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., aged ten or thereabouts, added a quaint and original note to the prelude by periodically climbing out of one window and in at the other, thereby emulating his well-known father's eccentricities; altho he hastened to assure me in his sweet childish treble that *he* wasn't going to be an actor when he grew up; that was, he didn't think so. *He* wanted to be a clown, he assured me seriously, but he was still undecided between a pink uniform and a blue one.

The little brown man who danced about in front of me, was, I knew, Douglas Fairbanks—any one with a grain of intelligence would have known that. I didn't quarrel over his identity, only I wished he would register "attention" for a moment.

Finally, "Would you mind sitting down?" I asked.

"Er—I beg your pardon?"

A gurgle of half-suppressed laughter arose from the direction of the bed. There, sitting on the dash-board or end-board or whatever you call it, dangling his feet and chuckling heartily, was——

"Meet Mr. Lewis, my scenario writer," said Doug Fairbanks. "They say he travels with me because I use good cigars; while Bennie here"—Mr. Zeidman was perched gravely on the top of the chaise-longue—"travels with me because I eat well. Lewis is paid five-hundred a week to dream out an idea, while the person who puts it into perfect mechanical scenario form gets about fifty, I guess. But that's life. It isn't the people who are most painstaking and accurate that are worth the most in this world. It's the dreamers. The men who dream and dream hugely are the fathers of big projects, while the little men can carry out their ideas."

All this time, Mr. Fairbanks had been energetically parading up and down the room, hands in his pockets, a slender-hipped figure; restless, nervous, fidgety.

I felt as if he was a bomb, whose time fuse was set, and if I failed to stand up and parade around too, he'd go off.

Rather helplessly, I looked at little Bennie Zeidman, who has seen to it that Fairbanks is the best advertised name in America, wondering if he didn't know the combination

Douglas Fairbanks, a figure of restless endeavor, energetic ambition, indefatigable energy, is 100 per cent. American

Scale of Canism

Simpson Naylor.

© Underwood & Underwood

and couldn't press a button or something to stop this perpetual parade.

But he misinterpeting said, "Cant I send you a biography?"

My pet aversion being biographies, I said, "Thank you!"

Douglas Fairbanks looked longingly out of the window.

"Mr. Fairbanks jumped off that roof with a parachute yesterday," explained Benny.

I wondered what lone reporter drove him to such an act *yesterday*.

Which humorous thought made me laugh. Whereupon young Fairbanks, Jr., rushed from the bathroom, a soldier's hat on his head, a sword at his waist and a glass of water in his hand—for me.

Doug's aim in life is to spread good cheer

"What's that for?" inquired his father, as he deftly vaulted a chair.

"I thought the lady was choking," said the little fellow.

"Do you want some water or a cigaret?" asked the celebrity seriously.

"No, thank you, but do tell me," I spoke with a staccato accent in my anxiety to get my question out before he resumed the other lap of his rounds, "how does it feel to be at the top of the heap?"

That stopped him. He gave one gentle little vault over the twin bed on which Mr. Lewis was *not* perched and landed on a straight chair, which he proceeded to hitch closer to mine.

"Beg pardon?" said he in his quick decisive voice.

"How does it feel to be at the top of the heap?" I repeated.

He didn't smile. His bronzed face seemed cast in a mold, only his fingers played restlessly with the odoriferous cigaret.

"No one is ever at the *top* of the heap," he said abruptly and authoritatively; "there is always some one higher, or some new goal to struggle towards. Recently I was invited to meet Secretary McAdoo. I am a tremendous admirer of Mr. McAdoo, and so when I thought of actually meeting the great man, my legs positively wobbled." Fairbanks stood up and demonstrated the castaneting of his two knees. "The first words McAdoo said to me were, 'Do you know, I'm really *thrilled* to meet you.' 'No,' said I, 'well, I never,' and I told him about my quaking knees and we both laughed.

"No, no one ever reaches the pinnacle of greatness. They may approach it, but all the time they have to fight to retain the ground they have already won. Then, too, there is always a different line of endeavor waiting to entice fresh effort. There is always a new world to conquer.

"At the present moment, I am crazy about flying an aeroplane. It has twice the sensation that jumping from one house to another has."

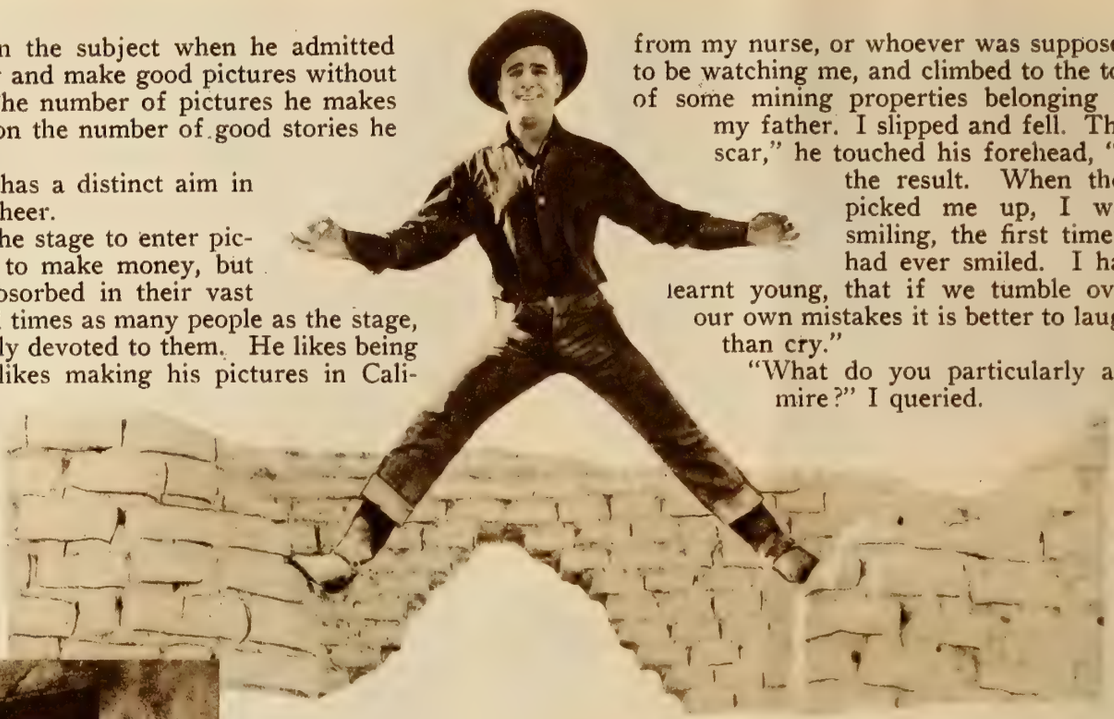
Fairbanks told me that his greatest difficulty is to get good stories for his pictures. He corroborated my and

other people's view on the subject when he admitted that it is useless to try and make good pictures without an excellent story. The number of pictures he makes next year depends upon the number of good stories he can obtain.

Douglas Fairbanks has a distinct aim in life. It is to scatter cheer.

When he first left the stage to enter pictures, it was frankly to make money, but he soon became so absorbed in their vast appeal to ten thousand times as many people as the stage, that he became lastingly devoted to them. He likes being in the open, and he likes making his pictures in California.

Fairbanks is very sensitive to criticism. If he receives a thousand letters praising his work and one letter of adverse criticism, that one letter is apt to make a great deal deeper impression than all the rest.



In spite of his surface smile, Douglas Fairbanks did not impress me as being an unusually happy person—how could he during an official interview?

"Where did you get that scar?" I queried, as I noticed a sabre-shaped scar on his forehead.

"When I was about two years old, I lived in Colorado," said Mr. Fairbanks, as he begged my pardon and resumed his gentle pacing of the room. "One day, I got away from my nurse, or whoever was supposed to be watching me, and climbed to the top of some mining properties belonging to my father. I slipped and fell. This scar," he touched his forehead, "is the result. When they picked me up, I was smiling, the first time I had ever smiled. I had learnt young, that if we tumble over our own mistakes it is better to laugh than cry."

"What do you particularly admire?" I queried.

He looked at me searchingly—yes, wonderingly. Then he stopped his pacing back and forth and stood with his hands in his pockets.

"The Kaiser's nerve, Lloyd George's energy, President Wilson's efficiency and America. And *now,* is there anything more I can tell you?"

I wanted to ask him why on earth he was so restless, but a keen perception told me it was time to go.

"Thank you for coming," said Fairbanks, placing his hard hand in mine in farewell; "it was mighty good of you."

As I made my exit from the Biltmore I pulled my handkerchief from my bag. My date list came with it. At the top I read, "Appointment to meet Doug Fairbanks eleven A. M. Friday."

Eleven A. M., and I had made my entrance at eleven-thirty. No wonder this typical American product had registered restlessness. I had doubtless kept him from selling a million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds or from flying to Washington and back!

Restless endeavor, energetic ambition, indefatigable energy, whether for work or play, pictures or politics, humanity or himself, these are the things Douglas Fairbanks typifies. He is typically American—the Fairbanks scale of Americanism is 100 per cent. perfect.

Doug first entered pictures to make money. Now he's in them because they fascinate him

The Disturbing Dorothy

Ever since Dorothy Gish made such a hit in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World," her friends have refused to permit her to abandon her chic black wig. Here are her newest photographs, taken in the environs of her own home in Hollywood

Gaby Glides Back

Gaby Deslys in "Infatuation," a six-reel feature directed by Louis Mercanton, one of the foremost French directors

Gaby Deslys, the beautiful French actress, returns to the screen via Pathé

The woman who made the Gaby Glide popular; and for whom kings would ransom their crowns—especially nowadays

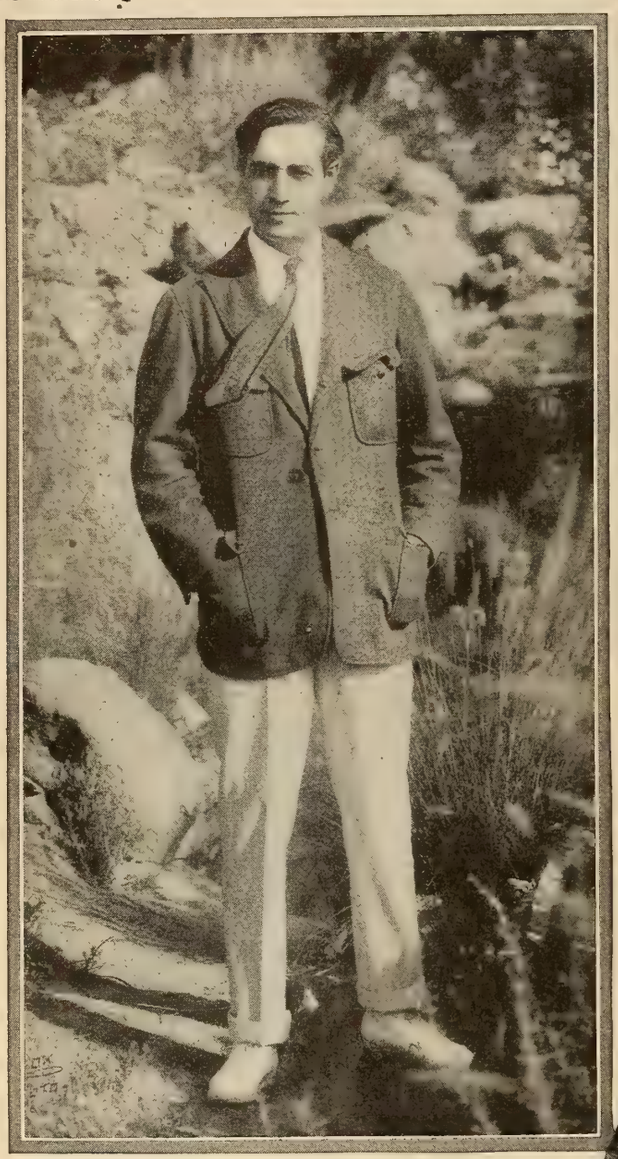
The Excellent Elliott

By KENNETH McGAFFEY

You might call Elliott Dexter C. B. De Mille's favorite leading man

NOW if he only wore pink evening clothes or got pinched now and then for speeding, there might be a chance to get a more or less neat and nifty story out of him, but what can you do with an actor who takes his work seriously and refuses to do anything sensational to get into the public gaze? If he ran around and did things out of the ordinary, it might be possible to get something to tie a story to. If he even sniffed a violet before doing a big scene it would be possible to ramble on for columns, but Elliott Dexter does none of these things. He lives a quiet, well-ordered existence; always on time at the studio, and when he has finished a picture goes away on a fishing trip until it is time to go to work again. Now, I ask you, how can you get a story about a guy like that?

Before Elliott went into the flickers a couple or four years ago he was bouncing around the country with "speaky" stage trifles and mastered the art of acting, so that it would jump thru a hoop, roll over and play dead and everything. Now he doesn't do much but appear in Cecil B. De Mille's special Artcraft productions, and C. B. keeps him pretty busy, but, when C. B. isn't working, Elliott plays leads for the exquisite Paramount actress Ethel Clayton. You might say that he is De Mille's favorite leading man, for rarely does that talented director do a story without having Elliott in the cast. He was in "We Cant Have Everything," played the title rôle in "The Squaw Man," and gave a wonderful performance in "Old Wives for New." In this Elliott was the fastidious husband of the wife who had let herself grow old and fat, and husbands had a fine time all over the country pointing out Elliott as a picturization of their martyr-like position. So many wives wrote in indignant letters to De Mille about "Old Wives" that C. B. and his clever writer, Jeanie Macpherson, put their heads together and wrote a story from the wives' standpoint, with the shaggy, disorderly, thoughtless husband and the fastidious wife, and Elliott is elected to be the mussy one with Gloria Swanson as the trim wife and Louis J. Cody as the handsome gink in evening clothes who seeks to purloin her love and —maybe he does, as the story isn't finished up to now.



Now, to expect a leading man to be anything else but immaculate is a great expectation, and is very rarely done in our set, but when Dexter was given an outline of the part he went right into the wardrobe department and had a nice, comfortable tummy made for himself, bought a rough-looking suit of clothes, raised a scraggly mustache and generally proceeded to get sloppy, much to the mental anguish of a number of ingénues and feminine fans. But what are mash notes compared to art?

Elliott has always been that way. He thinks more of doing a part right than looking beautiful. That is one reason why he is so popular with De Mille. He always gets everything out of the part that there is in it. His quiet and repose are responsible for C. B.'s remark, that he can act without acting. Said remark, when you think it over, being a mouthful.

Dexter is a Southerner by birth, having departed from Houston, Texas, at an early age and landed on the stage playing juveniles. It was while he was leading man for Marie Doro that he met and married her and was her leading man even after that until Marie decided to return to the outspoken stage and Elliott was induced to remain in the celluloid. Just at present they are enjoying what, to some men, would be an ideal married life, she in New York and he in Los Angeles, but they visit each other in vacation moments and one is either going or coming across the continent most of the time. Mr. McAdoo should certainly be grateful to the Dexter family for the sums they contribute to his railroads.

As a fisherman Dexter is a splendid actor and only needs some little encouragement, like the bait falling off the hook, to fish for hours at a time. He has never caught anything to speak of, but he was on Catalina Island when Charlie Chaplin caught his celebrated 185-pound swordfish, seaside weight—785, Los Angeles Athletic Club weight—and should be entitled to a membership in the Tuna Club for being there—but isn't. Elliott promptly borrowed the pole that Charlie used, dashed seaward, but was unable to catch even *mal-de-mer,* which is quite prevalent in these waters. Charlie would have acquired vast sums of money by letting disappointed Isaak Waltons pose for photographs by the side of his trophy, but when he saw the proprietary air assumed by Roscoe Arbuckle when he was snapped, Chaplin immediately closed his books and wouldn't accept Elliott's check, or allow him on the same end of the pier, even tho Elliott recognized the swordfish as the one he had on his line the day before—but had got away—and just merely wanted to renew the acquaintance. Of course, according to Elliott, Charlie never would have landed the fish at all if Elliott, by his superior generalship, hadn't worn it all out the day before, but Charlie was fair, however, and offered to take Elliott's picture standing beside any

Above, Elliott Dexter in real life and, *below,* as he appears in the sequel to "Old Wives for New"

sardine he might name to make up for not letting him pose by the swordfish.

To return from piscatorial to biographical, Dexter began his stage career as a supe, which is noisy drama for extra, in "The Great Diamond Robbery," at the American Theater, in New York. He didn't carry a spear in this dramatic masterpiece, probably because there were no spears to carry, but he did grumble, "Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb" off stage to make up the angry mob. By and by he got a regular job and, because he paid attention to his work, he has been going up ever since. His first picture was with Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North," and then with Marie Doro and all the other important Paramount and Artcraft stars. Sometimes he works in New York studios and then again he will be sent to California to do a picture—or three—or four.

Elliott boasts of the fact that he is the most married man in the celluloid world. "I married my wife four times in the films, besides the real performance. I've married Alice Brady and Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark and most every Paramount star. The moment a director gets a script involving a married man, he sends for me. Why?" demanded Dexter.

"I'm becoming a wedding connoisseur. Probably I liked the ceremony in 'The Whispering Chorus' best. There I married Kathlyn Williams. Charles Eyton, Kathlyn's real husband, came over to see that the director didn't get a real minister by mistake. My wife dropped in to see how I looked at the altar rail. Indeed, Charles was best man and Marie acted as a bridesmaid. Several of my former 'wives,' including Mary Pickford, applauded from the side-lines."

Elliott Dexter as he appeared in "Old Wives for New," and *left*, with Ethel Clayton in "Woman's Weapons"

In "The Squaw Man" with Ann Little

His particular pals are Thomas, alias "Tommy" Meehan and Marshall, alias "Micky," Neilan. They all, at one time, had adjoining rooms at the club, where they would sit in the evenings discussing the future of the photodrama and other things, so when Micky and Tommy went to New York, Elliott took to living a hermit's life at the beach, and has been there since. He is very fond of the sea and frequently, in the evenings, if there should be a ship at Venice, he will sit far into the night discussing the lore of the briny drink with the hardy mariners. He confesses that, if acting hadn't proven so lucrative, he would gladly have exchanged the career for one of the sea. He loves the ocean.

Dexter has the reputation of being one of the best actors on the screen; he always gives a dignified, comprehensive and perfect performance. His manliness and lack of affectation make him most popular with the real students of the photoplay.

Mrs. Holubar of Hollywood

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

Dorothy Phillips believes that feminine intuition is only a higher form of the power to reason

THE Holubars—Alan, Dorothy Phillips, and Marie Gwendolyn, their little girl—live in a flat on Cahuenga Avenue in Hollywood. Gwen—Dorothy Phillips always calls the baby "Gwen" instead of "Marie"—isn't a moving picture actress. In fact, she never visits the studio at all, but her mother and father do, and they have a beautiful ride up a country road to reach Universal City and work. (In professional life, Mr. Holubar is Dorothy Phillips' director.) In private life—well, anyway, the prevailing color in their living-room is a soft cream, and the light comes thru inverted globes of a deeper color tinged with pink. You would notice two well-filled, built-in bookcases and a handsome phonograph with almost innumerable records. The room is furnished in mission style. The front windows look toward the west, and the house is sufficiently high for them to furnish a beautiful view.

On one side are the Hollywood hills and, just below the town itself, a moving picture colony.

Waiting for her in the living-room, I got the effect of wholesomeness. This was intensified when she came in.

You would have noticed, first of all, her exceptionally high forehead. On the screen, Dorothy Phillips wears her hair very low and held in place by a ribbon band over her forehead. Mrs. Holubar had hers brushed straight back—it had been raining all day, so she had come home early from the studio and washed it. It wasn't quite dry. And then, too, you would have noticed her hands.

Some one once said that there is infinitely more character in hands than faces, and that consequently it should always be the hand that is photographed and not the face. Certainly no two persons have hands alike. Dorothy Phillips has fingers squared at the tips and slightly

Dorothy Phillips Holubar and her little daughter, Marie Gwendolyn, on the lawn of their Hollywood home

Dorothy Phillips Is Married and Proud of It

knotty at the joints. The palm is proportionately broad at the base of the fingers, the thumb quite long and stiff, and all of the fingers are inclined to bend outward. Taken as a whole, the hand is small and expressive. One fancies that it belongs to an idealist, who is at the same time very practical; an impulsive person who also thinks.

It was about eight o'clock when I came to interview her, and Gwen had just gone to bed. Mr. Holubar came in for a few moments to get his coat, which was hanging over the back of a chair, and to say a few words before leaving for the studio. His big picture had reached the cutting stage, and nothing could be done without his presence.

"I've shot enough film on this," he remarked, "to reach from here to the beach."

Dorothy Phillips depicts a dramatical moment in "Till We Meet Again"

Dorothy Phillips is versatile and plays widely varied characters with equal success

Whereupon he reckoned up the footage and found that in its then present state his picture was exactly twenty miles long.

"And it has to be cut to a mile and a half!"

"A star has some rest," remarked his wife, "but a director has to work all the time!"

When he had left she told me something of the picture in order to explain the extraordinary amount of film used.

"Mr. Holubar and I have both become interested in this wave of spiritualism which is sweeping the country," she said. "There must be something in it when such minds as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle and Maurice Maeterlinck announce themselves convinced. And so my husband decided to make a spiritualistic picture. The subject is a difficult one to handle. He wanted to show a ghost which would ring true. Not a bizarre, unnatural 'spook,' but a spirit which would still be human without loss of spirituality.

(*Continued on page* 106)

The Non-Fiction of the Movies

Summit Lake near Kodak Peak, in the Cascades Mountains

UP to the present time the non-fiction of the movies, the little bits of facts wedged in between the bewildering romance of the movies, has had very little attention in comparison to the glory of the usual "feature."

There are several men, as adventuresome as the great Griffith, whose zeal along the more serious lines has not been lessened by the lack of the applause which stirred their co-workers to great successes. Not that we do not love the highly colored romances of the motion picture, but we do plead for more recognition of the efforts of those who are connected with the other lines.

These men have braved the climate, the customs, of every nation on earth, from the dusky Eskimos to the Samoans of the far South. These men have actually and earnestly risked their lives on the deserts, among unsanitary conditions, and have imperiled themselves on the dangerous Alps, the treacherous Rockies and the glaciers of the northland.

There are indeed few who appreciate the tremendous risk of a mountain journey even into our own Rockies, and the very picturesque Cascades of the Northwest.

Very recently I had the pleasure, perhaps rather doubtful at times, of being on an expedition into the latter which was so rich in experience that it will be one of the most vivid memories of a long life, full, if I may say so, with experiences that are unusual.

I have traveled as a cow-puncher all over the West in the early days; I have lived for years in Alaska; I have mushed it with a team of untamed huskies from Seattle to New York, a trip that tires most people who make it nowadays in the luxury of a Pullman.

However, this expedition into the aforementioned Cascades came as near as any of my experiences to sending me over the Great Divide—with cold feet and an empty stomach.

On September 30, 1918, R. C. Bruce, of the Educational Film Company, his wife, a courageous little woman—one might say a "brick"—and myself were assembled at the Barclay Hotel of Leavenworth, Washington, just prior to our mountain climb.

After dinner in the only café we attended the theater. Every town that is big enough to have five buildings on its principal street also has its movie.

We were very much amused to see a picture of Hindustan thrown on the screen. That is progress—for the natives of a little "burg" to see before their eyes the Far East for the sum of ten cents. Efficient traveling, it might be called! Indeed, this influence of education and intellectual growth is greater than most people imagine.

This influence decides the walk, the talk, the dress and even the morals of many impressionable boys and girls. Therefore, in a small place, the inhabitants are entirely at the mercy of the booking agent, and pity them if he has poor taste.

Early the next morning, Martin, our trusty guide, proceeded ahead with the pack train of seven horses, thirty-one miles up the mountain to Telma. The rest of the party made the trip by auto, which, by the way, was far from comfortable.

Cuger Creek where a halt was made for luncheon

We put up

By "CARIBOU BILL" COOPER

at one George Severly's, a name that will remain well with me, for his wife was a wonderful cook—truly a rare specimen in these days of the advanced woman. I may forget a suffraget's speech, but I will never forget that woman's biscuits. Some wise young lady might take the tip.

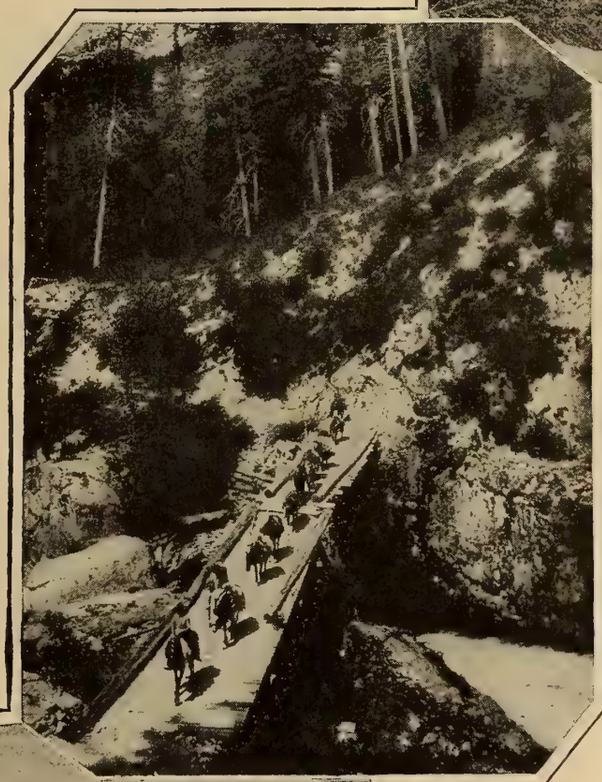
The cabin, neat and very picturesque with its square windows and white Dutch curtains, was just at the foot of a large mountain. This mountain bore such a peculiar name that all of the party were curious to learn the story, and we finally got it, sworn to by all the natives.

It seems that in the community there once resided a very commendable young man. This young man, being spurned and rejected by the object of his affections, which must have been simply enormous, made a terrible vow. Now vows are very nice to make in dramatic situations, but when they are rigidly adhered to they are also sometimes very disconcerting.

Indian Head Pass and the pack train crossing White River

I must say with all sincerity that I have never heard a story, true or imaginary, that convinced me so deeply of the awfulness of unrequited love. This young man went away from his people and lived a hermit's life. There he was found, clear up the mountain, some twenty-five years later, and during all that time he had never washed his face! He had never, in other words, to somewhat disguise the bare truth, removed in any manner the natural collection of terra firma from his accursed countenance.

To finish this lamentable tale, he actually died from a dirty face. In consequence of which the mountain is now known as "Dirty Face."



Lake Minatchee in the Cascade Mountains

The next morning we started out early. There was no sun and a blue haze stretched over the wild country before us. There was not a cabin or building of any kind in sight; the forest was unharmed by the timber-cutter; only the illy defined trail remained to remind us that others had been there.

The air was a benediction. Knowing that that is a much misused word, I still insist that it was. There is something about an open trail, the open sky and the pine-scented mountain air that reassures us and makes life worth living. It dispels the ordinary doubts and cares like the touch of a magic wand.

The nine-mile trail to Cuger Creek was not very easy going, but we reached it in time to eat lunch by the creek. And can you imagine any one, after a jaunt like that, sitting down and, after looking at the menu in an abstract manner, sigh, "I dont really know what I want"? You guessed it—we had beans, for what is camp life without Van Camp's?

Resting a while, we tackled the trail for Indian Creek, much worse than the one which we left. Narrow it was, with rocks slipping from under the feet, up, up, and ever up.

We finally reached White River Ranger Station on Indian Creek very late in the afternoon. We pitched camp, got the water and wood, and then for supper. In order to assist your imagination—clam soup, bacon, coffee, bread, honey, blackberry jam, and last but not least, fried potatoes with *onions*.

(*Continued on page* 102)

"Who Cares?"

By COSMO HAMILTON

Joan Ludlow was young—terribly young

IT came to Joan Ludlow quite abruptly that Grandmother and Grandfather Ludlow were *old*—terrible and old—and that she was young—terrible, too, in her way—but young. In between her stage and theirs stretched the desirable years. They weren't so long, those years, but what they might well be longer; they weren't so certain, but what they should be squeezed dry of every sirup they might distil. They were delectable years if one but handled them as so many fascinating toys—played with them—put them back upon the shelf when one had done with them—made light as a bubble of them. They were *good* years if only one did not persist, squeamishly, in turning them over upon their inner side and examining them, and being analytical and introspective and other finicky and disagreeable things. They had perfumes—well, she would have them. They had gold—it should be hers. They had gifts, she would seize on them. They had loot—why not for her? There was laughter, she would know it. There were tears—pouf, she could pass them by! She would fill up her throat with singing, burden her heart with love, muffle her body in satins, ride the maddest merry-go-round and win the golden ring. The price? What price? Who cares?

Joan never thought of these things until she came to live with Grandmother and Grandfather Ludlow. She came to live with them because her own mother suddenly, and inconveniently for Joan, discovered that her own particular delectable years were not done by any manner of means and went and married herself to an amative male person, who promptly carried her off to resuscitate romance in Egypt or some such oligarchy. Joan utterly forgot, was relegated to her father's extremely ancient parents.

Joan hadn't done much thinking heretofore. She hadn't had time, what with just living. But here, in this decadent place, with the two terrible interpreters of the ruthlessness of Time forever before her, thought was forced upon her. She began to know that she must seize these intervening years and make them hers. She had played before, and she had been happy. Yes, she had been a kid—just a kid—and she had been very happy. Well, now she must be a kid again, carefree, thoughtless, irresponsible. Life was her game. Her motto was "Who Cares?"

She felt triumphant in her new philosophy when, the very next day, she met Martin Grey. She expounded it to Martin fully and remarkably. They met in the woods where Martin had been fishing. In fifteen minutes he had told her the entire story of his life, which was remarkable chiefly for its extreme cleanliness and simplicity.

Martin Grey couldn't keep up with the celerity of this young dryad's philosophy. After awhile, he didn't even try to. He liked her, he knew that. Oh, he knew that well enough. He even had the uneasy sensation that he liked her far, far too well. Martin Grey had always had peace of mind. It came to him, listening to this young thing talk in her young intolerant voice, that he would never have the same peace of mind again. It came to him that some sort of an hour had struck for him, here in these green, pale woods. He stirred uneasily. Life had been so jolly, so well-ordered, so totally uncomplicated. Here was this girl, slender as a wand,

A Girl's Philosophy That Did Not Apply to Herself

Fictionized by GLADYS HALL from the Select Photoplay Starring CONSTANCE TALMADGE

restless as a liberated brook, fragrant as the flowers that were starring with white and pink the darkness of the woods—was she to change all this? Did he want her to? *Did* he? Well, he didn't want her *not* to—and he knew that with a feeling about his heart that was like the feeling of hunger.

When they parted their hands met and gripped fiercely, but Joan pulled hers away first, and laughed again, and went skipping away from him thru the woods till she was lost among the birches, no slenderer, no tenderer than she.

This continued for two weeks. May gave gentle way to April. Even the soil quickened and the sap ran and the trees and flowers rose and dressed with dainty, fragrant finger-tips.

Then, one night, Joan appeared in the living-room of Martin's home. She carried a satchel, and her face was as white as the arbutus.

"I *hate* old people!" she exploded, and then she stood and waited.

Martin wanted to take her in his arms. That was what one did with girls who were on the uncertain brink of hysterics—or something. But he had intuition, Martin had. He felt that Joan would not have hysterics, and that she would not take kindly to the shelter of his arms. So he just said, "What's up?" and wished she didn't look so darned much like a little kid and a lovely woman at one and the same time.

Martin lit his pipe. Then he sat down beside her, and puffed away. In a moment she began to talk again. She told him all about her mother, and her new father, who didn't notice her at all, because he couldn't possibly see beyond the range of her mother's nose, and how terribly and bitterly and enduringly she hated her grandmother, and the good time she was going to have out of life no matter who, no matter how many paid, nor how little nor how much. And when, exhausted by her tirade, she dropped over and fell asleep, Martin Grey was lost.

In an hour she awoke, and Martin had his housekeeper fix her a room, and then he announced to her that the best thing for them to do was to go to town early in the morning and get married, after which they could go right on playing and no one need interfere. Joan thought that a beautiful solution. She gave Martin her serenely tranquillized eyes. "Righto," she said. "Wish I had thought of that myself."

On the way to town Joan thought over weddings which she had attended in great numbers and decided she had better consult Alice Palgrave, her chum, who had been recently married, and was therefore qualified to speak on divers subjects appertaining. "Not that,"

"WHO CARES?"

Cast of Characters:

Joan Ludlow	Constance Talmadge
Mrs. Ludlow	California Truman
Mr. Ludlow	Spottiswoode Aitken
Martin Grey	Harrison Forde
Gilbert Palgrave	Donald MacDonald
Alice Palgrave	Beverly Randolph
Mrs. Hosack	Gerard Alexander
Howard Oldershaw	J. Morris Foster
Dr. Harry Oldershaw	J. Park Jones
Toodles	Claire Anderson
Irene	Dorothy Haggar
Butler	Tom Bates

She told him all about her mother, and her new father, who didn't notice her at all

He kist the hand she gave him and went out, and her untrammeled laughter, her sweet, shrill good-night followed him to his room, tho he shut his door to it

commented Joan, "ours can possibly be anything like Alice and Gilbert Palgrave's. And I'm just as glad. In the first place, we're not getting married *their* way. We're getting married so we can go on playing without a lot of stuffy people interfering, and so that I, and you, too, I suppose, can have more fun. Outside of that, who cares?"

Martin Grey laughed.

"Theirs was at Bartholomew," went on Joan, "with all the flowers in all the world, and music enough to knock your ear out and every déb of the past four seasons for bridesmaid, and food enough to sink a dreadnought. It was very splendiferous—but Gilbert gave an imitation of a corpse and Alice looked as if she were seeing spooks. Not for mine! I want laughter, not tears, and *I will have it!*"

Alice Palgrave was out of town. Gilbert was there, but was not very helpful. He stared a great deal at Joan, whom he had only casually met before, and seemed now to be seeing her for the first time.

However, they achieved matrimony, despite Alice's absence. Martin was very grave about it. Afterward, he was a bit, and rather awkwardly, tender. Joan didn't understand his altered attitude. On their way to the Grey home on the avenue she faced about on him. "For the love of Mike, Mart," she said, "dont get *different*. Why do married people always have to get so different? As if that poor little soul in his clerical black made me a different me, or you a different you—then why should we be different *together?* I wont, for one. I'm just a kid—and I'm going to *stay* one."

Martin began to comprehend. She didn't love him, and for the very best and very worst of reasons—she didn't have the most remote conception of what love *was*. Martin felt that he might show her. He knew that he had the right. But somehow or other, illogically, perhaps, chivalrically, no doubt, he wanted her to come to him in love as she had come to him in friendship and in childhood, gladly, freely, with laughter on her soft, untroubled mouth.

That night he came into the room he had given her in his town house. He felt that he was thoroly miscast. This was not the way a bridegroom went to greet his bride, with the gaucherie of a high-school lad, the timidity of a kid. But when she fronted about and faced him, ivory brush in hand, short, springing hair about her shoulders, he felt that she *was* "just a kid"—that marriage *hadn't* made any difference to her—and that he must be decent and as different as possible because love would come to Joan after she had ridden her merry-go-

round. He kist the hand she gave him and went out, and her untrammeled laughter, her sweet shrill good-night followed him to his own room, tho he shut his door on it.

Joan played with gusto for the next few weeks. On the night following their marriage Gilbert Palgrave gave them a box party. Joan loved that. She loved the look in Gilbert Palgrave's eyes. It was admiration in the beginning of the evening—at the evening's close it savored of a dog-like devotion. "Isn't it fun?" thought Joan. "I shouldn't have supposed such a weary, experienced looking mortal could have noticed me. Wouldn't Alice throw a fit! Oh, well, who cares? Not my fault, that's easy. Alice should stay 'to home' and guard her own property, not go sporting about on dubious yachting parties." Then she giggled delightedly to herself. "Fancy Alice doing *anything* dubious!" she chortled. After a bit, with wisdom, "No doubt the satiated Gilbert would like her better if she *did!*"

Joan felt that she would find, too, that a lot of people were caring. There came to her whispers which might have smitten her had she not thrust them from her with impatient hands. She thought it too bad of people. She wasn't going to let them stop her, and there was an end to it. She was a kid—kids played—and yelled, "Look out, I'm comin'!" And if any one was stupid enough to stand still and get in their way, it wasn't the *kid's* fault, was it? No, by cricky, *no,* it wasn't.

For instance, there was Martin. He was not like the Mart up in the woods. Not like that lost, delectable Martin. This was a grim, *old* Martin, who lived with her, yet did not live with her; who met her, always unsmiling.

She hadn't done anything—just *kid* tricks. But Martin had seemed to think them much more than kid tricks. So much more that the next thing she heard was strange and persistent rumors of some vague person called, familiarly, "Toodles." Rumor had it that where old Mart was there "Toodles" was also. Rumor also added that old Mart looked awf'lly jolly when in the blonde presence of said "Toodles." Joan heard, and tossed her blithe, bobbed head. But occasionally, in the most annoying manner, she would go wide awake in the night, and she would seem to see Mart's white face staring down on her and she would think of "Toodles." Silly person, to be bothering with Martin, who was hers. Hers? There was food for thought. How dared she call him hers? Because he had played with her up in the woods? Because he had married her to help her out of a plight? Love would give her a right, a certain right, but she had never

He drew a pistol from his pocket and placed it quiveringly against her soft heart

stopped to think of love. She had decried the little cleric who had made of Joan Ludlow Mrs. Martin Grey. She had said he didn't matter. Well, he didn't . . . not much . . . and Joan pressed a small hand over the nagging little ache about her heart and said, in a fierce, small voice, "Be still!"

Then there was Gilbert Palgrave. He had the beastly bad form to suffer before her very eyes. He wanted her and he shunned convention and showed it. He was not in the least like Martin. Not in the least.

Then there was Alice. Alice, who had been her friend, but was her friend no longer. Alice Palgrave, Gilbert's wife. Alice had a look in her eyes like Martin had. Altogether, it was obvious that the world had combined together in order to prevent Joan from playing.

In this state of affairs came a letter from Grandma. It was an invitation to pay them a visit. It made Joan laugh, but the laughter was not the laughter the young hills had flung back last spring to Martin's listening ear.

"I'll go," declared Joan. "It will do me good. Besides, I hear that Mart is there. Mart and I are so very modern that we haven't clapped eyes on each other for three weeks."

Joan departed. She felt that the circles under her eyes were separate satisfactions to her decrepit grandparents. They welcomed her as "the bride" with sibilant sarcasm. Joan smarted under it.

The night after her arrival she felt unaccountably restless. These hills brought Mart back, the old Mart, the pal. She decided there would be nothing particularly sensational in her tramping across the woods to his home, which was likewise her own.

There were lights in his living-room. She had the feeling of homecoming. She had told Mart her troubles in that room while he puffed on his stubby pipe. There was something about Martin—something that got under the skin. Martin was a gentleman. One of the best.

She decided that she wouldn't knock. She hadn't—that night. She had just—just *come*—and Mart had sprung up, and his eyes, his whole face, had lighted up, amazingly.

There were voices in the living-room—there were *two* voices in the living-room. Mart's and—Martin jumped up as she came in. And the girl jumped up, a very blonde girl with a very white face and the

(*Continued on page* 111)

"Joan," he said, "I love you. You are my great Emotion"

Mary o' Dungannon

By HARRISON HASKINS

SOMETIMES the tribulations of being a mere masculine interviewer quite oppress us. Because, if one is feminine, one can talk—easily and glibly—of burnished brown hair coroneted about the interviewee's head . . . of undulating white shoulders . . . of clinging velvets and beautiful organdies . . . of flowers and low lamps . . . of a voice of molten gold. Whatever these things are. But, being feminine, you can get away with it.

Oh, the things we'd say of Mary Charleson if we were feminine! Details always slip us, but we'd ramble on like this:

Irish eyes with the blue of the old country's skies . . . touched with the mists of Killarney's lakes . . . the charm of Ireland at her best . . . the——

But, being masculine, we're supposed to avoid superlatives and to tell the brutal truth.

To return to Mary Charleson.

Mary was born in Dungannon, Ireland, which, to be exact, is thirty-six miles from Belfast. We might paint you a picturesque mental picture of little Mary winding her way from the quaint, thatched cottage, thru green paths, to the school on the hill. But, being masculine and truthful, we wont.

Mary damaged the literary style of her press-agent by moving away from Dungannon at the early age of three months.

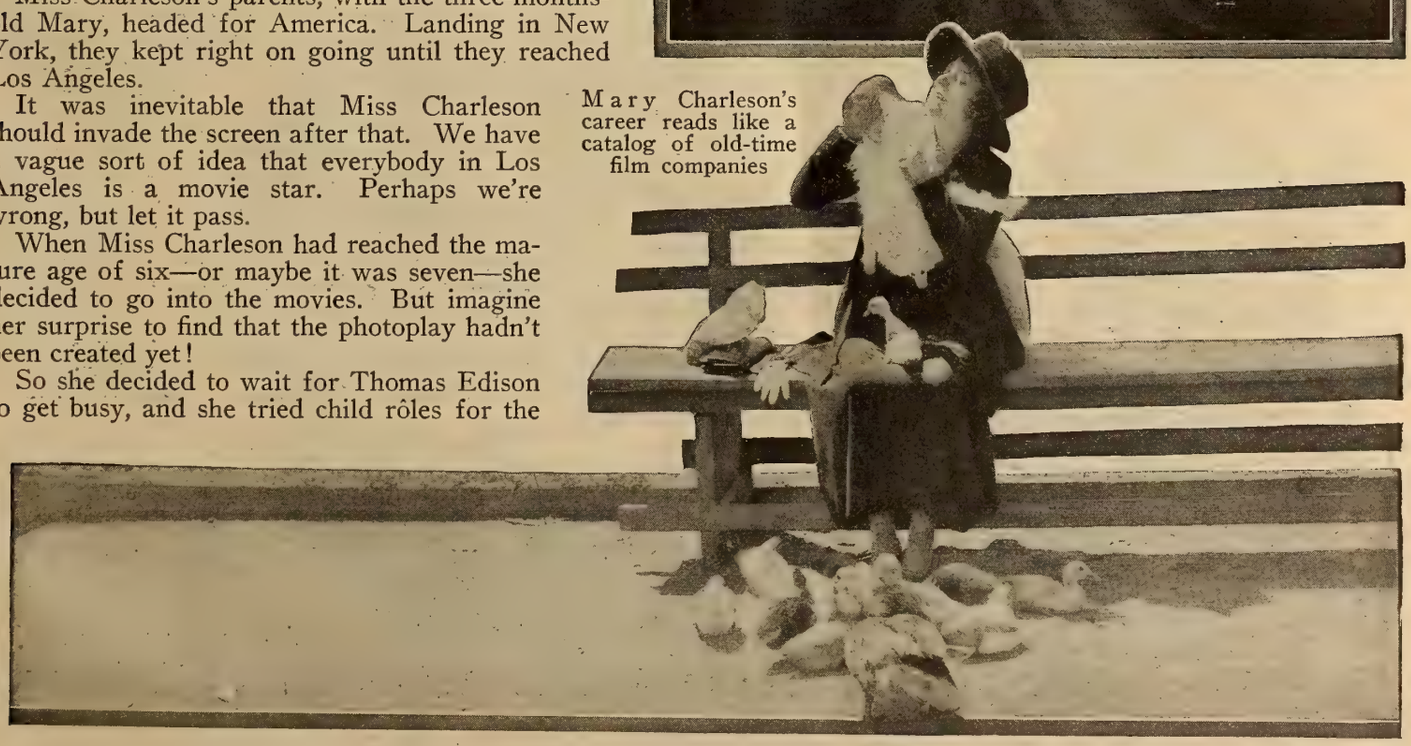
Miss Charleson frankly confesses that she doesn't remember anything about the Dungannon scenery. All of which is discouraging to interviewing.

Miss Charleson's parents, with the three-months-old Mary, headed for America. Landing in New York, they kept right on going until they reached Los Angeles.

It was inevitable that Miss Charleson should invade the screen after that. We have a vague sort of idea that everybody in Los Angeles is a movie star. Perhaps we're wrong, but let it pass.

When Miss Charleson had reached the mature age of six—or maybe it was seven—she decided to go into the movies. But imagine her surprise to find that the photoplay hadn't been created yet!

So she decided to wait for Thomas Edison to get busy, and she tried child rôles for the



Mary Charleson's career reads like a catalog of old-time film companies

time being in stock companies. Mary did Little Eva, Little Lord Fauntleroy and other cherubs of this "now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep" period of American stage childhood.

Miss Charleson kept right on growing up on the stage. In fact, she confesses that she has acted almost since she can remember. Finally she was playing in vaudeville—in an Irish sketch, it was—with one John O'Neil, when she found that Mr. Edison had sufficiently whipped the photoplay into shape.

She "accepted an offer" from Eclair. We believe "accept an offer" is the usual phrasing. Anyway, Miss Charleson began posing for the motion picture camera with old Eclair.

From that moment Miss Charleson's career reads like a catalog of old-time film companies. "If I overlooked any of them," Miss Charleson told us, "I cant understand how it happened. First it was Eclair and then with the Republic. Remember the Republic?"

We gave up. The name had long ago slipped into the recesses of our memory.

"Well, I Republic-ed," continued Miss Charleson. "Then I joined Vitagraph in the East and later went with them to the coast. In the East I played with Maurice Costello. Remember how popular Costello was? You can bet I was mighty proud.

"After that I went to World. No, let's see. I guess it was Lubin. Then came World. There I played leads with William Courtney, Charles Cherry and others. Next I went to Selig, then to Essanay and finally to Paralta. I had played opposite Mr. Walthall at Essanay and I continued at Paralta."

Miss Charleson paused. "I wish I could think of something unusual. I was never discovered by Griffith. I never worked at the old Biograph plant. I guess those are the only two unusual things about me."

"No adventure?" we prompted.

"No-o-o," confessed Miss Charleson. "I'd like to tell you something interesting, but do you know, I'm frightened stiff!"

Mary Charleson will again play opposite Henry Walthall in his new series of First National productions

"Is that a compliment or——" we began menacingly.

"Gracious," laughed Mary, "it's *my* fault. I've never, in all my years before the camera, been interviewed—except once before. I was a wreck for days after that—a nervous wreck!"

An actress who actually confessed to being interviewed but once!

After we had recovered from the shock, Miss Charleson told us that she

(*Continued on page* 108)

A Bit of Joy

She's the Biggest Little Thing in Filmdom

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

IF your name was Gloria Joy, full of happy notes; if at seven years of age a big manager gave you a company all your own and made you the biggest little star of Mission Productions; if he gave you a contract—a real leading lady contract—for five whole years and was making lovely plans for you that covered many years after the expiration of that contract—wouldn't you be a happy and lucky kid?

If *le bon Dieu* had blessed you with abundant chestnut hair, all natural curls, with violet eyes, loads of talent and, best of all, a sweet disposition; if people said of you, "She's a little lady in every sense of the lovely word"—wouldn't you be a happy and lucky kid?

Yes, you would! And that's what Gloria Joy is.

Beginning her screen career at the age of three, she showed the men behind the movie industry that she could dance, sing, recite, do character work and carry a sustained part in a play. She "proved up" when she did her very first work with Balboa and was starred in "The Locked Heart" and "No Children Wanted."

During this period Mamma Joy was passing thru years of adversity—a widow with just Gloria to live for. But Gloria proved to be a miniature Cinderella, and the Fairy Godmother of little children waved her wand so persistently that old Father Success had to take notice.

"I'm *not* a baby!" exclaims Gloria Joy. "I'm not *very* big, but I can be an actress anyway."

She isn't just an adorable baby who photographs well—she's an actress, a big little one, in every essential, with the added charm of childhood, and she knows how to do pathos and comedy equally well.

Gloria Joy is under contract and is being starred by Mission Productions

She's a lovely bit of youth and is planning 'way ahead to the day when, with curls no longer bobbed, skirts a *little* longer and salary *some* bigger, she'll be doing sure enough lady parts on the footlight stage. Her screen career is to be only a stepping-stone over the footlights. And she says she going to *grow.*

Just now General Manager Keerl of the Mission Productions has made her a star in every sense of the word. Dressing-room all her own, a *real* contract (she's the only child actress under a bona fide long-time contract) and Dan Frederick Whitcomb to write five-reel features for her. He's the man who wrote those sweet kiddie pictures, "Little Mary Sunshine" and "Shadows and Sunshine."

The only thing Gloria hasn't got that belongs to a real leading lady is artistic temperament. That isn't so important, because it's going out of style. The word "temper" was just lengthened out by our old pal, Dan Webster, into "temperament." Cut off the tail-end "t" and you have "temper a men." The former was the proper spelling when there were more managers

(*Continued on page* 105)

Doing the Studio

Ina Claire, heroine of David Belasco's success of last winter, "Polly With a Past," snapped on a visit to the Lasky Studio

Extreme Left: Mrs. Charles M. Schwab. *Right*: Mary Pickford and her mother who entertained Mrs. Schwab

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner and W. C. De Mille. Otis Skinner is one of the few prominent actors who has never accepted the flattering offers received to enter the movies. However, he did enjoy visiting the studios in California

WHEN people of distinction visit New York for the first time they invariably take in the Metropolitan Museum, the Hippodrome, and view the Aquarium. When they come to California on their first pilgrimage west of the Rockies, they see the Golden Gate, the ostrich farm and the motion picture studios. There are studios in New York and some pretty fine museums, too, but somehow the itinerant visitors at either side of the continent never look for them. A tourist is nothing if not consistent. As for ostriches, they are not so common in Manhattan and other Eastern seaports, except in the shape of boas and plumes. Chickens, of course, are to be found in any part of the country. However——

I started to tell about some of the queer things people see when they visit the film studios of sunny California and some of the notable people who do the visiting.

I take the Lasky studio at Hollywood as an example, because it is one of the most visited—or used to be, till they had to make restrictions. However, notable people are always courteously received. The only ones excluded are those who seem to have no purpose there except to get in everybody's way and ask questions that drive the guide (frequently a member of the publicity department) to drink. The publicity men wouldn't mind this so much if the interrogators would only buy the drinks—near-beer or even soda-pop—but nothing doing. Sometimes a gentleman from Keokuk or somewhere will hand out a stogie, which is later nailed to the wall, much as a wolf-pelt is frequently tacked up to warn away other wolves.

The visitors who count, and whom every one is glad to see, are such people as the following, who have been guests during the last six months or so: Mrs. Schwab, wife of Charlie; Mary Roberts Rinehart, author; Maurice Casenari, minister plenipotentiary of France; Lieut. Paul Verdier, a hero of Verdun; Ina Claire, actress and comédienne; Lucille Cavanaugh, danseuse extraordinary; and so on.

What did these people see? They saw everything and liked it. As the Minister of France naïvely remarked, "I think I should like to be a star in the pictures. The money is good and the work is pleasant. And the ladies are—*charmant!*" or words to that effect.

He was one of the most delightful old gentlemen in the world, this great French financier. He exhibited the ingenuous interest of a child in the things he saw. And when he came to a street set supposed to represent France, and saw a sign which, translated, meant, "the hotel of the Snuffing Flea," he burst into merriment.

By ADAM HULL SHIRK

Maurice Casenari, Lieutenant Verdier and C. B. De Mille

With his military companion, the handsome French lieutenant, who, incidentally, owns the City of Paris, a great San Francisco store, he entered a trench built for Mr. C. B. De Mille's picture, "Till I Come Back to You," and met the director-general. He smiled upon Lila Lee and was deeply interested in Joe, an educated orang-outang.

Mrs. Rinehart, who has kept many of us awake nights finishing her mystery stories and who created that delectable creature, the "sub-déb," was most impressed by the magnitude of the plant. She was concerned with the mechanics of the industry and went on a hurry trip with C. B. De Mille about the studio. She donned the famous feather gown and head-dress worn by Geraldine Farrar in Artcraft's "The Woman God Forgot" and was photographed with Mr. De Mille.

Mary Roberts Rinehart dressed in the costume worn by Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot"

Mrs. Charles M. Schwab and party were escorted over the plant by Mary Pickford and watched several scenes being "shot" with no small amount of interest.

Ina Claire is, of course, familiar with the studio and the business of acting, but she had several nice things to say. Every one took quite a shine to the fair Ina. So with Miss Cavanaugh, she of the shapely limbs and the abandon of a nymph when she is tripping the light fantastic.

Another visitor of importance was Richmond Pearson Hobson, of the U. S. Navy—Captain, isn't it? I always recall him as Lieutenant Hobson when I think of that kissing story after the Spanish War. Anyway, he was a most delighted visitor. He met all the stars and had a good time.

General E. D. Swinton, C.B., D.S.O., inventor of the British tanks, happened in one morning and declared that he would rather face a battery of cannon than a battery of cameras. But the general was game and went right over the front line trenches into the thick of a picture then being taken.

Otis Skinner was almost won over to the movies upon visiting Cecil De Mille and other Artcraft-Paramount folk. Skinner, you know, is almost the last member of the "old guard" to still fight off the lure of the film camera.

So they come. The studios delight in visitors like these. It is an honor, they say, to offer them the keys to the plant and say, "Help yourselves."

Visiting exhibitors and others connected with the business of presenting the films to the public are, of course, received gladly.

Plain, everyday curiosity seekers are all that are shied at—people who stare at the stars and say, "My, I'll bet she looks like a fright when the paint is off," or "I suppose he'll probably go home and beat his wife," or words of similar import. They gaze at the actors like people at a circus menagerie. Sometimes there is an inquisitive child with a stick of candy. Fond mothers will tell the little one to walk right close up and get a good view of the star, "so you can tell auntie when you get back to Higginstown." Probably, if the star is a lady star, the fond mamma will ask her to kiss the dear sticky child, so she can say, when she grows up, "Mary (or whoever it may be) kist me when I was a baby."

They mean all right, no doubt, but it certainly is trying.

I almost forgot that Ambassador Gerard and Capt. Ian Hay Beith were recent Lasky studio guests also. Oh, they all come. And it's worth seeing, as they all confess.

That Farnum Boy

"Father calls me William,
Sister calls me Will;
Mother calls me Willie,
But the *fellers* call me *Bill.*"

THE fellers *do.* For all that he is one of the famous Farnums—for all that he stands on the top rung of the ladder—it is as plain Bill that he prefers to be known — it is the little, old, good-fellowly title that wins for him the democracy he loves, the hail-fellow-well-met spirit he gives generously forth. And he was born on the historic Fourth, too, further to stamp him as a son of democracy, an American, a one hundred per center.

Of course, you who read this may be a very fortunate person. You may have kept aloof and remote from decadence, from effeteness, from super-sophistication and all the weary, ennuied cult. You may never have seen, and been affronted by, the dapper, spatted, monocled, terribly tailored individual who struts Fifth Avenue and haunts the lounges of the Baldorf and the Wiltmore. You may have met only the men who do not boast, but rather, cherish ideals; who have, still, the tang of the pine in their nostrils, the power of brawn in their arms, the love of clean living in their souls—or just the magnificent khakied lads who have gone triumphantly forward under Old Glory.

Even so, you may be interested to catch a glimpse of Bill Farnum on location in tawny Jersey on a russet October day. Jersey, in October. With the woods as golden as wine and as red as blood, and the prodigal sun spilled all over it. Bill fitted in. He fitted in because it was the unlimited out-of-doors in a most refulgent mood, and because he loves and understands and wants to be *in* the out-of-doors in all seasons and at all times.

He is big, and broad and firm-looking—but hardly pugilist, as might be supposed from his hardly infrequent fighting. I had expected something in the way of rolled-up sleeves and an "I've got you dead to rights" expression. Instead of which, blue eyes twinkled (perhaps *snapped* is a more masculine word!) friendlily into mine, and an expression mild and beneficent rather than belligerent played about his mouth. The crisp, black curls, with their foreshadowing of gray, were—well, *were.*

Just Bill

"Be with you in a moment," he announced, after we had shaken hands and dispensed with the mutual introductions of ourselves I, at least, didn't need, "have to get my warpaint on."

It wasn't any "moment," but—well, he came, and after we had acquired a nice director, and a camera-man or so, and a vale and a leading-lady and a maid and much paraphernalia, we were off.

There is a "homey" atmosphere about Bill Farnum. He is of the breed of "Greatheart." Even on this particular location trip there was an air *en famille.* Frank Lloyd, who directed Mr. Farnum in "Les Miserables" and "A Tale of Two Cities" (which, by the way, are the rôles Bill likes best), and Anna Lehr, who was his leading lady, and the camera-man, and the extras, all were brotherly and sisterly, and comradely and mutually interested and happy. There was nothing about Bill suggestive of "I'm a star!" His manners are as simple, his laughter as ingenuous, his speech as plain and wholesome and his eyes as frank and steady as if he

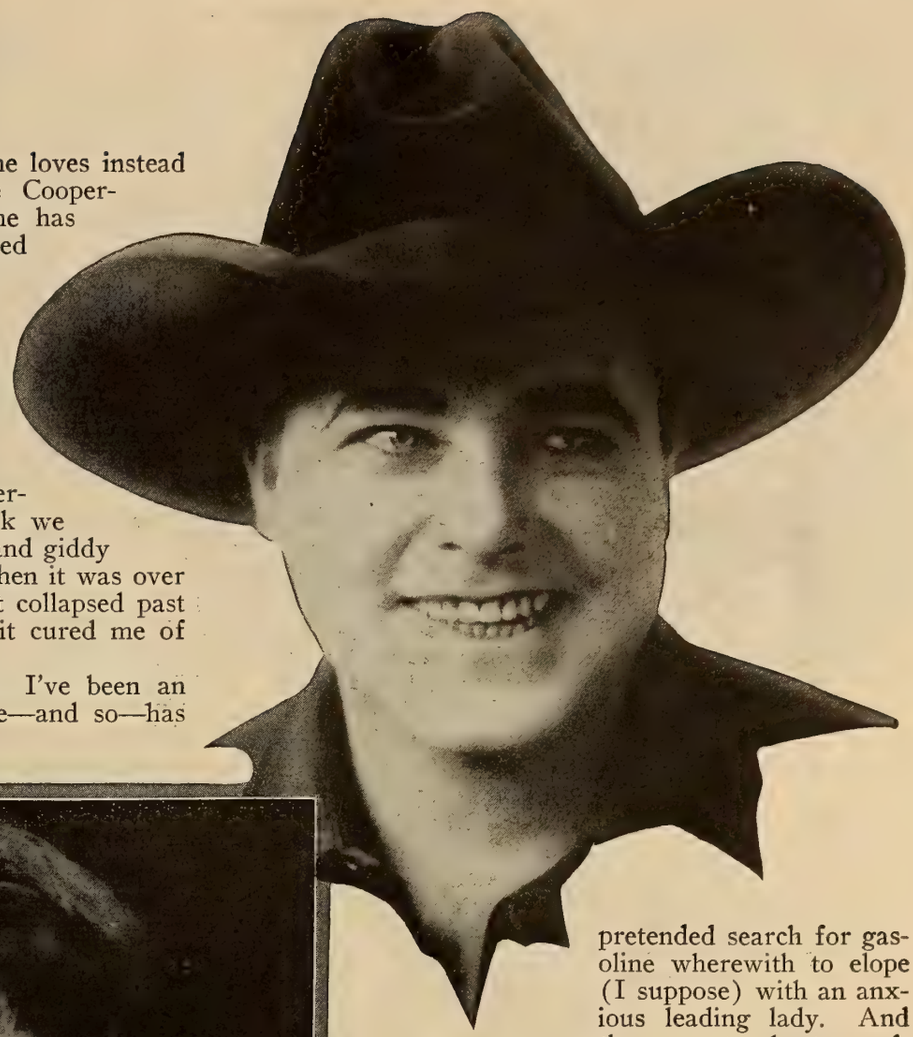
Bill explains the mysteries of his studio to Gladys Hall

By GLADYS HALL

had spent all of his days in the woods he loves instead of before the footlights or under the Cooper-Hewitts to a deafening applause. Fame has not spoiled this man, nor laurels touched him. "I'm glad of it, but I dont deserve it," was all the comment he made on *my* comment on his international renown.

He and Bill Hart are pals. Have been since old days when they were together in "Ben Hur." "Never will forget the night of that initial performance," said Bill. "My first night in New York! Zow-ie! My knees trembled like papier-mâché, and I was whiter than the chalk we used for the leper make-up. I felt sick and giddy and everything I shouldn't have felt. When it was over and I knew we had made good, I almost collapsed past any hope of a next performance. But it cured me of stage-fright.

"No, I dont care about the fighting. I've been an unrecognizable specimen more than once—and so—has



Left: Bill in one of his society scenes

Below: Farnum on his farm at Sag Harbor

the other fellow. Of course, strength and prowess—but they have been sufficiently publicized. I care most for things—big things—things that must surely last—like 'Les Miserables' and 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Yes, I do expect to return to the speaking stage sooner or later. A great deal is lost in characterization and in power when the voice is lost."

After that he "shot" some scenes. And he *did* shoot them. Whirled past a camera in his low, gray racer, and whirled back again. Hung onto a ramshackle fliv in a pretended search for gasoline wherewith to elope (I suppose) with an anxious leading lady. And then we ate cheese sandwiches and drank milk and had fruit-cake, of which Bill consumed a generous portion, there in a crimson hollow by the side of the road. Bill and Mr. Lloyd reminisced about their last Fourth—Bill's last birthday—spent at the bottom of the Grand Canyon—how they were there just at dawn, and, looking up, up thru the gold-shot mist to their hotel, they beheld Old Glory floating in the wind. "I shall never forget it," said Mr. Farnum. "It was the most magnificent spectacle I have ever known. It *was* Old Glory!

"I love anything that involves the out-

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Pastel:

A Descriptive Vagary of Ruth Stonehouse

By GRACE LAMB

WERE I an artist of the brush and palette, I would paint a series of pastels to convey Ruth Stonehouse to you. I shouldn't *write* anything. Words are not the proper medium. The pictures would be delicate, opalescent things, mauve, ephemeral greens and blues, shimmering, evanescent lakes, mists twisting about slim poplars, reminiscences of April, of May, suggestive of songs heard at twilight. Fanciful, delicate things. Not that Ruth Stonehouse is quite literally all these things. She isn't mauve, for example. Hardly. Nor is she shimmery, nor green. She is quite a Harrison Fisherish, Liberty-Bondish, Niece-of-Uncle Samish young person, with ideas as well as ideals and practicalities as well as dreams. But every one—every one worth while—every one interesting, arresting—potent in any sense—has an atmosphere, as it were, an aroma. One girl might give forth subtle emanations of gondolas along unfrequented canal-ways in old Venice—romance—moons over full—passionals—and all that. Another might bring to mind tennis in white sunlight—athleticism—red blood—hearty luncheons at pleasant country clubs

—camaraderie. And so forth. And so on, ad infinitum.

Ruth Stonehouse *suggests*—I will *not* be called to account for a more definite statement—the ephemeral, the fanciful, the dainty, the pastel. She has a delicate, sensitive face, delicate, chiseled features, gray eyes with hints of abstraction, fluffs of nebulous, light hair . . . slender hands, slender ankles,

Above: Ruth Stonehouse playing her first lead with Bryant Washburn in "A Broken Heart" in 1911

Left: With Francis X. Bushman in "Unrequited Love"

Ruth Stonehouse leaving her Hollywood bungalow temporarily for New York

slender patrician lines.

She wore blue satin the day I tea'd (very substantially for ephemeralness) at the Claridge with her, blue satin with touches of wee pink flowers and lace at the wrists and throat and a dainty hat which one did not think especially of because it fitted Ruth, not Ruth *it*.

To make still more delicate the pastel effect, I am endeavoring to inject into your minds even as it was, perforce, injected into mine, she ate lobster salad, and thin toast, and drank tea, and ate much and fearfully complicated French pastry. And we talked—you know, tea in the late afternoon, the cosiness of a lounge, oncoming dusk, two of the feminine sex—oh, yes, we talked . . . Ruth talks rather slowly, with a certain delicate deliberation. While she talks she *thinks* She doesn't in the very least talk for effect. She talks to make herself clear. She talks for conviction. Mostly, she talks because she has something to say.

It has been something of a steep pathway for Ruth in a great many ways. There haven't been any gargantuan boulders, but neither have there been any of these Arabian Nights miracles to make rose and golden her upward climb to stardom. "No one," she told me, tête-à-tête, and probably strictly *entre-nous*—I've forgotten, to be truthful, just what she did tell me not to tell—"no one has ever taken a really *strong* interest in me. No one has gone out of their way to see to it that I have had just the right plays, the right photography. I've changed directors a dozen times a year. 'Ruth wont mind, she's so good-natured,' they would say at the studio. Every one has always been nice—just as nice and kind as possible—but—do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," I said.

"I suppose I'm too quiet a sort of person," she went on, meditatively. "I sometimes stop all of a sudden and wonder what in the world I—I, of all people—can be doing as an *actress*. It strikes me as being absurd, as being incongruous, sort of out of keeping. Why, I dont even *look* like an actress, do you think so?"

"No," I said.

"Not aggressive enough," she commented. "I often think it isn't only the stage and the screen where we get terribly miscast—it is often life itself. At home in California, for example, we live so very, very quietly, my husband and I. We are just plain, everyday Mr. and Mrs. Roach. We have a darling home, and I fuss about in it, and cook and clean, and we entertain, very modestly, a few of our intimate friends, and that is all. My husband, you know, has been in the service for over a year, was invalided home and is now resting. I had a letter from him this morning, asking me if I was

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Malleable Mae Marsh

Mae Marsh's profile has a haunting wistfulness

The magic of Mae's slender fingers has coaxed this charming creature into being. The favorite pastime of this little actress is modeling figures in clay, an art at which she is very adept

While Mae herself is malleability personified in the hands of her directors

She was the sort of woman who always runs to meet a man

The Silver King

Which Deals With Many Things—Murder—the Quest for Gold—Might and Right—and Love

STORYIZED BY
ALEXANDER LOWELL

From the Artcraft Photoplay, Starring
William Faversham

GEOFFREY WARE dragged the limp, unlovely body of Denver across his home threshold, into the flower-filled cool dim hall. Never before had the threshold been crossed by such a person in such a way. He deposited him, a monstrous rag doll, into a chintzy chair. Then he struck an attitude, and waited. He had no bludgeon in his hand, but he might better have had. He was waiting to commit murder. The murder of a belief. A white belief. A long belief. The close and dear belief a woman has in the man who has been her husband, her kiddie's father. One long justified and sacrosanct. *Nellie's* belief. At thought of that Ware's grim mouth grew still grimmer. He grasped, as it were, his bludgeon closer. Presently she would be coming—Nellie would be coming. She was the sort of woman who always runs to meet a man, flowers at her breast, singing on her lips. She would come with light footfalls, eager and fleet. She would be humming that same, little tune, just beneath her breath—it always sounded as tho there were rosy babies not to be awakened—yet someone who *must* be met. "But that is dreaming," muttered Geoffrey Ware, "and I have done with dreaming."

Presently she came, in a daffodil yellow gown, with primroses in her cheeks. She always made it so hard for one, thought Geoffrey, and suddenly the thing he had done seemed a horrible thing. She saw the horrid, sprawly thing in the chair, and halted. The little tune

For weeks he had been pressed for ready money

Well—he had made the sure bet

died, and hovered about her lips, mute and wraithly. Fear dawned. "What—w—hat is—this?" she asked.

That fear aroused a devil in Geoffrey Ware. It *should* have been his right to crush it out in his arms. It should have been his privilege. But it wasn't. His to stand aside. His to be apart from her. His to suffer. He had suffered enough. *She* had made him suffer. She had drained the joy out of every cup he attempted to raise to his lips. He was a'hunger and a'thirst. Life was a bone from which all the marrow had been sucked, a hive that had been rifled. He felt a desperate desire to hurt this soft and palpitant thing who had so grievously, if so unwittingly, hurt him.

"You see what it is," he said, and he felt a vague surprise at his own voice—it was so sullen, so coarse. "It's your *husband,*" he went on, brazoning down the growing sickness in her eyes, using, tho he did not realize it, his bludgeon on his own sensibilities for all time, "your husband," he repeated, and took a reiterative, a cruel pleasure in the two words; "he numbers among his weaknesses, the betting passion. Today he bet, rather too heavily even for *his* affluence, on Also Ran. He—lost. He lost so badly that he needed a few—crutches on which to hobble home. Unfortunately, he has hobbled home too soon. His general practice wisely detains him until they are not quite—so visible. In brief, my dear madam, the day you applied a measuring stick to us both, and found me wanting, I vowed I would prove your mistake to you. There it is, a grotesque figure indeed. I leave you to retrieve it. Good-day."

When Geoffrey Ware, curiously gray about the mouth, had taken a somewhat uncertain departure Wilfred Denver opened his bleared eyes and found Nellie's wounded ones gazing into them. He had never surprised a hurt in those eyes before. It smote him to semi-sobriety. He tried to recall the curious harange he had but dimly heard and dimly understood. It was a painful procedure. Nellie didn't help him. She just stood. She seemed waiting. All at once it came to Wilfred Denver that she *was* waiting—she was waiting for the justification of her belief in him. Of course. Geoffrey Ware, who had hated him, hated them both, since the day Nellie had preferred him, Wilfred, Geoffrey Ware had told her that *he* was a mistake. He had left her, he said, to retrieve it. He had not counted on *him* proving it—otherwise. No, he hadn't counted on that.

Wilfred Denver rose, wretchedly, to his feet. His mind became a burning focus—the object, that sick fear in Nellie's shining eyes—eyes that had been, until then, so confident and gay. He put out his hand to her, but he didn't, or couldn't, measure his distance. *He couldn't touch her.* This became a poignantly significant fact to him. It assumed proportions. Or disproportions. He felt like sobbing, like his baby did, clinging to her skirts and burrowing his hot, discomfited face in them. He felt this would be maudlin—at present. "Nellie," he achieved at last—how horrid his voice had become!—"Nellie—oh, my dear!" He could get no further, incoherency again taking possession of his tongue, so he fled the house.

He didn't at all remember how he had got *in* that door. He didn't see how he ever managed, with his flannelly, horrid feet, ever to get *out* of it. He knew still less how he made an entrance into Geoffrey Ware's thatched manor

house more than a mile away. He was a blur, the objects about him were blurs, sounds were blurred. It was a blurry sensation, this slipping about on wet, thickish stuff once he managed an egress into Ware's private library and cellarette. Then, sharply, everything was distinctly, vividly, even painfully clear. Crystalline. Outlined. Unerringly etched. The lights, by an unseen agency, had switched on, and, simultaneously, the lights in his mind cleared up the fumes. He was in Ware's library. At his feet was a slow-moving stream of blood. Across it lay Ware, contorted and dead. The pistol dropt from Denver's hand. He had come there in a desperation of vengefulness. He had come there to *kill*. Almost always he did that which he set out to do. This was no exception. He had killed Geoffrey Ware. Killed him.

Even as the instinct for self-preservation superseded all others, and he fled back into the dark, from which he had come, thoughts, like huge black rats, kept scuttling across his mind. A murderer! It couldn't be possible. He had lived such an even tenor. He had been so uneventful, so orderly, so in keeping. He had always been just the typical English squire, the country gentleman. He had done those things which he ought to have done; he had left undone those things which he ought not to have done. Then why? It went back to the afternoon, no doubt. For weeks he had been pressed for ready money. The tenantry were behind, and he did not like to press *them*. Cissy had been ill—there had been doctors . . . Geoffrey had been at him about the races for some time. No doubt he had been weak, but Geoffrey had insisted it was a dead sure bet. He had never done anything of the sort before. Had never taken any chances. "You're stagnating!" Geoffrey had told him. Stagnating! *Him!* How could he have listened to such perfidy? Stagnating—when all the time the scent of primroses was in his nostrils, and Nellie, a pale daffodil, was reigning in his home? What did such as Geoffrey know of such as this? Well—he had made the sure bet. Lost. *Lost.* It had driven his mind back upon itself. It meant so much. It meant debts. Debt would worry Nellie to death. She had never had to face debt. She had been so careful, too. So prudent even with her dear youth. Now——. He had hardly heeded whence Geoffrey was taking him, had hardly known what he was doing when Geoffrey gave him the first drink. He had been a long while without food. The first made him helpless before the second. And so it had gone. And then Geoffrey had taken him home. Geoffrey, who had hated him so, had taken him home, and, not content with that, had lied about him. Then—what came then? Oh, yes. Why, then, he had perforce got himself out from the wound that would not bleed in Nellie's eyes, and had murdered Geoffrey. Of course, he had murdered him. He had taken his pistol with him, and had stumbled about in the dark, until he finally stumbled into Geoffrey's den, and then lights had gone on, within and without, and there had Geoffrey lain—at his feet, dead. He had gone there to kill him, and he had killed him. Now Cissy's father was a—— Fleeing, as he was, furtively, past hedges, under yew-trees, past cottages whose peaceful lamp-light shone mellowly forth as tho to make him more the derelict, he could not frame the thing Cissy's father had become. The boy would outgrow it. But little Cissy—and Nellie—and Nellie——

Nellie was waiting for him. She seemed to be ready for what he had to tell her, because she was clutching the claw end of the library table, and old Jaikes was standing behind her, also ready. Denver didn't look at them. "I have killed Geoffrey Ware," he said, slowly and distinctly, "now call the police," he looked at Nellie, and added, "please——"

Jaikes was the first to speak to him, the first to make him see that the babies' father must not submit to—well, to the inevitable processes of the law. But Nellie was the first to go him. He was glad she didn't speak to him. He knew, as she did, that there was nothing—nothing for her to say. But she fondled him, and crooned over him, and he took hold of her fragrant skirts and wept into them as he had seen Cissy do—wept into them, and was not ashamed of the weeping—ashamed only that he was weeping, because he had mangled the fair thing that had been their life together.

Then he fled again into the dark—this time to stay.

Life is full of complexities, full of patterning and inter-patterning, weavings and inter-weavings, emotions

He had come to America—had gone West

He pressed a thickish wad of bills into her unaccustomed little palm

and events that merge one onto the other. Today borrows from Yesterday. Tomorrow from the day after. The winds blow East, and West, and North, and South and "where are the snows of yesteryear?"

"John Franklin" had grown a scab of toil, of hopes and despairs, of all-healing time, of vast achievement, of spectacular wealth over the night in England, when, like a fox whom the pack is upon, he had evaded justice that his children might have only a father "among the missing," rather than a father, convicted, and in a dishonored grave. They had no grave to go to, his children. They had no turgid trial to recall. A nasty blot—erasure—that was all. Yes, that night, with its wet blood, its haunting terror, its cruel shame, was lived over. The wound in Nellie's eyes had bled itself clean and whole again. Cissy was the cherub who had knelt to him, and stammered from moist lips, "Now I lay me down to thleep . . ." He had memories from which he had removed the horrid fungi. But neither time nor toil, nor wealth nor achievement, nor years, nor distance could heal, assuage, appease or gratify the aching desolation that he felt for Nellie's love—for the home where the primrose hedge starred forth in Spring—where the holly winked red, roguish eyes in winter—for the broad hearth where the deep, chintz chairs were drawn—for Nellie's needle tipped with the fire's flame and making whiter her white, supple fingers. These things he could never forget. Never be happy without. Never know content. Never know peace. They gnawed at his heart like sharp teeth. They strained at his heart like hands. They invaded his tired dreams. They hollowed his weary eyes. At last he knew that he must go home.

There had come to him, too, the fast belief that he had not killed Geoffrey Ware. He knew that he and the law would not be likely to share the same optimistic thought, and he had not even so fragile a thing as circumstantial evidence wherewith to support his too fragile theory—but he knew it, he *knew* that he had not killed Geoffrey Ware. He had found him dead at his feet, there was no shying away from that. He had even gone forth to kill. But that he had *not* killed he was convinced.

Yes, he must go home. Home. He had been too long without it. He had learnt too well how little money can buy of the spirit that transforms red brick and shingles into a kingdom of heaven. He had seen the "all holler, holler, holler" of "good luck." He *had* had good luck. He had come to America, in the garb of a common sailor, had gone West, and set out to search for gold. Down in the bowels of the earth he had promised himself forgetfulness, surcease . . . he had not found either . . . he had not found gold. He had found silver. That which we seek we seldom find. He had found silver, and still more silver. Vein after vein had opened up and disgorged their shining treasure, till bank after bank were gorged with the accumulating wealth of the "Silver King." On the spare bit of land where he had built him a few shacks for himself and his fellow miners was reared the city of the Silver King. Banks were founded there that the "mushroom millionaires" might have deposit vaults. Schools, churches, town halls. Wealth made law and order out of sage brush. Pomeranians rode in imported cars where coyotes had snuffled and whined. "John Franklin," as Denver had christened himself, became a newspaper filler of the first waters. He was accredited with the powers of Aladdin, of Midas, of all the Rockefellers and most of the Goulds. Ali Baba was reputed to have lean coffers as comparable to his. Matrimonial bureaus took a lease of life. And

"Never!" he yelled, "until you kill me as you killed Geoffrey Ware!"

"John Franklin," in the recesses of his heart, knew that this was not home, had never been, could never be. It was play. It was spectacle. It was theatric and unreal. That was it, unreal. There was nothing to hold on to. Nothing to satisfy. Nothing to fulfill. It was tinpanny. It was show.

So he went home.

On the way over, just as "John Franklin," multi, multi-millionaire (I believe the yellow press out trillioned the trillion mark in their efforts at superlative description) he had ample time to think. No matrimonial seekers were on board. The war was brewing. He was left alone. He didn't know just what to expect when he got home. None of his letters had been answered. Not for three years. The thought of this touched him like chill fingers. It might mean—the very worst. He was not in a position to know that a criminal originally named Skinner, but aptly nick-named "The Spider," had bought the old, ancestral Grange, and that Nellie and the babies, babies no longer, were living in one of the poorest of the tenants' cottages, where it had been her gracious wont to distribute red flannel, tea and sugar, with turkey on Yuletide. All mail being first delivered to the Grange, the Spider had the opportunity, which he took, of withholding such mail as he chose, and the letters from Montana, U. S. A., were the ones he chose. Nellie never thought of asking. Her eyes grew wider, sadder with the years, and the primroses faded and died, white shadows, in her cheeks.

The Spider did not immediately destroy the messages of love from Montana, U. S. A. Messrs. Corkett, erstwhile clerk at the office of Geoffrey Ware, and Coombs had first to be regaled with them. After which, they were consigned to oblivion via the flames.

There were a great many things "John Franklin" had to learn, had to find out.

"THE SILVER KING"

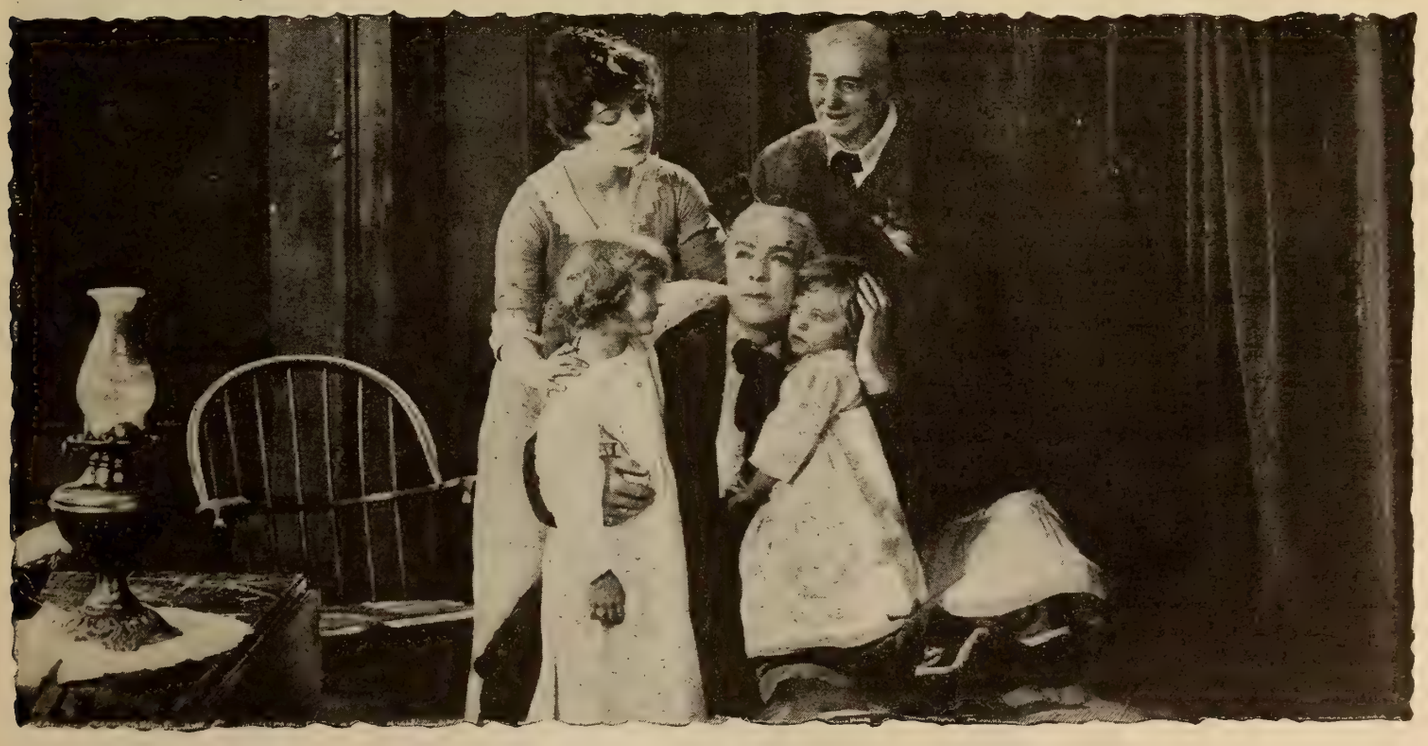
Cast of characters

Wilfred Denver	William Faversham
Nellie Denver	Barbara Castleton
Geoffrey Ware	John Sunderland
Herbert Skinner	Warburton Gamble
Coombs	John Sutherland
Jaikes	William O'Day
Detective Baxter	Dan Pennell
Cissy	Dot Williams

It was Spring when the "Silver King" walked again the well-remembered Dorsetshire lane. The primroses were winking out. He wondered, as he walked, for the poignant remembering of walking, whether she still wore her daffodil gowns with which her primrose cheeks flowered so daintily. He wondered if she still hummed those little, tender tunes . . . whether her footsteps were so fleet and light . . . whether she looked at the new moon over her right shoulder . . . shuddered at an owl . . . curled up in the chintzy chair like a reflective child. He had been too long away. Had lost too much . . . too much . . . of things so dear.

Quite near the Grange he came upon a child, a little, slender child, in faded gingham. She was sobbing dolefully. For some strange reason each sob smote upon his heart like a little, cruel hammer. When he drew near enough to turn up the smeary little face, it was Cissy. Cissy stopped crying at once, because the nice man acted so very, very strange, so very different from most men who passed you when you were crying, and gave you a penny, and told you to go buy a lozenge, or, still more likely, didn't see you at all. Or, like the very terrible owner of the Grange, that had once been their very own, said very rudely and very loudly to "Shut up!" Mother said nice men never spoke in such a way, and shut her mouth up tight, and was next seen with a handkerchief and eyes from which the starshine had been drenched. *This* man was most strange. He had lovely tweedy clothes on, and he dropped right down on his tailored knees, that were still not *too* tailored to drop, and gathered you to his breast and kist your tears away, and soothed you like a daddy might have done, and seemed—oh, so much, so *very* much like *home*. Which *was* peculiar, for how could a brand new stranger-man, who only had eyes that you somehow

(*Continued on page* 112)



Cissy, being uncomplex, just snuggled. "I knew," she confided, rosily, "that Daddies were like this. I knew."

Lina Cavalieri Impressions

© Ira Hill

Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful prima donna, has just finished the picture "The Two Brides" for Paramount

IF you were seated on one of those deep lounges that make you feel as tho your knees were on a level with your chin, and if your hostess was Lina Cavalieri, tall, slender and graceful, in a black charmeuse and toque, trimmed with a burnt orange wing; if you could speak little French and she only a little more English, and if your companion spoke French like a blue streak, wouldn't you feel terribly stupid, but camouflage and look as intelligent as possible? And if the room was carpeted in a hideous red, the furnishings disorderly and trunks stacked in one corner (they had just arrived from Boston), wouldn't you think that Mme. Cavalieri could not possibly be as temperamental as stars of the opera and screen are generally supposed to be? Wouldn't you think her a very real and very genuine person?

And then if, in the midst of your marveling, Lucien Muratore, who has been Mme. Cavalieri's husband for eight years, was a captain in the French Army, wounded and honorably discharged, a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company and possessed of the broadest shoulders you ever saw—then if he came into the room with a dust-cloth and dusted and polished the piano—even the keys—wouldn't you want to giggle to the accompaniment of his dusty chromatic scale? And wouldn't you think that he, too, was very real and very genuine?

That was what I thought when I first met, unexpectedly, this woman whose beauty and talent are of international fame. This too short opportunity to register an impression of the charming and human qualities of Cavalieri led me to seek her in another sphere, so I haunted the Famous-Players-Lasky studio while she was making "The Two Brides."

Upon this occasion she was so exquisitely beautiful she made you gasp. The scene was the studio of a sculptor. Cavalieri, as the model, was draped in pink panne velvet and held a white pigeon in her hand—an inspiration for any artist! Courtenay Foote, the handsome Englishman who has been Madame's leading man in her Paramount pictures, in the rôle of the sculptor, wished that he, instead of a real sculptor, could have made the statue he pretended to be modeling.

Then came the day on which peace was declared—that day when

By GERTRUDE K. SMITH

every one dropped their work and gave way to their emotions. Tho a false report, being the first, it had the advantage of a spontaneity the later report lacked. At the time the whistles and sirens proclaimed the great news a big banquet scene was being staged for "The Two Brides." A hundred players in evening dress, with Mme. Cavalieri, were grouped around the banquet-table. The scene was a riot of light and color, and when Director Edward Jose announced that all work was over for the day, pandemonium broke loose. "Extras" hugged stars, and property boys hugged leading ladies. Cavalieri even ventured to try a little English and said, "Zose photographees, zey are not here. I sink zey are in Italy *peutêtre,* but my husband, he is to bring—no, brung—how you say?—bring zem tomorrow."

Mme. Cavalieri is Italian and her husband French, and, naturally, are strongly pro-Ally. They even go farther and have nothing but contempt for the country that remains neutral. So overjoyed was the star to know that her beloved country was at peace that she decided to give a real banquet to all present. Mr. Hoover's "prop" food was safely put away for another celebration and some real food was brought over from a hotel across the street. The property-man dug up a dove of peace and Allied flags. With the star of the opera and films singing national anthems, my impression of Cavalieri, the patriot, came to a close.

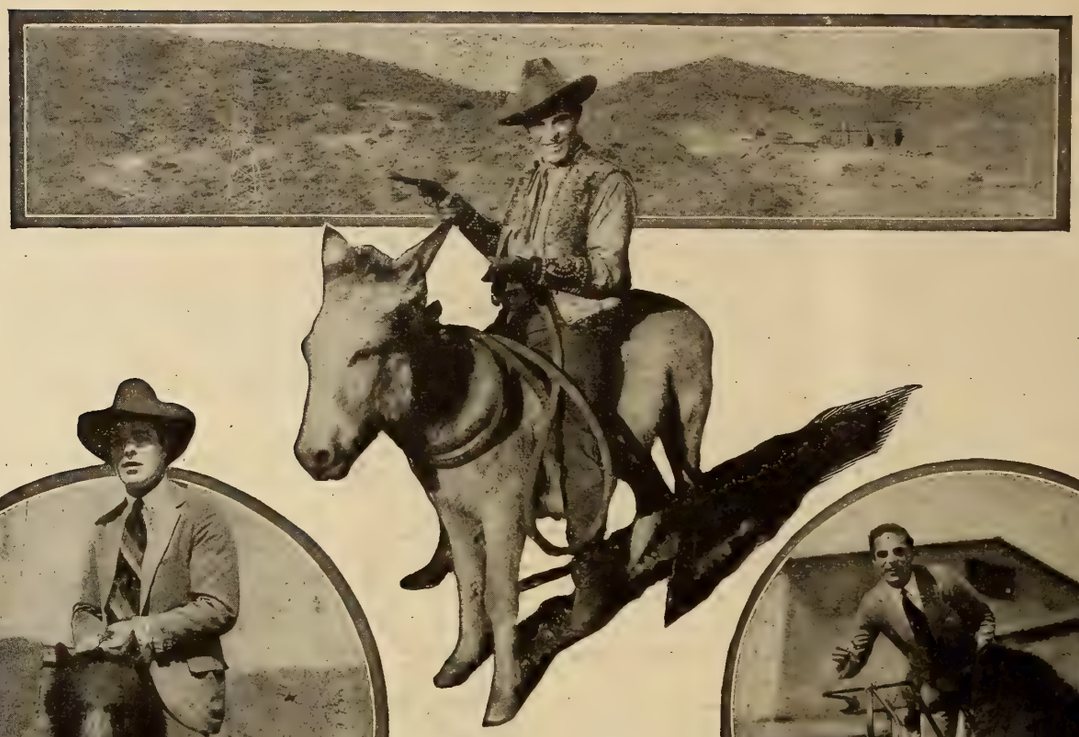
Lina Cavalieri is fond of brilliant colors that harmonize with her rich brunet beauty

© Ira Hill

My final impression was on an occasion when she posed for some home photographs. Mme. and Mons. Muratore had guests for dinner and were serving after-dinner coffee in their charming apartment in the Ansonia when the photographer and his two assistants arrived. They had moved away from the hotel with the atrocious red carpet—not for that reason, but because they wanted to have their own cook.

The guests were American friends whom they had known in Paris. Madame was exquisitely graceful in a clinging velvet gown of a lapis-lazuli shade. Her famous pearls—a double string reaching below the waist, each bead the size of your finger-tip—was her only ornament. Fond of brilliant colors that harmonize with her rich brunette coloring, her gowns are always extremely simple, the colors used with rare taste.

(*Continued on page* 108)



"So for jogging along, I advise this"

Tony Moreno says, "If you bear your travels this way, you wont get very far"

Tony's Transportation Tips

"But for speed—give me my own little Stutz

"And for fleetness—this"

Antonio Moreno was sent across country to star in the Vitagraph serial "The Iron Test"

During the first day at the studio Tony was treated to a lively movie day, and here are a few of the methods

Viola Dana in "Flower o' the Dusk"

A Plea for the Unhappy Ending

By KARL SHILLER

"Sure, I know it's tough, but you have to give them what they want, haven't you? What good is the Art-stuff if it dont bring in the mazuma? Nothing doing. That Aristophanes guy may have satisfied Mr. and Mrs. Socrates, but he didn't know Forty-second Street! Folks nowadays go to the theater to forget that prohibition's coming, and that they're married, and their other troubles. They dont want Life, and they dont want Art, what they do want is a dime's worth of Aint—It—Just—Grand!"

There are, however, several other viewpoints from which to look at the matter of happy and unhappy endings. In the long run, perhaps, it is the plays which conform to the other standards than that of mere box-office popularity which pay best. For after all a picture, or a play, or a novel that is still alive a generation after its production has made more money than one that enjoyed an immense but temporary popularity. Jane Eyre, Don Quixote, the plays of Shakespeare, Molière and Goethe are still rivals of today's best sellers and Broadway crook dramas.

THE Misunderstood Heroine wrings her beautifully manicured hands and sheds large glycerine tears; the Prosecuted Hero, on trial for his life, protests his innocence in vain; the Lovers are separated by every device known to the scenario writer, but the audience watches their agonies cheerfully in the comfortable certainty that everything will come out all right in the end.

No matter what commandments of playwriting are broken, what laws of logic are violated, that composite critic, "that savage child, the crowd" as Thackeray called it, must be given its saccharine happy ending, wherein the author himself interferes in behalf of his characters by conveniently killing off anybody in the way of their happiness, digging up a long-lost uncle with a fortune to bestow, and hurling the lovers pell-mell over the wreckage of his plot structure into each other's arms in the final "clinch" so familiar and dear to the hearts of movie fans.

From the box-office point of view it would seem that the harassed playwright had no choice in the matter. The older ones have given up arguing long since, but now and again the newcomer in the field, driven to frenzy by the mutilation of his brain-child, babbles of Art and the Three Unities and Aristophanes. To him the director, cigar in mouth, delivers his succinct ultimatum:

Can one imagine an Elizabethan director addressing the Bard of Avon in this wise, "Looker here, old boy, methinks that Orthello guy had better get a divorce from that dame, Desdemona, and marry his stenographer, or the public wont like it, and we'll get a crimp i' the wallet, by my halidom!"

But, thanks be! The immortal Will o' Avon knew humanity better than that. He knew that, however much people wished to be pleased they wished still more to be satisfied, and that only truthfulness to the facts of life and the laws of cause and effect will truly satisfy. It is said that two hundred years after their writing eighteenth century managers, wishing to propitiate their bewigged and beruffled patrons, actually wrote happy endings for King Lear and Romeo and Juliet. But such artificial meddling with the logical outworkings of these great dramas was intolerable and wholly unsuccessful.

In his lighter plays, however, even Shakespeare was willing to twist the truth, in order to leave a pleasant taste in the mouth, as where, in "As You Like It," every

(*Continued on page* 107)

Tom Mixes In

By PEGGY LINCKS

"Oh the bawl of a steer, to a cowboy's ear,
Is music of sweetest strain;
And the yelping notes of the grey coyotes,
To him are a glad refrain.

"And his jolly song speeds him along,
As he thinks of the little gal
With the golden hair, who is waiting there
At the bars of the home corral."

IN musical rhythm, this rollicking, pointless ditty came from the lips of a man who was nonchalantly riding horse-back down the steepest mountain around Griffith Park in California. It was Tom Mix—Tom, who takes everything with indifference, whose chief charm is his blasé manner. He rode easily, utterly oblivious to the fact that, to the spectators, he seemed suspended between earth and sky.

As the song came to an abrupt and rather untimely end, Tom swung his horse around and called up, "This far enough, Lynn?"

"Fine!" answered the director. "Now come back slowly."

Tom started up the mountain, slowly, a bit carefully, as the director had requested. Suddenly a shot rang out. Tom turned at the sound, threw his pony, and both lay quiet. The tension was vise-like. Then Tom began to crawl slowly along until he reached a given point. At the director's signal, he stopped, brushed himself off, and joined us. "Tony," his beautiful pony, also showed undeniable signs of life and followed his master.

"Say, Lynn," remarked Tom, to his always interested director, "we ought to show the bullet in its flight under my chin."

Lynn Reynolds looked rather dubiously at his star. "Think we can do it, Tom?"

"Sure. That's not dangerous. Pat Chrisman here can shoot a bullet right thru my tie. Go on, Pat; get the revolver."

After a minute's retrospection, Pat hustled off. He knew, from past experience, it was useless to cross Tom; that is, Tom with his mind made up.

"Got the revolver, Pat?" Mix questioned. "That's fine. Now you stand off about six feet and aim right at the knot in my tie as you see me carelessly looking around."

Taking the required position, Mix turned his profile to Chrisman, who stood, as directed, six feet from the star, long, black revolver in hand. There was a flash, and Mix, registering amazement, looked down, and felt around the knot in his tie. Then he turned to the uneasy Chrisman.

"Gosh, you didn't hit it, Pat."

Sure enough, the bullet had gone under the knot in the tie and just seared the thread on the neck button of the shirt.

"Come on, Pat. Hit the knot this time."

The previous performance was again enacted. Lynn

Tho shooting is not Tom's aim in life, his faultless aim has helped him

Being the Tale of a Carefree Rover

Reynolds called "Cut!" the camera ceased to grind, and, with an air of satisfaction, Mix remarked, with that deuced calmness of his:

"Hit it square that time, Pat."

The bullet had actually clipped a piece out of the knot.

Whatever in Movieland is faked, you may depend on it that the Tom Mix pictures are real; his stunts are not make-believe, and his screen work reflects his best endeavors.

As he came over to me, I stammered involuntarily, "How did you ever have the courage?"

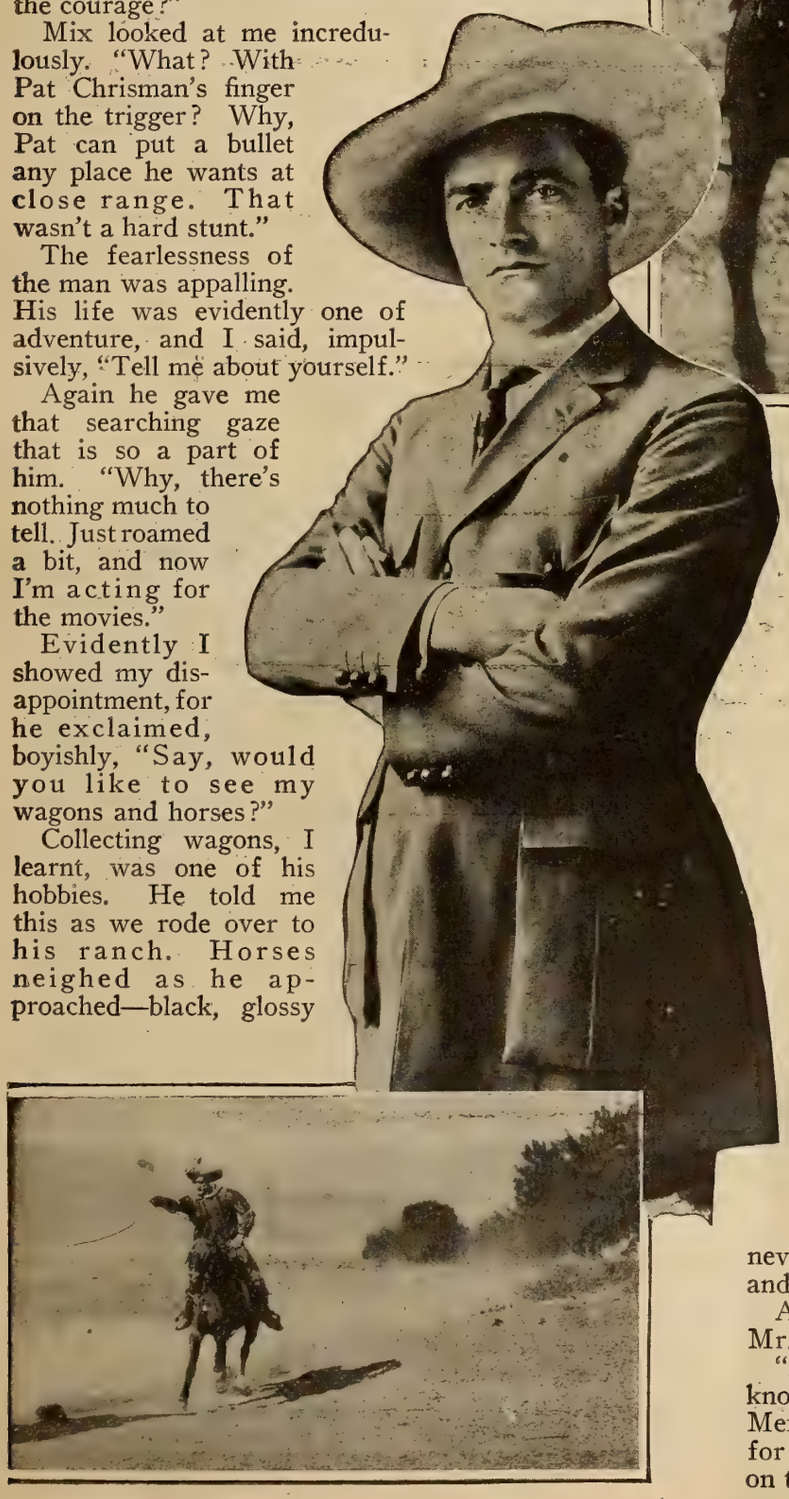
Mix looked at me incredulously. "What? With Pat Chrisman's finger on the trigger? Why, Pat can put a bullet any place he wants at close range. That wasn't a hard stunt."

The fearlessness of the man was appalling. His life was evidently one of adventure, and I said, impulsively, "Tell me about yourself."

Again he gave me that searching gaze that is so a part of him. "Why, there's nothing much to tell. Just roamed a bit, and now I'm acting for the movies."

Evidently I showed my disappointment, for he exclaimed, boyishly, "Say, would you like to see my wagons and horses?"

Collecting wagons, I learnt, was one of his hobbies. He told me this as we rode over to his ranch. Horses neighed as he approached—black, glossy mares, tan and brown stallions, eager-eyed, high-spirited ponies.



Whatever in Movieland is faked, the Mix stunts are real

Mix led the way to an old, old wagon, a quaint affair from the days of our forefathers. "This," he explained, with a hint of pride in his voice, "is one of the oldest stage-coaches in existence. It was built in 1860 at Concord, New Hampshire, and made many a trip over the old Santa Fé route. It is not as large as a seven-passenger car, yet it's an eighteen-passenger coach. In its palmy days it was drawn by six horses. There are seats for nine people inside and nine on top."

In another part of the lot we encountered several prairie schooners. "These," he explained, "I picked up at odd times. They come in mighty handy now, for we often use them in pictures of the old-time West. Want to see my trick horses?"

Tom led the way to a large corral. He gave a long, low whistle, and "Tony," his favorite, came to the gate. At a word, the horse bowed deeply and graciously, picked up Tom's hat and walked off.

"That is Aggie," he said, pointing to a smaller animal. "She is willing to even *die* for me."

At a word, the beautiful creature played dead, never moving until Mix spoke to her. Likewise "Blue" and "Tag" demonstrated their versatility for us.

As we left the lot, I admired the soft beaver sombrero Mr. Mix wore.

"Like it?" he questioned. "Paid $75 for that. You know the more money a cowboy has, the bigger his hat. Mexicans, too. They think nothing of spending $5,000 for a suit. I've seen Mexicans wearing $20 gold pieces on the heels of their shoes. Cowboys, of course, dont go

(*Continued on page* 110)

A Violet of

By NANCE

Violet Mersereau and a scene from one of her Universal pictures

She thought it was the whole United States Army—

but

her host assured her that there were only four hundred of those Georgia boys in khaki—

still

they stretched out and out into an endless line,

then

Violet gave herself a polite little pinch and woke up. Surely this was not the first time in the last hour she had gazed into the brown eyes of the same six feet two of American manhood. Suddenly the light dawned. As soon as each boy had shaken hands with the star of the evening, he had hurried around to the end of the line and taken another turn.

"For a long time I did not realize what was happening," Violet laughed, "and when I did I couldn't get cross, tho my poor hand was aching from the clasp of so many soldiers."

Violet couldn't get cross under any circumstances. That's what Mother Mersereau, who has known the young screen star for some 'teen-odd years, declared. Sister Claire, who has been basking in the brightness of Violet's presence for a few years less, bore out this testimony, and after five minutes' conversation the scribe recalled that it was crossless day and tried to dimple, only she couldn't—that is, successfully.

Violet is all girl, simple, sweet, unaffected. Her golden curls bob up and down like saucy little shafts of sunshine. Her eyes, violet under their dark petals, dance to the joy song of life. It is difficult to imagine her face in repose, for it is constantly changing as it mirrors the impressions of the passing show—and they are all happy ones.

"I love most of all to be a boy," Violet interrupted my girl thoughts. "The biggest compliment I have had for an age was from the little boy with whom I fight in my last picture, 'Together.' He remarked to some one in the studio:

"'Gee, she aint like a girl. She hits you just as hard as another feller would.'"

Violet, Claire and Big Sister Ada, more commonly known as Mrs. Mersereau, camp out

Manhattan

MONDE

on the top of one of upper Broadway's apartment hotels. They are so far from the noise and bustle of the city that they seem to be in a world by themselves. Here in a blue room that is just restful and cozy, the friends of "the girls" are welcomed into the little family circle and made to feel at home. Violet is apt to throw herself so unreservedly into the studio routine that it would often be a case of "all work," if Mrs. Mersereau did not insist upon the play periods.

"Sometimes I go over to Fort Lee to spend a day with her," Claire told me. "Of course, I expect to be treated like company, but that sister of mine doesn't even know I'm there."

"I do love the pictures so," Violet supplemented. "There is always something new. Just think, in 'Together' I play my mother, my twin brother and, of course, myself. Then I can have a home, something I didn't know much about when I was on the stage. It was funny how we arranged it then. One season mother would put Claire in school and travel with me, and then next season I'd go to school and mother would travel with Claire. When we were playing we had as many teachers as there were members of the company. Each had his hobby and insisted upon expounding it to us."

Chester Barnett and Violet Mersereau in "Together"

Left: One of her happiest rôles, a poor little girl

I remember Violet in those "before-the-pictures" days. As a very youthful Rebecca she came to Newark, and the city editor assigned me to interview the little heroine of Sunnybrook Farm. I went about my task with a light heart, for tho I was still enough of a cub to have a wholesome fear of the "big folks," the youngsters of the stage were my delight. Violet has grown since the afternoon we chatted in her dressing-room, but she hasn't yet succeeded in growing up. Will she ever?

"I dont want to—that is, not very much," she told me. "You see when I do—finally—I'll have the responsibility of deciding things for myself. Now I just turn everything over to mother, and she does the thinking for the family."

"Everything but your detective work," Claire corrected. "Do you know since the war started sister suspects every queer-looking person of being a spy? Yesterday we passed a man who, besides wearing a wig, had a dyed mustache. Perhaps he was just getting ready to go courting, but I had to use force to keep Violet from following him."

"But I am so worried about a poor man I saw on the Drive a couple of months ago," Violet continued

the story. "He was right in front of me and he kept stepping over every crack. Now you know that will make a person insane. I felt it was my duty to tell him so, but I couldn't figure out exactly how to go about it. I followed him to the very end of the Drive, and then I stopped him and asked the time.

" 'You see that man in front of us,' I said, because I could think of no other way. 'Well, he's been stepping over all the cracks, and if he doesn't stop it his mind will become affected.'

"He looked at me as if he thought mine had become that way already, and, worst of all, he didn't take the hint, for I met him again the day before yesterday, and he was still stepping over cracks and looked on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

Just then the 'phone rang, a habit I noticed the Mersereau 'phone has of doing every five minutes, and a young boy was announced. With a military bow he presented Violet with an official-looking document which appointed her colonel of Company K, Seventh Regiment of the American Cadets, in acknowledgment of her work for the Fourth Liberty Loan. Of course the young colonel was pleased. It takes very level curls to keep from turning when one has such honors heaped upon one, in addition to being voted the most popular screen artist in Japan and receiving precious curios from all parts of the world, even tho one is not always sure for what use the curios are intended.

"That's Rudolph," Violet explained, indicating a young pig who was grinning complacently at us from some stills we were selecting for publication. "Rudolph co-starred with me in 'The Raggedy Queen.' Have you ever stopped to consider how rapidly pigs grow?"

I *hadn't.*

Violet is simply scared to death when she has to make personal appearances.

"I dont mind a bit speaking for the Liberty Loan or something like that, but when it comes to getting out on a stage and talking about myself I simply quake. I'm always so afraid of saying 'By golly!' I've acquired the habit and I just cant break myself of it."

"And I've caught it from her," Claire admitted.

"Yes, that's the way," Violet continued. "If any member of the family forms a bad habit, she gets it from me. I always say I wish some one would get some of my good habits for a change. I guess that's the way it is all thru life, tho. Our bad habits we blame upon our ancestors or our associates, while our good habits we have because—well, just because we're we, by golly!"

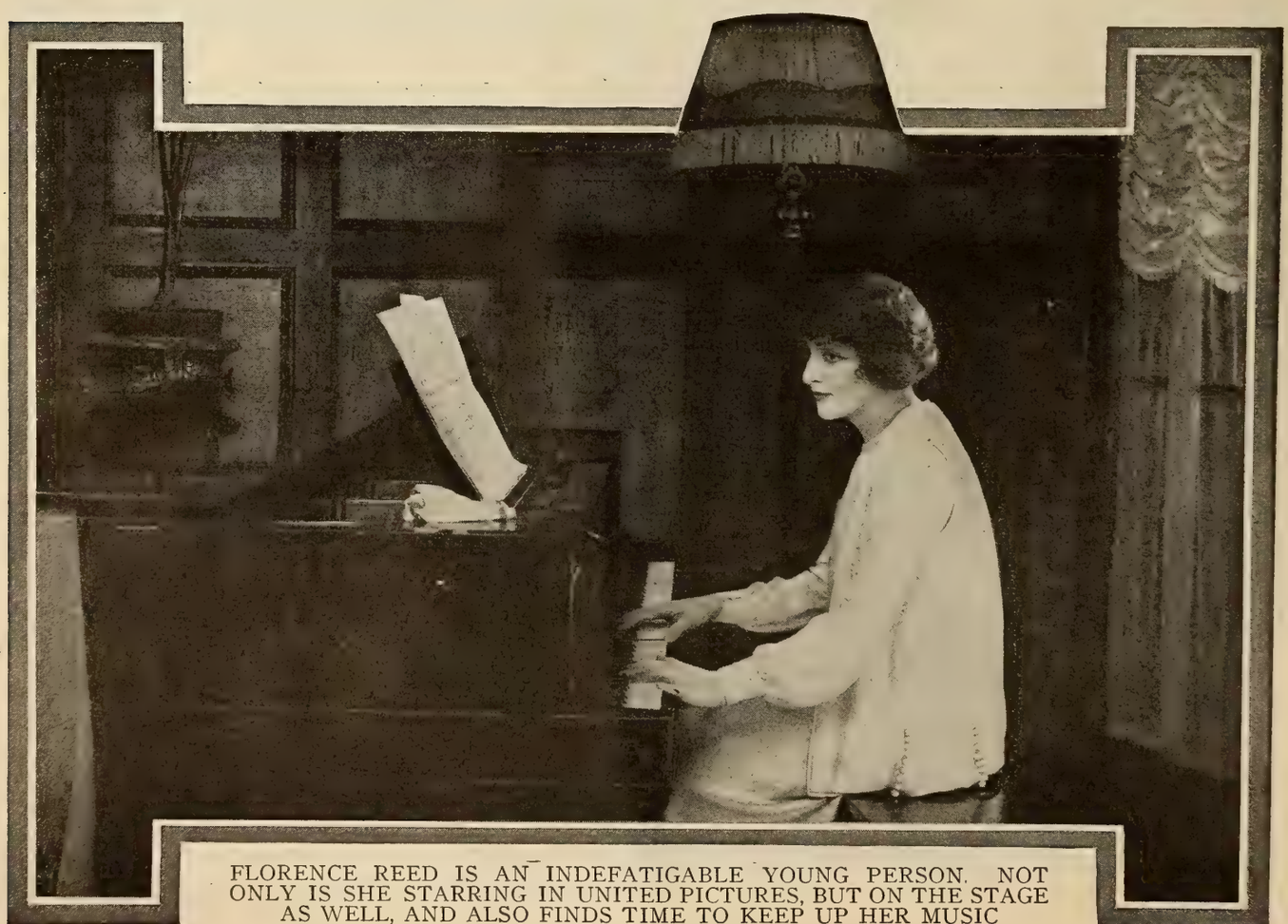
Violet started her personal appearances at Sunday-school entertainments when she was such a little toddler that she had to be lifted to the platform. Even at that time friends predicted a stage career, but that thought was far from the mind of the mother until Mr. Mersereau was taken and she realized her girls would have to be self-supporting.

But we know now that nothing could have kept Violet from acting once she had become old enough to choose for herself.

"You see I get it from my grandmother Mersereau, who was a talented French actress," she explained.

"But it's a good habit, isn't it?" I questioned. "Why account for it? Cant you have it because—well, just because you're you, by golly?"

And Violet's eyes danced some more. I wish I could have snapped a picture of you at that moment, little star. It was *vim, vigor, vivacity* all embraced in one Peter Pan *Violet.*



FLORENCE REED IS AN INDEFATIGABLE YOUNG PERSON. NOT ONLY IS SHE STARRING IN UNITED PICTURES, BUT ON THE STAGE AS WELL, AND ALSO FINDS TIME TO KEEP UP HER MUSIC

GRIFFITH discovered the close-up, Sennett discovered the custard-pie and Ince discovered Dorothy Dalton, but it took Maurice Tourneur to discover just what fits an individual for screen work. Most persons have been under the false impression that an attractive appearance, dramatic instinct, imagination and an ability to concentrate were among the most important factors in the making of a successful screen artist. Maurice Tourneur has discovered that this is not so. According to M. T., nothing other than dancing is the best training for screen acting.

He even believes that "terpsichorean training may in time overtop the dramatic stage in fitting a person for the films." We are forced to agree that as actors many of the players we see on the screen are perfectly good dancers. Mr. Tourneur says that dancing is a great aid, because it "requires complete control and flexibility of the muscles." Everybody will admit that well-controlled and flexible muscles contribute largely to the effectiveness and success of a star. Witness the cases of George Walsh, Douglas Fairbanks and William Russell. Following along this line, we should expect to soon see a batch of harem queens and hula-hula maidens jump into the front rank of film favorites.

THE THINGS WE LOVE

The hero who emerges clean-shaven from the woods after being lost for three weeks in the wilderness.

The hero who falls to the ground when he's shot in the shoulder.

The heroine who stands stupidly and helplessly by while the villain attempts to slaughter the hero.

Jack Holt in goody-goody rôles.

Bryant Washburn's made-up chin dimple.

Five-reel plays with one-reel stories.

Hints to scenario writers.

Earle Williams' studied poise.

Now that Theodore Roosevelt has entered the movies, Doug will have to dip up new publicity material, as "Teddy" has prior rights to the smile stuff with his "delighted" grin. And "Teddy" is right there when it comes to "stunts," too.

SPEECHES HEARD IN A DELIRIUM

Francis X. Bushman—"I dont know why they call me the King of the Movies. All the women simply hate me."

William Fox—"The public is sick of thrills and melodrama. What they want is Art."

Carl Laemmle—"I have nothing to say. Nothing at all."

Epes Winthrop Sargent—"Dont ask me how to write scenarios. I dont know the first thing about it. I dont know how I sold my last story. It was rotten."

Ivan A[illegible]n—"I am in favor of censors. These lurid, obscene sex-plays must be stopped. The simple, heart-interest story is the best."

WHY NOT OPEN WITH HYMN 326?

It's about time some persons got over the idea that the movies are made solely for children. Just because the motion picture has the reputation of being still in its infancy is no sign that it wants to remain the bedfellow of children all its life. Neither is that any reason why grown-ups with an ounce of intelligence should be compelled to view only such elemental stories, problems and situations as are fit for the morals and mentality of four-year-olds. If novels and plays were held down like this we'd have a fine lot of piffle in place of literary masterpieces. There are, no doubt, some films which are a little off-color, and we want little Willie and little Agnes to enjoy the movies as well as every one else, but not at the price of putting the silent drama entirely in the same class as bedtime stories. If the motion picture is such an all-powerful moulder of child-morals, then by all means have special shows, "for children only." But dont keep full-grown human beings in the kindergarten class.

There had always been doubt in our mind as to who was the most perfect specimen of manly beauty in filmland, Frank Keenan, Harry Carey or Bill Hart. Then Will Rogers entered the movies and removed all doubt forever.

Answer to Ignatius Ignatz—A "studio star" is a player who is a riot in the studio but a frost on the screen. A studio star hits on all six around the lot, but runs like a one-lunged donkey engine when it comes to registering emotions on the celluloid. This type of star can be found wherever there are picture companies. They have a good line of chatter, wit, humor, etc., and rely on this to get by. Around the studio they make a noise like $3,000 a week, but the cashier doesn't hear it and only hands out $50 every Saturday. While the screen star is sitting quietly in some corner, the studio star is out in the midst of the Cooper-Hewitts entertaining the crowd with the latest jokes. Of course this stuff doesn't register very well on film, but it makes a hit around the lot. In short, a studio star is a player who keeps himself on the payroll by keeping the director in good humor.

CASUALTY NOTE

Highbrow critics take warning! Louis Sherwin, long dramatic critic of the *New York Globe*, has succumbed to the movies. It must be a great come-down for these great patricians of the spoken drama to finally be forced to turn their attention to the lowly movie, but now we find the estimable Mr. Sherwin taking a place along with

Channing Pollock, Alan Dale and other well-known dramatic critics who have answered the call of M. P. lucre.

Who knows but we may one day see Walter Pritchard Eaton and George Jean Nathan writing copy for the Fox publicity department.

Somebody started an argument as to who was the best-dressed woman on the screen, and up to the present time the various publicity departments have only claimed the honors for Irene Castle, Fannie Ward, Elsie Ferguson, Anita Stewart, Ethel Clayton, Alice Brady, Norma Talmadge and Billie Burke. What's the matter with Annette Kellermann and Julian Eltinge?

BILL WILL BE ALL CUT UP

"A vivid prophecy, 'To Hell with the Kaiser,' in seven parts," says a sign on a Boston theater. Apparently the butcher is going to be butchered.

Another sign reads: "Dont stay at home and burn coal. Come to the Bijou and keep warm at our expense. All this week, Clara Kimball Young in 'The Savage Woman.'"

WANTED

By Triangle—Some box-office stars in exchange for an idea entitled "The Story's the Thing."

By Cecil B. De Mille—A psychological story in which the director can be featured.

By Mack Sennett—A new comedy device to take the place of the famous old pie-throw.

By Alice Joyce—Some worth-while vehicles.

JOY NOTE

The only and original "Seven Deadly Sins" are to be reissued. When first presented they were injected into the public hide in five-reel doses. They are to be reissued in concentrated two-reel tablets, deadlier than ever. It is too much. The movie public may recover, but it will never be the same.

DONT PICK US OUT TO ASK—

Why Bryant Washburn was starred in "The Gypsy Trail."

Why married women, on the screen, never wear wedding-rings.

Why a movie player, who wants to register being struck with an idea, stares off into space for about ten feet of film, then suddenly smiles, beats the air with one fist and exclaims, "I have it!"

There are signs of sense in the announcement made by Norma Talmadge that she will make no more personal appearances before public audiences. After witnessing the pitiful scenes presented by several screen stars who appeared personally before public gatherings, and listening to their incoherent speeches, we have come to the conclusion that most film favorites, like children, should be seen and not heard.

BITS OF REELISM

Seen *Only* on the Screen

High heels on tennis courts.
Southern gentlemen.
Innocent country maidens.

Fame is a funny thing, as is evidenced by an incident which happened at one of the studios during a lull in the work. Kid Broad was once a famous fighter. A couple of years ago some one got him to take part in a film, and now he's a regular moving picture actor. He knows everything about the business from A to Z. A while ago the "Kid" was working in a picture for R. A. Walsh, the Fox author-director, and some one started an argument by stating that Walsh got many of his ideas from De Maupassant. This was too much for one of the "prop" boys, who declared that all Walsh's stuff was original and that he, personally, had never heard of De Maupassant.

The "Kid" knew better than that, however, and he settled the matter by saying: "You're wrong. I know this De Maupassant well. I worked for him a couple of times. He's a good fellow but a punk director."

NEW STUFF

By Corporal W. E. Mair

We're off to a different script now, men,
With a different bunch in the play;
The action works toward the bloody Rhine,
And we've tied a can to "the day."

The story's been changed from the fourth reel on,
And the sets, tho they're much the same,
Will be full of shots of a different kind,
And the plot—well, it wont run lame.

From the first four reels we will use, of course,
The principal cast as well,
Since they are the folks who began the yarn
By giving the Boches hell.

Haig and Petain and old General Foch,
And Belgium and bleeding France,
But a twist in the action shows up now—
The Kaiser has lost his chance!

We'll be striking the old sets right and left,
We'll be out for locations new;
Yes, the time has come to wind up the show,
And the gang is going thru!

Bring out your smoke-pots, pass out the guns—
Gad, we've a hefty bunch!—
We'll get a few chase scenes out in Lorraine,
And figure on Metz for lunch.

We're out for production this time, men,
And we'll *take* tho hell cuts loose,
For we've got the script and we've got the guns,
And we haven't planned on a truce.

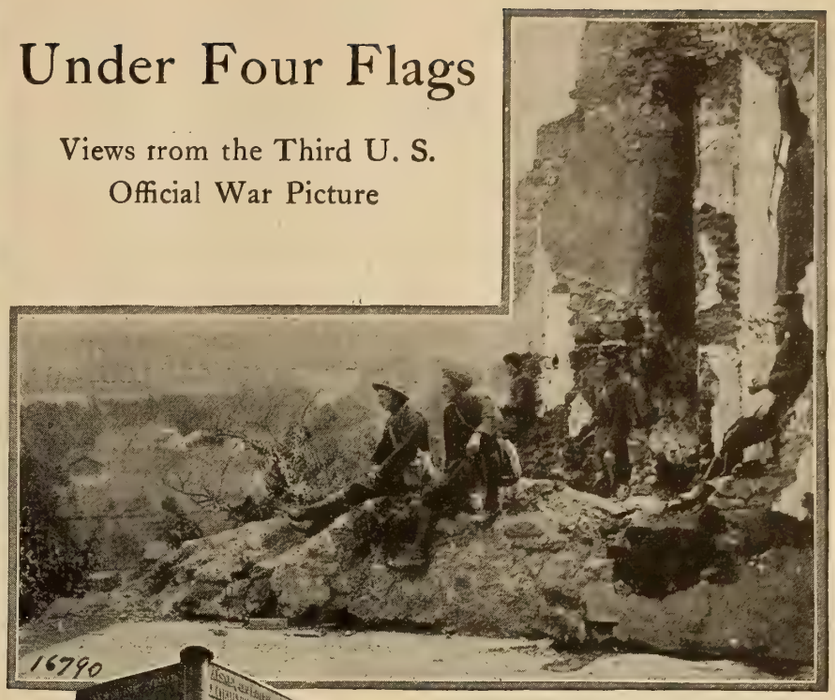
Set 'em up, you rustling sons of war!
We're ready to let 'er blow;
We'll show those stinkers across the Rhine
That we *can produce*. LET'S GO!

Under Four Flags

Views from the Third U. S. Official War Picture

© Committee on Public Information

Ruined nave of a French church upon which the Hun left his mark



Rest Camp of the 155th Infantry, 42nd Division, France

Cross roads military police from 3rd Division Station—France

Convalescing soldiers given light farming duties to keep them in the open —Medical department, France

Machine guns were placed on the trains to defend troops en route

Across the

Reviews of Current

By HAZEL

Mildred Harris has an opportunity to be melodramatic in "Borrowed Clothes" (Jewel), but little else

"LITTLE WOMEN". (WILLIAM A. BRADY)

LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S "Little Women," a story well-loved by sixteen-year-olds, idealists and admirers of the Polyanna and Elsie Dinsmore philosophy, has been picturized into a photoplay which possesses the charm of an old miniature, the simplicity of life before women wanted the vote, and the tearful sweetness of "Home, Sweet Home." In fact it is so nearly a classic of the photoplay that we wish it could be just a little bit better. For, it must be admitted, the unrolling film moves too slowly in spots. There is a tendency upon the part of the director, Harley Knoles, to allow his characters to sit about the home chair too long, for a photoplay should always be on the wing of development. Also the part of Professor Baer is not made distinctive enough. Otherwise, "Little Women" will live up to your mind picture of the book. Especially does Dorothy Bernard ideally typify our beloved Joe, while Isabel Lamon as Meg, Lillian Hall as Beth and Florence Flinn as Amy, are all excellently cast. Conrad Nagel makes an ideal Laurie.

"EYE FOR EYE" (METRO)

Ever since we saw "Revelation," one of the best pictures yet produced, we have anxiously looked forward to the new Nazimova releases. Her recent "Eye for Eye" is merely movie, where "Revelation" was a work of art. However, Madame Nazimova's lure, love of life, vividness, splash across the silversheet in as crimson a manner as ever, altho the material she has to work with is scarcely worthy of her spirit. The story is based on Henry Kistemaecker's drama, "L'Occident," whose theme is "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But the, shall we say, sacrilegious scenario writers have ignored this basic theme for the proverbial last reel clutch of the hero and heroine. And so the drama; of the vivid, vengeful Arabian girl who saves a young French captain's life at the expense of being sold into slavery herself, becoming a dancer in a circus where she meets her French captain again only to discover that her relatives were killed by the French forces under his command; becomes taffy-colored stuff when the picture bounces the two into each others' arms, instead of parting, as in the original, with the realization that "East is East——" To see Nazimova in her oriental dance is a compensation for lack of originality in direction.

"THE WOMAN THE GERMANS SHOT" (PLUNKETT AND CARROLL)

Julia Arthur, the eminent stage actress, makes her first screen appearance in this workmanlike production of Anthony Paul Kelly's historic picture based on the shooting of Edith Cavell. An interesting and well-handled pictorial version of present day history.

"THE SHERIFF" (PARAMOUNT)

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle's latest farce, and a decided improvement on the last. While it has a number of interesting and ingenious incidents, it fails to hold together as a play and falls short in real humor. When the story (?) begins to lag, they resort to that reliable, old, never-fail expedient of pie throwing, and every few minutes we are given, without any apparent reason, a change of scene with an entirely new set of characters. In other

Julia Arthur makes her screen début as Edith Cavell in "The Woman the Germans Shot" (Plunkett and Carroll)

$300.00 CASH PRIZES

A Great Mystery Story

TO BE SOLVED BY OUR READERS

The mystery that baffled the Scotland Yard Detectives to be solved by our readers, and half of the prize money to go to their friends who are fighting at the front.

A contest that will tax the ingenuity and imagination of our readers for months to come.

READ the wonderful story, *"The Crimson Iris,"* by H. H. Van Loan, and you will agree with us when we say that, not since the days of Sherlock Holmes, has a story been written that so holds the interest and excites the curiosity of the reader.

It is a detective story and you are to be the chief detective.

A great film magnate was producing a feature film in London, with his entire company there, when he was suddenly found dead, under the most peculiar and baffling circumstances. All of his employees, friends and players were closely questioned by the Scotland Yard authorities, but they could make no head nor tail of it. As you read, you think surely this person is the murderer, then you are just as sure that some other person is the guilty one, and so on. We are quite sure that the mystery will baffle you just as it baffled Scotland Yard. At one point in the story, you will say, "Oh, I see; this person did it—well, the cat is out of the bag—the mystery is solved." But in the next chapter you will find that you were wrong. And in the next chapter you will again change your mind, and not till the very end will you know for a certainty.

This mystery story will be read around the hearthstones of a million homes and it will help to keep the home fires burning till the boys come home. And, when they come home, some of them will have a little extra cash to start life with again because one half of the prize money is to go to them.

We shall award $300.00 in cash prizes to those who send in the best solutions, and we wish these solutions sent in monthly. Your first guess, and even your second, may be wrong, but that may not prevent you from wining first prize. All solutions must be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine. For example, you will receive the February number about the first of January, and on or before the 20th of January you should mail your postal card addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y." Do this every month and write on the back of the card in as few words as possible, who you think committed the crime, or the motive, or anything which will guide us in determining whether you have grasped the situation and guessed how the story will unfold. You may write ten words, or any number. You can say anything you wish on the first one, two or three cards, but, after that, you must be very careful not to make a bad blunder, because it will count against you when all of your cards are finally collected, even if your last card should be correct. We shall award the prizes on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card should be numbered, thus: your first card should read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1;" your second card should read "No. 2," and so on. If, after reading the first instalment, you see no clew to the murderer, your card might read something like this: "Motive not yet apparent. Guilty one has probably not yet appeared. Perhaps a rival film producer did it." Or, "A woman did it; motive jealousy." Or, "The murdered man was at heart a villain and was justly killed by a person as yet unknown." After reading this second instalment, you may change your mind, but that does not matter, so long as your second card states clearly what you then think. We expect you to be wrong in one or more of your guesses—perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions were logical, or probable, or possible, you have a chance for first prize. Your last card must contain a solution. It must contain a very brief synopsis of what the last instalment will be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

The prizes will be as follows:

1st prize	$100.00
2nd "	50.00
3rd "	40.00
4th "	35.00
5th "	25.00
6th "	20.00
7th "	15.00
8th "	10.00
9th "	5.00

One half of this will go to the winners and one half to any enlisted soldier or sailor designated by the winners. For example, the winner of first prize will receive $50.00 cash and a certified check for $50.00 payable to any soldier or sailor he or she may name. The only conditions are that no person can win who has been previously informed of the solution. We add this because there are about twenty persons in this country who know this story and one or more of these might have inadvertently mentioned it to others, not knowing that it was to be a monthly contest. All such, of course, will be barred from the contest. Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes. The judges will take *everything* into consideration. If any two are considered equally meritorious the prize will be divided. No coupons are necessary—only postal cards. We may publish portraits of one or more of the winners, if they will permit it.

The Crimson Iris

By H. H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS"

The story opens with the strange disappearance of Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, from his London hotel, the Berkeley. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, man of leisure and of fashion, goes to Scotland Yard and tells of the unaccountable mystery. The chief compares the case to that of the recent Morton mystery. Hodges gets mixed in telling the details of his story, and it transpires that Gebhardt was not an American, born in Boston, as his passport affirmed, but a *German*, born in Laupheim.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the *Chronicle* and an expert on criminology, becomes interested in the wholly baffling case.

CHAPTER II

(Continued from January)

"EVERY fellow likes to read his own story best, doesn't he?" remarked Heathcote, by way of greeting.

"Hello, Heathcote," said the *Chronicle* man, as he looked up and smiled to his colleague.

"Well, I dont blame you for reading it, Harry; you put a 'scoop' over on us all right with that one," remarked Heathcote.

"Yes, the *News* will have at least one good story tonight," laughed the other. Then he added, "All you'll have to do is use the scissors on it, too, for it's all there."

"I'll get the real story in the 'follow up,'" Heathcote chided him.

"Fisher gave me the devil when I brought it in," continued Letherdale, as he went on with his breakfast. "He says anything about theaters or actresses is press-agent stuff and warns us to lay off."

"He's a crab," muttered the other. Then he added, jocularly, "That's why we're always beatin' you."

"Yes, I've noticed that," said Letherdale, with a touch of sarcasm. "You fellows have a way of taking our stuff, and, with a little twist, make it appear as a brand-new 'beat.'" Then as he swung around and faced his colleague, he added, "Why didn't you use this story?"

"Didn't have room," replied Heathcote. "We had four columns of over-set last night."

"You're a rotter," laughed the other. "Why, you would have thrown out that full-page ad of Selfridge's to crowd this story in."

"And the *Chronicle* would have tossed your story to get that ad in."

"We put all our news in the forms first, and if there's any room left then we put in the ads."

"Well, it was a good story, anyway, old chap."

"It was good for one reason," explained Letherdale, as he finished eating and threw his napkin on the table. "It's the first big moving picture production which has come to London from the other side. Up until now all we've had here has been the regular pictures which are shown in the cinema theaters for sixpence or a 'bob.' But here comes a chap with an extraordinary production, which he says it has taken him a couple of years to make and cost him about fifty thousand 'quid.' In addition to this, he's going to put it right into one of our best theaters. If that isn't news then I've lost my newspaper instinct."

"I absolutely agree with you, Harry, and it was worth all the space you gave it," agreed Heathcote, starting towards the door as his friends arose.

They made their way thru the room, crowded with diners and tobacco smoke, until they reached the outside. As they started down the little court, which ran down the side of the building, connecting the entrance with Fleet Street, Letherdale suddenly paused.

"By jove, I've left a package behind me!" he said, as he started back.

He hurriedly retraced his footsteps and, entering the Cheshire Cheese, rushed to his corner and picked up a bundle from the bench, where he had left it. His worried look immedately disappeared, and when he joined Heathcote a few seconds later his face wore its customary smile.

"What have you got there?" inquired his friend, curiously, as he glanced at the package.

"I brought my laundry down with me," remarked Letherdale, carelessly.

"Well, if you get any more 'beats' today, tip us off, old chap," said Heathcote, as he started down Fleet Street.

"Righto."

For some moments Letherdale stood there watching his colleague as he proceeded down the street towards Ludgate Circus, and, when he saw him turn the corner in the direction of McBride's Street, he slipped across Fleet Street, dodging in and out of the congested traffic, and made his way down Whitefriars. Arriving at the Embankment, he strolled east until he came to Blackfriars Bridge. There he boarded a tram headed towards Westminster.

A few minutes later he leaped from the car as it was approaching the House of Parliament and, walking rapidly across the street, entered the court which surrounds Scotland Yard. Going around to the rear, which faces Whitehall, he entered and hurried up the stairs to the second floor. He made his way down the corridor until he reached the waiting-room. There he spoke to Sergeant McCarthy, who was on duty, and requested an interview with Superintendent Frost.

"I'll see if he's in, Mr. Letherdale," replied that individual, as he started across the hall.

When the sergeant entered the chief was having an interview with Inspector Henry.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked the superintendent, as he looked up.

"Mr. Letherdale, of the *Chronicle*, sir," replied the detective.

The eyes of the chief and the inspector met for an instant. Then, as the superintendent toyed with a pencil on his desk, he spoke. "Send him in."

"I suppose you're looking for something on the Haymarket robbery," began Frost, as Letherdale closed the door behind him. "Well, we landed them this morning, up in Soho. They'll be arraigned at Bow Street tomorrow. Sergeant Smith, of the Vine Street station, made the arrests. You might go up and see him."

"I'm not working on that now," Letherdale hastened to explain. "I think I've got something bigger." Then, as he approached the desk, he added, "Superintendent, did you read the *Chronicle* this morning?"

"No, I didn't. I haven't had time to read a paper today."

Letherdale took a copy of the paper from his pocket and, handing it to Frost, remarked, "Just glance over that third column, front page."

The superintendent accepted the paper and, spreading it out before him on the desk, shifted his gaze to the column indicated by the reporter. It was a lengthy story concerning the big production, "The Earth," which was to open at Daly's Theater on April 20th, two weeks from today. The story contained, in addition to a lengthy description of the picture, an interview with Arthur Gebhardt, its author, director and producer, with a one-column, half-tone cut of him.

The reporter studied the countenance of the superintendent as he read the story, and noted the mingled expression of interest and curiosity which spread over his face as his gaze swept down the column.

After he had finished, Frost handed the paper to Inspector Henry, as he looked up at Letherdale.

"This chap, Gebhardt, seems to be a pretty big man in the picture field, doesn't he?" he remarked.

"He's one of the biggest producers in America," the reporter informed him.

"Is that so?" remarked the chief, with an attempt at indifference.

"When did you get this interview?" inquired Inspector Henry, as he looked up from the paper.

"Yesterday afternoon"

"About what time?" continued the inspector.

"It was about two o'clock."

"Are you certain about that?" asked Frost, his interest arousing.

"I didn't go to the office until one," explained Letherdale. "I remained there about fifteen minutes and then went up to the Berkeley."

"That's strange," mused the inspector.

"This complicates matters considerably, doesn't it?" added Frost, thoughtfully.

"Has anything happened, superintendent?" inquired the reporter, who was beginning to believe he was on the right scent and had done the right thing in coming to the Yard at this time.

"Evidently something has happened," said the superintendent.

"I thought so," remarked Letherdale, somewhat relieved with the knowledge that he was close to another big "beat" for the *Chronicle*.

"What made you think so?" asked the inspector.

"Because when I 'phoned the Berkeley this morning I was told Gebhardt had booked out."

"He booked out yesterday afternoon about three o'clock," added Inspector Henry, as he looked at the chief.

"He had not disappeared up to the time Hodges came to this office," said the superintendent.

"Then he is actually missing?" continued Letherdale, with increasing interest.

"Seeing that you have already been working on the case, I may as well tell you the whole story," said Frost. "But, mind you, nothing must be published until you receive my permission."

"You know me well enough to know that I would not betray a trust," the reporter reminded him.

Then the superintendent gave Letherdale a brief outline of the case. The reporter listened with great interest. As the story was gradually unfolded to him, it increased in proportion and had all the elements of a big feature, which would be certain to attract considerable attention both in Europe and America when the time came to release it.

"I could not expect to subsidize the Yard," said Letherdale, with a smile, as the superintendent finished, "but I trust you will save the big stuff for the *Chronicle*."

"It's pretty safe to predict you'll dig up a lot of the big stuff yourself, unless you've changed considerably of late," returned the chief.

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken, this chap Hodges knows a lot more than he told us," suggested Inspector Henry, as he folded up the paper and shoved it into his pocket.

"Where did Gebhardt go when he left the Berkeley?" asked Frost, as he turned to the inspector.

"The night clerk was on duty when I went up there last evening, and he knew but little," said the inspector. "He gave me the address of the clerk who was on duty yesterday afternoon, and I went out to Victoria Park Road. I learnt from him that Gebhardt had made inquiries about the boat train to Liverpool just before he booked out. When the clerk asked him if he would like to make a reservation on that train, he thanked him and said he would look after it himself. Returning to the Berkeley, I looked up the porter and learnt from him that he had sent Gebhardt's luggage to Euston Station and given him two claim checks. As a list is kept of the checks given out, I was able to get the numbers. Then I started for Euston. There I learnt that no luggage with these numbers had been received."

"It would be a simple matter for the holder of those checks to intercept the transfer man before he had unloaded the trunks and have him deliver them to another station," suggested the chief.

"Had the transfer man, who handles the luggage for the hotel, taken his trunks we might have been able to follow them," said the inspector. "But the porter said that Gebhardt grew impatient while waiting for their regular man and went out and picked up one who happened to be passing."

"Does the porter recall who it was?"

"No. At any rate, Arthur Gebhardt did not leave on the London and Northwestern," declared the inspector.

"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely. I had one of our men aboard the train. He went thru to Liverpool and returned this morning. He also reports that nobody answering the description of Gebhardt sailed on the *Concordia*, which left for New York last night."

"I agree with him," remarked Letherdale, who up until now had been an eager listener. "Arthur Gebhardt did not leave town via Euston."

"What makes you think that, Letherdale?" inquired Frost.

"If he left town at all, he went out of Charing Cross. And, apparently, was headed for Dover and the continent!"

"How do you know this?" quickly inquired the inspector.

"Because early this morning I found his hat and wallet on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge," replied the reporter calmly.

"Are you certain?" said Frost, with deep interest, for this startling statement was the first real clue in the case.

"Do I look serious?" remarked Letherdale. "You will find them in that package." And with that he handed the superintendent the newspaper bundle he had under his arm when he entered the room.

The chief quickly tore open the package, which disclosed to him a bruised and battered opera hat. He turned it over and over, and there, in the silk lining, were the initials, "A. G." in gold letters. Then, as the inspector and Letherdale leaned over his shoulder, he studied the wallet. It was made of fine quality leather, with his initials in small silver letters in one of the outside corners. In some one's haste to rob its contents, all the compartments had been torn or completely ripped away. Everything, with the exception of one article, had been taken out of it, but what had been overlooked was important enough to establish the fact which, up until then, had not been accomplished, and this was that Arthur Gebhardt was actually the victim of a strange disappearance. For, in one of the compartments, reserved for personal cards of the owner, Superintendent Frost found an engraved card, with Gebhardt's name on it, and, in the lower left corner, "President, Cinema Company, 1600 Broadway, New York."

"Looks as tho he's been the victim of foul play," suggested Inspector Henry.

"It would be difficult to take finger-prints now," mused Frost. "It's been handled too much." Then, as he looked up at Letherdale, he inquired, "Why didn't you bring this here before?"

"I got in touch with the Yard a couple of times this morning," explained Letherdale, "but you were out. You can readily understand that I was not particularly anxious to leave them with some one else and run the risk of being 'scooped' on my own story."

The superintendent nodded knowingly. "What time did you find these articles?" he inquired.

"About one o'clock this morning. I live across the river, about two blocks from St. Thomas' Hospital, which, as you know, is almost opposite here. On pleasant nights I always walk home, going down the Embankment and across Hungerford Bridge. When the weather is clear, the view along the Thames, with the shadowy outlines of the buildings along its edge, the little boats at anchor out there in the center and the reflection of the dim lights along the embankment present a picture which is inspiring, to say the least.

"It presented such a picture this morning, and I walked down the Embankment until I came to Charing Cross and started across the bridge. As I approached the center I saw a dark-looking object on the parapet. When I reached the spot I saw it was a bundle wrapped in a newspaper. Realizing that tramps have a habit of thus disposing of old clothes, I was not over-curious, and waited

until I reached the end of the bridge before opening the package. There, under the rays of a street lamp, I unwrapped the parcel and found the hat and wallet. When I saw the initials, and the card bearing the name of Arthur Gebhardt, my interest was immediately aroused and I felt confident I was on the verge of a big story. However, I decided there was small likelihood of any further developments before morning, and so took the evidence home with me. Before I went to the office this morning I got in touch with the Berkeley and was told that Gebhardt had booked out. Then I decided to come to the Yard."

"This would seem to indicate that the package had been thrown from a train on the Southeastern and Chatham," suggested the inspector.

"There is little doubt but what Gebhardt has met with foul play," mused the superintendent.

"And this bundle was probably thrown from a carriage after his body had been tumbled into the Thames," added Letherdale.

"This is a most extraordinary case," reflected Frost, as he smoothed his mustache thoughtfully. "In the first place, what reason could Gebhardt have for making such a strange disappearance, and what motive would he have for attempting to conceal his tracks? A man of his standing would hardly seek to cover his departure in this manner, without he was compelled by some tremendous force. It seems hardly probable that he would leave the city at a time when he was negotiating with the management of one of our largest theaters for the presentation of his greatest production. Being a man of big reputation, I doubt whether he would deliberately do anything which would encourage unpleasant notoriety and tend to arouse disfavor on the part of a public whose approval he is soliciting at this time. Personally, I do not believe Arthur Gebhardt intended leaving the city. It probably is true that he had decided to move from the Berkeley, and, for personal reasons, desired to keep his whereabouts temporarily a secret. Here he was somewhat indiscreet.

"I do not think he planned to leave via Euston, and I feel certain he did not purpose going to the continent. His hat and wallet were found on Hungerford Bridge early this morning. The Continental Boat Express leaves Charing Cross for Dover at midnight."

"But how do you account for his hat and wallet being on the parapet?" inquired the inspector.

"If you are familiar with Hungerford Bridge, you are probably aware that it is a railroad bridge," continued the superintendent. "There are two tracks in the center. Between these tracks and the narrow footpath there is a network of rods and steel beams, with nothing below but the Thames. Now then, it would be practically impossible for any one to throw a bundle from a passing train and have it land on the parapet."

"Then you do not believe it was tossed from a carriage?" asked Letherdale.

"I do not," replied Frost. Then, as he looked at the reporter, he continued. "What time does the *Morning News* go to press?" he asked.

"At one o'clock."

"Are any copies on sale soon afterwards?"

"It isn't on the street until four-thirty."

"Very good. Now then, if you look you will notice that the hat and wallet were wrapped in a *News* of today's date."

"By jove, so it is!" exclaimed Letherdale, as he looked at the paper.

"Which proves that no passenger on the Continental Boat Express could possibly have had a copy of the *News* at twelve o'clock, when the paper didn't go to press until an hour later!"

"In other words, you believe——" began the inspector.

"That the hat and wallet were placed there by some one implicated in this case, some one who knows why Arthur Gebhardt went away and where he is at the present moment," declared Frost.

"In my opinion, that some one is Brenon Hodges," remarked the inspector.

"I disagree with you," said the superintendent. "Hodges doesn't know enough to frame anything as good as this."

"But how do you explain his appearance here yesterday, with the report that Gebhardt was missing, when in reality the latter hadn't as yet left town?" asked Letherdale.

"He was absolutely serious in coming here," pondered Frost. "Hodges is a weakling, a mental coward. When he could not locate Gebhardt yesterday morning he grew frightened and came here immediately for aid. Realizing that he had been a most intimate friend of this man, his first thought was to clear himself of all suspicion. I have known men like Brenon Hodges before; they have come here in the past, just as he did yesterday. There is little doubt but that Gebhardt was not actually missing when Hodges came to this office, and, as far as I can see, Gebhardt had no intention of disappearing. The mere fact that a man pays his bill and books out of a hotel is not sufficient reason to set the machinery of Scotland Yard at work. Mr. Hodges stated that Gebhardt had an appointment with Sir Arthur Willet at Daly's yesterday. We have learnt that he kept this appointment and signed the contracts for the leasing of that theater for three months, with an option to renew it at the end of that time providing 'The Earth' continued to draw good houses. Up until the moment Letherdale arrived, the only interest Scotland Yard had in Gebhardt was the fact that he was a German, born in Laupheim, and, since the war began, has been contributing sixty pounds a week to the German Red Cross Fund. In addition to this, he arrived in England with a false passport! Our interest was confined to seeking an explanation from him in reference to these two important facts. He might have been able to explain satisfactorily had we reached him before he left the Berkeley. However, I am now certain that these two disclosures are but small elements in a case which will reveal some startling revelations before many hours have passed. It is fortunate that Hodges came to us immediately, for it appears at present as tho Arthur Gebhardt has, unconsciously, more than any one else assisted us in his remarkable disappearance."

At that moment the telephone bell rang, and Inspector Henry, who was seated nearest to it, reached over and raised the receiver.

"Are you there?" he answered. "Yes, this is the superintendent's office."

Both Letherdale and the head of Scotland Yard silently studied the countenance of the inspector as he spoke.

"What's that . . . When did it happen? . . . The Victoria studios? . . . That's in Victoria Park Road, isn't it? . . . Very well, Sergeant, I'll come right out . . . By the way, permit no one to leave the studio before I get there."

Then the inspector laid down the receiver and turned to his superior.

"The body of Arthur Gebhardt has just been found at the Victoria studios—murdered!"

CHAPTER III

The day had reached that hour when it hovers between light and darkness; it was twilight, and Londoners were going home.

As the long line of pedestrians slowly wended its way towards Westminster Bridge, it was temporarily broken by a car which swung out of the Embankment, traveled a block west and then turned into Whitehall. It proceeded up the broad thorofare, past Downing Street and the War Office, until it reached Trafalgar Square, and then started up the Strand. Traveling at a rate which was in excess of the prescribed speed laws of the city, it glided in and out of the long line of motor buses, taxis and other vehicles creeping east. As the car approached an intersecting point, the traffic officer would hold up all vehicles and give it the right of way. The reason for this was a small, white maltese cross, attached to the front of the radiator, and, tho it was hardly noticeable, it did not escape the alert eye of the policeman.

Across Waterloo Street, past St. Giles Church and The Temple, into Fleet Street, the car sped, narrowly missing a pedestrian now and then. It entered the city and continued on, up Ludgate Hill and swung around St. Paul's Churchyard. Turning into Cheapside, there was little to interrupt its progress, for the shops along this thorofare were now closed and the dark, murky street was almost deserted.

Arriving at the bank, the car shot into one of the narrow little streets and presently emerged in front of Liverpool Street Station. Here the driver was compelled to slow down considerably because of the congested traffic.

(*To be continued*)

How Ora Puts Over Her Aura

By RUTH KINGSTON

SOME call it personal magnetism, others say we get telepathic suggestions, but whatever the subtle, elusive essence may be which flows out from that charming young lady who was almost born in Paris, the fact remains she "puts over her personality" on the screen just as she did years ago in a "hypnotic dance" which made Ora Carew's name a by-word in the Golden Gate City.

Call it what you will, the fact remains that Ora's aura seems to shed its glow on every corner of the room when she goes a-visiting. Just the minute you think you've caught dazzling sparkles in her eyes, you're puzzled by a counter-current which has you listening to her musical voice. Eyes are forgotten, shiny chestnut hair no longer compels your gaze, for everywhere in the room is that pervading essence of Ora Carew.

And the queer part of it is that she's so modest. She never seems to compel attention, and her demure little down-glance is quite in keeping with a Puritan-style walking-suit of brown, a white blouse with huge satin Puritan collar and a shoestring tie, and the one concession to twentieth century garb finding expression in a glorified Puritan hat of white satin with a high crown and a single bead doo-dad in front.

Ora Carew has a demure little down-glance which is part of her personality

Mother Carew accompanied Ora and really did most of the talking. If she hadn't there wouldn't have been any long story to tell, for Ora's aura likes to shine around and impress you without heralding its good points.

The parents of Ora Carew traveled extensively before her birth, and everything of note in the famous capitals of Europe was enjoyed. That's how Ora came near being born in Paris, and if it had not been for a hurry call to the States which brought her father, an American dentist, and her mother, an accomplished musician, back to Salt Lake, the opening scene would have been laid in a French city.

Yet her first entrance wasn't in any commonplace surroundings, for Ora Carew was born under the shadow of the great Mormon Temple.

There's not one thing Ora Carew cant do well. She doesn't even need a pattern when she wants to cut out a frock. She blends colors, slashes away with the scissors, evolves hats that are real dreams, can paint, decorate houses, create new dances, quickly memorize any song you wish to hear, and—but no, unwittingly we've overstepped the truth, for Ora cannot "sculp." She does not want to, either. Her mother had forced her to take lessons in modeling when quite a small child, but she's too lively to sit over a putty-board and would rather dance hour after hour.

That was why the girl was engaged to sing in one of those Floradora sextettes, why she did special dances with Bessie McCoy in 'Frisco, traveled with a Gaiety company

to Mexico, and made the hit of her life in a "sister act," for the two girls were the only American entertainers in a long vaudeville act in Mexico City.

Ora Carew traveled in Mexico when but fourteen, escorted by the company and her "sister," who was five years older. She had quite a thrilling proposal down there, too, and when she refused the gay señor, he gave her a wax figure of a toreador, which was carefully shipped to Mother Carew, as Ora couldn't bother taking it on tour. That little toreador, in costume, is still a cherished possession of the Carews.

After a year and a half in Mexico, Miss Carew returned to the Pacific coast, making a great hit as Fifi in "The Belle of New York." She conceived the idea of dressing Fifi as a dainty doll, instead of the regulation bride, who formerly appeared on the wedding-cake for a gay dance.

Christy Cabanne discovered Ora's versatility and gave her a motion picture engagement. Later Mack Sennett starred Miss Carew in comedy, but she admits that she never had a thrill or an accident, and came thru fairly stuntless.

"You see," reminisced Ora, "I would have forged ahead much more quickly if I'd stuck to the drama. I have had to learn the whole motion picture business over again, it seems to me. That fast action in comedy is disconcerting, for when you strike dramatic plays you have lots of errors to overcome. I'm enjoying a most congenial engagement now in 'Go West, Young Man, Go West,' which stars Tom Moore. Really, he's an inspiration to every one of us, so often a leading man does nothing more than is absolutely necessary or called for by the director, shows no initiative or originality, sits about lackadaisically between shots, gives no encouragement to his company. Now Tom Moore is just the opposite, for he always wants to hustle more than the director requires, doesn't fuss over longer hours, talks kindly to the lowest supe, and praises any one of us when we've done something he considers exceptionally well put over. If anybody deserves stardom, it's Tom Moore."

Ora Carew made the hit of her life in a vaudeville sister act in Mexico City

"They'll be starring *you* next, and saying all those nice things of you, for you deserve that boomerang."

"I hope I get my chance one of these days. Well, I've worked steadily since I left vaudeville, and if it hadn't been for comedy stunts, probably I'd have been a dramatic star by this time."

"Have you given up singing, Miss Carew?"

"Oh, no; I sing frequently at entertainments around town. Sometimes I dance. I used to enjoy the old dances, the 'Texas Tommy'—I originated a special style of 'Tommy' during my stay at Chihuahua. The stage there was so enormous that its width exceeded that of the New York Hippodrome.

(*Continued on page* 105)

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

FATHER TIME has another birthday, and with it comes resolutions—I hope you all resolve to read the Magazine for another year, and that we will be better friends than ever.

LUNA M. H.—Yes to your first. Jane Fearnley is not playing.

EDDIE FROM CHICAGO.—Jack Pickford is in the navy. Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood and Myrtle Gonzalez have passed away. William Russell is also ill with influenza. Nadid Gary was Dimps. There is no Albert Roscoe.

EDITH B. L.—You are so kind to me. True Boardman, of the Kalem Company, died in Los Angeles, Cal. Why, Fred Church has been playing right along. Let me hear from you again.

VERA S.—Why, of course there are brown pearls, but most are silvery white and iridescent. You say Nero wasn't much as an example of domesticity, but he kept the Rome fires burning.

J. H. J.; VICKY V.; ETHEL C.; M. R.; PHROSS L.; MARIE B.; S. A.; CATHERINE MC.; ANNA F.; CHOP STICKS; SILVER SPUR SLIM; AWAGWAN; E. C. W.; GLADYS B.; I. STEIN; FRANK M.; HORTENSE D.; L. L. PRICE; HELEN F. C. K.; G. B., PASSAIC; IMOGEN; CECELIA M. B.; LOUISE M.; ELISA R.; RAY S.; FLORENCE K.; and JUSTINA H.—Sorry I cannot answer you individually, but somewhere in these columns your questions have been answered before.

MARIE A. W.—Write to me on any kind of stationery. Of course I believe in education, but, if you send your son into the world with good principles and good habits, he will work his way.

LOUISE.—I thank you warmly for the overwhelming praise. The expressions "bulls" and "bears" are Wall Street terms. A "bull" wants stocks to go up and a "bear" wants stocks to go down. Sometimes a speculator is a "bull" and sometimes he is a "bear." You will not get the expressions mixed if you think of a bull tossing a thing up with his horn and of a bear tearing it down to the ground. That clipping sounds like publicity.

JOFFRE.—I fear nothing so much as a man who is witty all day long. Elsie Ferguson is from New York City. Well, I live right around the corner from you, and yet you dont know me. Gertrude Short was the child. All right, General.

TALMADGE TEARM.—Oh, I had a very odd dream last night. I dreamed there were thirty-nine Muses and nine Articles, and my head is still quite confused about them. Of course you must sign your name and address in order to get an answer in this department.

ETHEL R. B.—Na-zim-ova is correct.

MARIEL.—When you see a dashing young officer with a frumpy young woman on his arm, remember that he probably had the girl before the uniform. They were mostly foreign players. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for the cast. You want Jack Holt's picture in the gallery.

DOLLY.—You bet everything is all changed about. What's become of the father that boasted his son wrote a fine hand? But whatever you do, Dolly, be cheerful, for cheerfulness is the oil that makes things run smooth. I want all the new readers I can get. Enid Markey in "Between Men." Clara Williams in "The Bargain." So you are 16, go to high school, do housework and read the Answer Department. Your mother ought to be proud of you—I am.

ANNA Y.—So you think I deal with a funny bunch. Are you not one of them? Well, I do not hold myself responsible for the fads, freaks and fancies of my friends. So you are dying to know how old William Desmond is. Here, here, live on; he is not located as yet.

UNCLE JOSH.—Listen here, uncle, when a man waits for the reward of patience, he is apt to find it moth-eaten. See here, haven't I done gone and told you before that you must give your address, even tho it is at the Squedonk Hotel? We did ask Bill Hart about his engagement, and he said 'taint so.

BUTTERFLY.—Poor Butterfly. I'm sorry. Certainly I believe in dreams. Having had many nightmares and a dream nearly every night of my life, how could I help believing in dreams? But as for their having any meaning, I am quite sure that they have none. I have read many books on the subject and am convinced that dreams mean nothing except that some of the faculties are dormant and others are partly awake—like a half-rigged boat sailing around without pilot or rudder.

A. B. C.—You refer to George MacQuarrie as Roger in "The Maid of Belgium."

ESTHER J.—Eugene O'Brien is not married. Did you know that of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet, of all actions of his life, 'tis most meddled with by other people. But the lookers-on see more than players.

DETROIT KID.—Get rid of them. If we meet evil company it is no reason we should keep it. Send a stamped, addressed envelope.

OSCAR W. B.—Yes, I am a reformer, but not a chronic complainer. Charles West was Cosgrove. You mustn't play peek-a-boo with my private life. I wont tell, that's all.

LOUISA L.—You ask when I think a man should marry. Who was it who said, "A young man, not yet; an elder man, not at all"? I should say he should marry when he is ready—provided she is. But there can be no hard-and-fast rule to suit all cases. Bessie Love was the bride of Canaan in "Intolerance." Leslie Austin, you mean. L. C. Shumway and Jewel Carmen.

MARY E. E.—So you dont think much of Petrova's acting. Nothing like being outspoken. Mrs. Castle is in France now. But a spur in the head is worth two in the heel. Spur them on.

DOT W.—True, she may be beautiful, but beauty unaccompanied by virtue is like a flower without perfume; its brilliancy may remain, but its sweetness is gone. That wasn't John Bunny. Yes, Harry Springer.

The Answer Man

LUCRETIA D.—No, no; woman might be a man's silent partner only—she's a woman. You say 77 and how do I do it. Well, listen—keep your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise; rise early and go early to bed, and if you are inclined to grow fat, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. Jack Mulhall was the doctor. Harrison Ford was Raymond in "The Mysterious Mrs. M."

DIANA.—So you dont think I am as old as I say I am, because my answers are too peppery. Well, I mix them with business, the salt of life, and my greatest pleasure. But variety's the spice of life, that gives it all its flavor. Universal-Nestor produced "Home, James."

MARIE A. B.—If you cant be careful, be reasonable.

DOROTHY P.—Breathe it again—sweet music! Anna Nilsson and Herbert Hayes in "The Heart of the Sunset." What you say about Fickle Fashion reminds me of Phillips Smalley, who, after having bought a new hat for his wife, Lois Weber, ran home all the way, because he was afraid that the style would change before he could get there.

EMILY.—Thanks for the information—you are very thoughtful. Edison produced "Foul Play" years ago with Mary Pickford and Marc MacDermott. Dont quite remember it.

ALICE F.—Too deep for me, but I know that where there is much mystery there is generally much ignorance. Think it out for yourself. You just bet I'm starting the New Year right. And I'm going to stick to my resolutions. I'm neither a blonde nor brunette. Silver gray—what there is of it. Ray McKee is in service now. That was Casson Ferguson.

MRS. L.—Haven't heard of the Bailey children. Sorry.

CAMPFIRE GIRLS.—Yes, with the long braids and middy blouses—welcome unto the old Answer Man. Allah be praised. Remember that the follies of youth are food for repentance in old age. That was Ernest Lawford. John Bowers in "The Eternal Grind."

O DEAR GIRLS.—I'm not a good mathematician, but I spent exactly two hours, nine minutes and three seconds trying to answer your question. The war is costing about $50,000,000 a day, or $2,000,000 an hour. To carry the division still further, $33,000 a minute and $555 a second.

MRS. S. G.—Wallace Reid has played with his wife in pictures. You want to see Wallace Reid and Billie Burke play opposite. Dont think you will. Oh, there is plenty of buttermilk for me, but I never drown in it. You know Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune, so you better stick to H^2O.

EUNICE.—What do you think I am, when you say you dont think there is an Answer Man? Great opinions you people have of me. Never mind, it goes in one ear and out of the other—I mean, in one eye and out of the other—nothing to stop it.

MRS. N. M.—That's probably a coined word.

ROSIE.—It is true that some good women lose their reputations when they go on the stage, but it is also true that some women are lucky if they can lose their reputations. I envy you. Better stick to the farm, Rosie. Doris Lee and Lillian Lorraine in "Playing the Game." Emery Johnson was in "Green Eyes."

BROWN.—If I were you, Brown, I would not marry a burlesque actress, unless you seek to reform her. Yes, she may be informed. Madeline Marshall is with Pathé. Earle Williams' salary?—enough to support a wife. And she is a little beauty. William Desmond was in New York recently. No, Hamlet hasn't been done yet.

T. J. L.—So you think I am a grouchy, soured old man who cant make a living any other way than by making silly answers to foolish questions. Curses, curses not loud, but deep. When did you get hurt?

PAGET.—No, I generally wear a soft hat—not velour, felt—velour cant be felt with my $9.00 per. But a broad hat does not always cover a wise head. Rita Jolivet is with Metro. Evelyn Vadito and M. Rogers in "The Masque of Life." Elmer Clifton. Your letter was mighty interesting.

SYZYGY.—No, I do not believe in phrenology. I had my bumps examined once, and the old fossil told me that I had the imagination of Shakespeare, the wisdom of Socrates, and the wit of Diogenes, and that convinced me that there was nothing to it. You think Jack Pickford and Robert Harron are cute kids. But dont you think they have ability? Olive Thomas sent me the most beautiful photo of herself, for which I am thankful.

SILENT PARTNER.—Yes, yes, go on; silly people are generally pleased with silly things. So you would like to marry a man like Monroe Salisbury, one who would order you around and dictate to you. Ha, you must be a stenographer. Your letter was clever just the same.

FOLLY.—Blanche Ring says the truth should not be spoken at all times. And it's pretty near right. Mental fragrance still will last, when our youthful charms are past. Rosemary Theby is playing for Metro. And you dont think Polly Moran is funny at all. She makes a lot of serious people laugh just the same, including myself. Alice Brady played a dual rôle.

NEWLY BORN.—They say there's a new one born every minute. All I can say is, bear misfortunes with patience and fortitude, and you'll succeed. Edwin Brady in "Wild Sumac."

ANNA BELL.—You refer to the poem "Armies in the Fire," by R. L. Stevenson, depicting what the author once fancied he saw. Norma Talmadge can be reached at Select, 318 E. 48th Street, New York. You say that at your Red Cross gatherings I am the topic of discussion. No wonder my ears are burning sometimes.

E. S., PHILADELPHIA.—Dont worry about me, I never get lonesome. I have Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and a number of other players here before me, and I feel that they were with me. Thanks for the interest. So you would like the gallery pictures smaller, so that you could frame them. Why not get larger frames?

ADMIRER.—Cherish the pleasant things of the past, but dont forget to nourish the good things of the present. I dont blame you for crying over spilt milk, considering the present high price of it.

F. R. K., YOKOHAMA.—I'll be out your way some day. Dorothy Dalton in "The Raiders." In this country the young are slaves to novelty and the old to custom. Isn't it strange that New Year's and Xmas fall on different days of the week this year? New Year's on Tuesday and Xmas on Wednesday.

JANE E. K.—Watch for the chat with Bill Desmond. Those who are talentless themselves are the first to talk about the conceit of others; for mediocrity bears but one flower, envy.

BRIGER.—You ask if butter was invented or discovered? The latter—a farmer found on arriving at market in his rickety wagon that his can of cream had turned to butter. I think butter was rated among the essentials, wasn't it? You ask me if I have insects in my head. No more than you have in your head. No, I've never heard of William J. Bryan. Have you?

VERA D.—Come, cheer up, knowledge makes no one happy. Knowledge is not wisdom, it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced; therefore, let us not spend our days in gathering materials, and live and die without a shelter. There's more in life. I think I get more laughs out of Chaplin than out of Fairbanks. Write me again, you are very interesting.

DOT.—Your terminal facilities are in need of adjustment and rectification. In other words, life is short, time is scarce, paper is dear—and so are you. Perhaps your foot-brake is broke, but apparently you are not. Couldn't find anything to answer except that Lewis Cody was in "The Demon."

BETTY.—I believe the seven chief virtues are Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, Justice and Fortitude. I have them all. Have you? Thanks for yours.

(*Continued on page 98*)

The cuticle at the base of your nails is all that protects the sensitive nail root. Read why cutting makes the cuticle rough, uneven

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

Lila Lee and Kitty Gordon, movie stars, pose for their pictures at the Brunton Studio, Los Angeles. They are on the steps leading to Miss Gordon's dressing room

A GREAT honor came to David Wark Griffith lately. Mr. Griffith has been in close consultation with Secretary of War Baker and other big men in the East, and was commissioned to make the finest propaganda picture ever produced for the government, something which would compete favorably with "The Birth of a Nation" and which could be finished in double-quick time in spite of its magnificence. Everything the government could place at the disposal of Mr. Griffith to further the plans was offered that artist.

To show appreciation of Mr. Griffith's self-sacrificing work and his generous gift of the film to our government, the first questionnaire ever sent out to cover men from the ages of 18-45 was autographed and mailed to the "king" of motion picture directors. This highly prized souvenir has excited more attention and comment at Sunset studios than anything run off in the projection-rooms.

November 1st was All Souls' Day, of course, and chiefly famous for being the morning after the night before. California has been very hot this fall, and on this sunny November Day Lillian Gish was reclining in a comfortable chair, awaiting rehearsals, and charmingly frocked in a dear little white-and-lavender checked suit, a lavender organdie blouse and a shirred hat of the same shade. She looked as delicately pretty as one of those Eastern spring flowers we used to pluck on a May-day in Maine.

Those irrepressible pals, Dorothy Gish, Marjorie Daw and Constance Talmadge, were making the day hideous with noises emanating from orange-paper conceits, favors given the night before when the Gish girls entertained a big party at their home to cele-

(*Continued on page* 88)

Cold water—via a dipper—does not seem to appeal to Nazimova. Director Albert Capellani, however, seems to derive much amusement from the unusual situation

Decide to-day to give your skin a chance to restore its own natural beauty

Resinol Soap

Too much care can be as disastrous to the complexion as actual neglect. Nature never intended the delicate skin of the face to be clogged with impurities. Neither did she intend it to be rubbed, kneaded, or treated with harsh cosmetics.

Usually all the help she asks to build fresh, normal complexions is wholesome soap and water cleanliness, but the soap you use should be the right soap. Some toilet soaps are really too harsh for the face. They take off the dirt, but they take off with it the delicate oils which keep the skin soft and pliable.

Resinol Soap contains a soothing medication which allays skin trouble, and gives nature a chance to build afresh. It is a pure, cleansing, healing soap, and one that is well worth trying if you are a sufferer from complexion troubles.

brate All Hallowe'en. Constance wore a checked gingham one-piece frock with patent-leather belt, the sort she loves to don for the studio, so easy to slip off and on, and a red tam which reminded one of the gorgeous affair Norma Talmadge displayed on the last Classic cover.

Marjorie Daw is a demure member of the eternal triangle of young stars, and her rosy face peeped out from under a black velvet turban, whose upturned saucer brim was hand-embroidered in multi-colored blooms. Marjorie is vacationing while Doug Fairbanks is finishing up his war work in the East.

Dorothy Gish did a good deal of the talking, but then it was *her* party, and she knew more about it than any of the others. They bobbed for apples, "put the tail on the donkey"—or tried to—and Dorothy says she never laughed so much in all her young life as she did over the capers of her mother, Norma and Mr. Schenck and Richard Barthelmess trying to pin a tail in the way it should go. Finally Mr. Barthelmess landed about three rooms away on the back porch, where he pinned the appendage, and actually expected a prize. He was awfully disappointed when he found his sense of location had brought him nothing but the booby prize.

A snap shot of Mae Marsh and Alice Joyce Moore, Alice Joyce's small daughter

They danced, had a supper which comprised about everything Los Angeles markets can offer at this season, and had all sorts of trick favors to entertain the guests.

Donald Crisp is here again, having enjoyed a quick run to New York, after directing three Fred Stone features. He enjoyed meeting his old friend, Kate Bruce, the mother of the movies, whom everybody loves. Miss Bruce was at one time a soubrette in the old comic opera days of New York—oh, ye shades

(*Continued on page* 90)

Little Ben Alexander cannot swallow the fish story with which his director, King W. Vidor, is entertaining him between scenes at the Brentwood Studios

6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

6,003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

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Dusty Farnum with his pet terriers, Pershing and Foch, at his Hollywood bungalow

of the De Koven and Victor Herbert melodic shows! Now she plays little sad mother parts, or grande dames, in dramas. Both Kate Bruce and Donald Crisp have been engaged for Mr. Griffith's new production.

Fred Stone's stunts for the camera have set directors a-talking, and all agree that nothing like his daredevil ideas has even been photographed. Even that gymnastic favorite, Douglas Fairbanks, used to take hours off to watch Mr. Stone perform some trick. Doug acknowledges that he was put on to more tricks of the trade along circus and acrobatic lines than he'd ever dreamed of theretofore.

The "flu" has had a funny legal aspect added to its other horrors. Clara Horton, fourteen-year-old actress and film favorite with Triangle, has just brought suit for alleged breach of contract when the epidemic closed the studios. Miss Horton had a two-year contract at fifty dollars weekly, and her lawyer, A. A. Kidder, (they say he isn't trying to, tho!), will argue the point whether a corporation has a right to dock and lay off any employee under contract for any cause whatsoever save failure to perform. As Miss Horton was willing to go on with her work, and fearlessly presented herself daily for her duties, she has fulfilled all the terms of her part of the contract. Should she win this suit, a number of other suits will be started by actors and actresses who were thrown out of work by the new order. The courtroom will resemble a movie set when the fatal day arrives, no doubt.

The most talked of financial deal, however, is the new Pickford contract and the purchase price of "Pollyanna" for Mary's use, amounting to forty thousand dollars. "Daddy Long Legs" cost a similar sum. Mary Pickford has had another gun named after her, for Sergt. Jack B. Richardson, stationed at Fort Rosecranz, San Diego, wrote her, stating that his section had named their merry little firebelcher after the star. All the shells have been roughly engraved with Mary Pickford's name.

Charlie Ray has bought a little ranch near Los Angeles and is studying seed catalogs. He is going to raise small garden truck and berries and will have an opportunity now

(*Continued on page* 103)

Joe Ryan and his bride, Helen Marjorie Ingersoll Ryan, on their honeymoon trip to the Yosemite

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PARIS PARIS

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Cupid seems to have been hitting the mark of late. The marriage is announced of **Mildred Harris** to **Charles Spencer Chaplin.** Also that of June Elvidge to Lieut. Frank C. Badgley of the Canadian army.

Appropriately enough "The Triumph of Venus" is released by the Victory Film Company.

J. T. Ralph, of the Ha Ha Theater, Minn., according to an announcement, has praised the Pathé serial, "Hands Up," as a money-getter. We fail to discover the town in which the Ha Ha Theater is located. Perhaps it is operated at one of these comedy post offices outside of Minnesota: Funston, Ala.; Merryville, La.; Smiley, Tex.; Chuckle, N. C.; Laughlintown, Pa.; Roaring, W. Va.; or Yellville, Tex.

David Powell has signed a year's contract with Goldywn to go to the coast and play leading parts.

Louise Vale, wife of Travers Vale, director of World Pictures, and well known on the screen, died on October 28th, of influenza.

Louise Glaum, one time Triangle star, and late of Paralta, has returned to the Ince organization.

Jane Lee recently arrived on the coast and was bitterly disappointed because there were no palms on Los Angeles' Broadway.

Mary Anderson will play the lead in **William Desmond's** first picture under Jesse Hampton's management.

Mae Marsh, her sister Mildred, and her sister-in-law, Maud Marsh, have arrived in Los Angeles for the winter.

Charles Chaplin has engaged Carter De Haven to assist him in directing the new comedy on which he is at work.

The Famous-Players Lasky Co. has signed for the distribution of the **Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew** comedies to be released one a month commencing next January. The comedies will be two-reelers and will be directed and edited by Mrs. Sidney Drew.

Henry B. Walthall has been granted a divorce from his wife, who was formerly Miss Isabella Harrington. The stated cause was desertion.

RUTH CLIFFORD

That veteran and well-loved picture-player, **William Shea,** died suddenly at his home in Brooklyn, on November fifth.

Jane Lee has had her first California spanking. She pushed Katherine into the studio fountain at the Fox Plant and then got all wet herself, and—well, the spanking followed.

Helen Eddy, who for three months was a "Voluntary Player" with Raymond Wells' stock company, at Camp Kearney, has been playing the heroine of King Vidor's story, "The Turn in the Road," for the Brentwood Film Corporation.

Mary Pickford has joined the ranks of independent screen stars and will head her own producing company, the pictures to be released thru the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Her first two pictures will be "Daddy Longlegs," and "Pollyanna," for whose screen rights she paid $80,000.

Marguerite Clark is again at work at the studio after spending her honeymoon in Washington. She is playing Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Evangeline Booth will appear in the Salvation Army picture which Edward Jose is directing for Famous-Players Lasky.

During the United War Drive, **Pearl White** shattered the ironclad rule of the Lambs' Club, "no ladies allowed," by dashing into the Lambs' Club on a dare. Some one pinned a $5 bill on her frock and the rest of the Lambs followed the hint meekly and showered her with bills. Then Pearl went on her way.

Anita Stewart has gone West to do her next picture, which will be directed by Lois Weber.

If any young person gets it into his head that a movie star's life runs along like a song, he ought to consult **Eddie Polo,** who has arrived in New York after finishing "The Lure of the Circus," during which he sustained a sprained ankle, a bruised face, a lame arm and an injured back.

Lila Lee is in New York again and recently entertained the boys at Camp Upton's base hospital for the wounded doughboys from France. She sang "Welcome Home, Laddie Boy," "School Days" and "Sunbonnet Sue."

"Here Comes the Bride" is being filmed with **John Barrymore** and Fair Binney.

Frank Keenan has formed an independent company of his own and will make pictures which will be distributed thru Pathé. "Wild Cat," a story by Albert Payson Terhune, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post, has been purchased for the first production.

Edna Mayo, the popular star of the brightest Essanay days, has finished a special feature called "Hearts of Love," which will be released thru the General Film Co.

Douglas Fairbanks, on completion of a new photoplay to follow "Arizona," will go to France to do a series of pictures. He will be accompanied by his entire producing organization.

Albert Capellani will direct **Nazimova** in her next picture, "The Red Lantern," which is to be filmed on the Pacific Coast.

Dorothy Dalton has just purchased a new Boston bull terrier with which she expects to carry away high honors at all kennel shows in America. The pup answers to the name of Honey Blossom, which is some name for a dog.

"Making Life Worth While" is the name of the second book **Douglas Fairbanks** has written. Over 400,000 copies of his first experiment as an author, "Laugh and Live," were sold in this country.

Even the Master Mind, D. W., could not escape entirely from the recent "flu" epidemic. When Fluey walked into the studio, D. W. side-stepped, but **Lillian Gish** and **Bobby Harron** were not quick enough and they had to go home with Fluenza. Consequently, D. W. had to stop work on his picture until his players had recuperated.

When peace was declared, **Charlie Ray** managed to work industriously until noon, but when the noon whistle blew, Charlie couldn't stand it any longer, so he formed a parade composed of extras, and he and Dorothy Dalton and Thomas Ince spent the remainder of the afternoon leading the crowd up and down the main thorofare.

Fascinated!

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Enid Bennett and her company had a most exciting time recently at the Mojave desert. The Bennett company had departed for the desert in cool and airy garments, but by night they had to phone the studio that the entire aggregation was about to freeze to death, and would they please rush some warm blankets and clothing. The studio manager gathered all the warm clothing he could find, but, so anxious was he to get to his freezing players, that he forgot such little things as speed laws, and before he knew it he was pulled in. After a long harangue, he managed to impress the constable with the seriousness of his mission, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Goldwyn pictures have engaged **John Bowers** to support Madge Kennedy in "Primrose," which was written for her by Cosmo Hamilton.

Gloria Swanson had the alarming experience of awaking one sunny morning to discover that she had been badly injured in an automobile accident the night before. All the local sheets were emblazoned with her name as having been hurt in a joy ride accident. Gloria hastily slipped into her shimmering pinkies and dared 'em to say it was she. That night all the local papers were glad to admit that it was another young lady by the name of Swanson, who was in the wreck.

Little **Shirley Mason's** biggest trouble seem to be a house. Ever since she and her mother arrived in the West Coast film colony, they have been rushing up and down the residential section in search of a bungalow that will exactly suit their needs. Shirley is still looking.

Charlie Ray created a sensation at the Thomas H. Ince studios recently, when he emerged from his dressing-room with a "new" suit of clothes to play a rube character in a picture he is making. He refused to divulge the source of his "find," but says the vendor has clothes that have been on his shelves since the first immigrant hit the present site of Los Angeles. Evidently Charlie intends to give us some rare fashion exhibitions.

Mitchell Lewis, the well-known star, has been engaged to act in a series of photoplays for Select. He will be remembered for his excellent work in "The Barrier," and "The Sign Invisible."

GERTRUDE SELBY

Mary Pickford recently received a very unusual token of regard from one of her godsons. The soldier-boy sent Mary his Christmas Package Coupon with the accompanying note: "I rather hate to think of Christmas passing without even a hello from anybody. So in order that you may know how much I wish you happiness and good cheer for the holidays, I am sending you my label, which is about the most precious token I could give. Only one is issued to each soldier and naturally all the boys send them to those dearest in all the wide world to them." Everyone who knows Mary Pickford, knows what happened when she received this sad little letter.

Charles Chaplin has received the greatest tribute of public favor ever accorded a player. The New York Strand Theater's policy is never to run a picture more than one week, but the public, and the press, were so unanimous in their praise of "Shoulder Arms," that the Strand was forced to run it a second week to meet the demands of the people. Charlie is to be congratulated. His painstaking efforts are being well paid.

Rex Beach's latest photoplay is called "Too Fat to Fight."

George Randolph Chester has been engaged by the Vitagraph Company as literary adviser. It is to be hoped that the snap and sparkle which have made the Chester writings so popular with readers during the past few years will find a way to the screen.

Earle Williams has turned his hand to literary work and soon will be seen in a Blue Ribbon feature of which he is co-author. The play is a mystery drama with an American aviator as the central figure and has been given the temporary title of "The American Ace."

One of the first messages that came from the Western Front after the signing of the armistice was one to **Gladys Brockwell.** It was from her brother, a lieutenant in the famous Rainbow Division. The message said: "All over. Safe."

Tom Mix has completely recovered from the operation performed on him for the removal of an old bullet, which had been in his left leg since he was wounded, accidentally, fifteen years ago.

Louise Lovely has been engaged as leading lady for William Farnum in his next picture, "The Man Hunter."

Norma Talmadge has completed the Western scenes of "The Heart of Wetona," and has returned to New York. Chief Darkcloud, the Indian who was scheduled to play "Quannah," in this Indian story, succumbed to the ravages of influenza and it took several days to locate another redskin who could play the part. Miss Talmadge had the privilege of seeing a real Indian corn dance, and the tribe elected her a princess. What with her job of being an Indian Princess and a Deputy Sheriff of Queen's County, Norma will soon have little time for the screen.

Doris Lee, the exquisite bit of womanhood who has recently been seen with Charles Ray, has been engaged for the ingénue rôle in Mission Productions' first feature starring Gloria Joy. Doris is a demure-looking little blonde and critics believe she is "star material."

Doris Kenyon seems to be addicted to night-time. Her first picture was built around "The Inn of the Blue Moon," then she showed us "The Street of Seven Stars," and now she will initiate us into the lures of "Twilight."

Here's a chance for would-be story writers. **Hale Hamilton** is badly in need of screen stories; stories of a human nature, dealing with the romance of business—so the publicity runs. Perhaps there is something romantic about business; if anyone has discovered it, we would like to know about it.

While taking a lay-off, **Roscoe Arbuckle** is divorcing himself from his tonsils and is now under the doctor's care at his home.

When "Wilson or the Kaiser?" the Metro Production, is shown, fans the world over will be glad to see **Creighton Hale** in the leading rôle. Hale is a promising young actor, and it is good to see him in a congenial rôle.

Ruth Roland has signed a contract with Pathé Exchange for a new serial to be released early in the year. The new serial has been tentatively titled "The Long Arm," and Ruth will have many hot chases and wild rides before the last episode is reached.

The entire Metro organization has been moved to the Coast. The stars, directors and working staff have packed up their families and furniture and started. Even the studio cat has gone, so you may believe that the move is permanent.

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THE AVALANCHE OF PORTRAITS HAS STARTED

in The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic's

Fame and Fortune Contest

Opening on December 1, the flood of portraits from contestants in the biggest contest ever conducted by **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** has almost engulfed the judges. Every mail brings hundreds of pictures. In many instances, contestants are sending a half dozen portraits.

No contest ever managed by any motion picture publication has ever attracted the interest of The Fame and Fortune Contest. Portraits are being entered from every corner of America. Remote towns, tiny hamlets, big cities are contributing their share. And pictures are beginning to come from distant parts of the globe.

HAVE YOU ENTERED? Better submit your portrait at once and, if you are lucky, get in upon the honor roll, from which the final winner will be selected.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

> The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

IMPORTANT—CONTEST NOW OPEN TO MEN

After considering the hundreds of requests from men of all ages thruout the country, the judges and managers of The Fame and Fortune Contest have decided to throw the doors open to men. Men will be bound by the same rules that bind the feminine contestants. Any man who has not played prominent rôles on the stage or screen may enter. Every one will have an equal chance. The managers of the contest are now considering the method of making the final award. It is possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic.**

THE JUDGES ARE NOW EXAMINING THE PORTRAITS

The judges of The Fame and Fortune Contest are now going thru the thousands of pictures entered. Every fifteen days following December 1, the judges are to select the six best portraits entered during that period. These honor pictures will be published in subsequent numbers of **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic.**

The duration of the contest will be announced shortly. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

MARY PICKFORD — MAURICE TOURNEUR — HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
THOMAS INCE — Commodore J. STUART BLACKTON — EUGENE V. BREWSTER
CECIL DE MILLE — JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either **The Motion Picture Magazine** or **The Motion Picture Classic,** or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

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(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....

Address..... (street)

.....(city)..... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any .....

.....

When born..... Birthplace..... Eyes (color).....

Hair (color)..... Height..... Weight.....

Complexion.....

The Partial Payment Plan for Acquiring Securities

By E. M. FULLER

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When the investor has acquired ownership of his first stock, it becomes a very easy matter for him to continue his well laid out policy of saving and investing. The dividends from his first purchase can be used to make further payments for additional securities. It also frequently happens that securities so acquired advance substantially in price. When this happens, the Partial Payment investor may, if he desires, sell at any time and secure this profit even if the securities have not been paid for in full. As a general rule, however, the safest plan for an investor to follow is not to be influenced by fluctuations in the price of the stock he purchases, but to consistently maintain his original plan of acquiring full ownership of the stock and having the certificate transferred to his name. Increasing amount of well invested funds will after a period of years provide a competency for later life.

One of the best ways for any investor to follow a systematic plan of saving is to apportion the expenditures of his monthly salary or income on the "budget" plan. This plan is to keep careful account of all necessary expenditures such as rent, food, clothing, household expenses, amusements, etc., and provide for a certain definite sum to be saved and invested. The man or woman who follows this plan will not find it irksome, but will really find it very interesting, and it soon will become a pleasure to see the balance continue to grow on the credit side of the ledger.

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This is the beginning of a new era in the world's history, and we have based our Big Idea on it. The world is full of undiscovered and undeveloped talent, and the near future will need it all. Our idea is to discover that talent and prepare it to fill the needs of the new development. Our plan is entirely new and original. We are not trying to sell you something, nor are we trying to get you to sell something. We simply want you to send for our booklet. That will tell you the whole story.
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OR MONEY BACK

Is used in place of powder. Has the same effect but does not show.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

Absolutely Harmless.

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute.

Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 50c.

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Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense, and quick results. Send for latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all **free.**

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Easy to Play Easy to Pay

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose from orchestral parts and many other things you would like to know.

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TRADE VULCAN MARK
RUBBER CEMENTED
Shaving Brushes

are guaranteed not to shed bristles or hair nor to fail in any respect. Having one, insures its owner against all brush troubles.

These brushes have ends as soft as the finest velvet, and the mass of hair has stiffness and elasticity to rub in the lather to make it effective.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 108 Years and the Largest in the World

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

ELLEN B.—You apparently are well read. At least your ink is. And your letter was. I think that Tennyson's poem, "The Princess," gives a charming suggestion of what the equality of the emancipated woman should be. Julia S. Gordon is with Vitagraph. Are Jack Holt and Alfred Whitman married? Well, yes, but not to each other. Thanks.

TESSIE.—Mary MacLaren and Jack Holt in "Save the Family Name." If you save nothing else, save the name. I have not yet sailed aloft. I read that the crowned heads of Belgium went to England in an airplane, and I suppose an Ace took the King and Queen. Make it a Jack Pot.

MARLAN MC.—True 'tis, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. Peggy Hyland's father, Dr. Cyril George Hutchinson, died recently while en route to England on a transport as a doctor. Miss Hyland has our deepest sympathy. Anna Case in "The Golden Chance." Howard Hickman in "Rose o' Paradise." Yes indeed, Niles Welch.

DUBLIN.—You seem to be getting stouter, Dublin. Read "Eat and Grow Thin." You know some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. You refer to Herbert Hayes. No, I never get freckles. If I ever have, I never saw them. You know if it wasn't for my beard I'd be a deucedly homely chap. Probably freckles, pimples, moles, blackheads and all sorts of things under there. Doris Pawn in "The Kid Is Clever." And she is.

S. W. A. M. K.—Be sure it's a good excuse. Explanations quite often are old-fashioned lies disguised in good fashion. The men are the boys who can do it too. Edward Burns in "The Danger Mark." Henry Stamford was St. Clair in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Do not worry about work. The thing least overworked in the universe is the human mind.

NADINA I.—You should walk every day at least one hour. That's what keeps me in trim. Yes, sleep-walking saves time. Next time you walk in your sleep, be sure to take carfare with you.

NICK K., U. S. S. ARIZONA.—Glad to hear from you, Sailor Boy. When you come back, we'll have that little chat about the navy.

BEA 14.—Write direct to the Editorial Department. So you want more puzzles in the Magazine, do you? One whose brains are unfit for publication is called a literary failure. There's still hope for you, because your buzz-works appear to be in pretty good order.

RETREAT SPECIALIST.—Oh, most Royal One, how can I thank you? You say I am a combination of Kipling, Mark Twain, Shakespeare and Walt Mason, and then you turn around and say I am a woman—that I have the practicality of a Jane Addams, the evasiveness of Jeannette Rankin and the tact of Madame de Stael. Whew! Desist, prythee, or I shall burst with egotism.

DOT.—Oh, I'm very fond of watermelon. I have never heard it called the Irishman's fruit before. I thought it was the darkey's fruit, but suppose the reason you call it the Irishman's fruit is because the green is above the red. William Stowell opposite Elsie Ferguson in "The Doll's House." Miriam Shelby was Christina.

GREAT CÆSAR'S GHOST.—You ask the average number of times a player marries. Well, I should say about three; but, of course, if it wasn't for Lillian Russell, Nat Goodwin, Conway Tearle and a few others, this average would be lower. Richard Barthelmess in "The Faithless Lover." Eugene O'Brien was Adam.

LUCY A. C.—By all means, wear your skirts long. Not because they are in vogue now, but principally because they hide a multitude of shins. My dear, Henry Walthall played in "The Awakening" on Broadway.

CURIOUS ONE.—Ask and ye seek, seek and ye shall find—provided I can find it. I'm sorry, my mistake. William Duncan is not playing in "The Woman in the Web." Hedda Nova is.

HERMAN.—You say I ought to have a raise—that money talks. Yes, indeed, money talks, but a poor man cant keep it long enough to know what it says. Norma Talmadge in "The Forbidden City." Texas Guinan is resting.

VIRGINIA WALLACE.—Keep your own secrets, for no one else will. You say the love of mankind may be good while it lasts; but the love of God is everlasting. Have you both kinds? That was Leslie Austin as Bob in "American Buds." Courtenay Foote was Almerio in "Love's Conquest."

BOSS.—Oh, I'm not that dangerous, I'm a peaceful law-abiding citizen; my salary is ample to provide me with my daily bread. But man shall not live by bread alone—particularly on the kind they make nowadays.

ANTHONY.—You're a marvel, Anthony—in other words a man who never tells you his troubles. Your letters are always welcome. So you were glad to see Alice Hollister in "Loaded Dice." Yes, she had only a small part. You say you would rather see her featured any day than you would Frank Keenan. Once they are gone they seldom come back.

W. D. S.—She is with Metro.

COUNT DE CHANGE.—Then this is where you change, Count. I deal in adversity's sweet milk. Last heard of Dick Travers, he was in France. That Farnum was a re-issue. So you bought your Liberty Bond from Douglas Fairbanks. He took $7,000,000 worth of pledges to Washington in an airplane. He sold $2,000,000 in four minutes on Wall Street. Bill Hart has been parading in his Western regalia selling bonds like hot cakes.

ELIZABETH B.—But, my child, no fellow can make love successfully with a cold in his head. Doug Fairbanks was on the stage before he went into pictures. No, I very seldom get lonesome. They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts, and I always carry around with me a choice assortment—not my own, of course.

INCOG.—Your pen is the pen of a ready writer. To make an exclamation point on the typewriter—make a period, go back and strike the apostrophe mark and stop your swearing. Bismarck died in 1898 at the age of 83. It might be said that the cause of his death was old age. The Kaiser died in—I'll be back later. Soon, I hope.

C. J. F.—Yes, I'm 77 and never felt better. Longfellow was right when he said "the soul never grows old." Grover Franke was Dabney in "A Soul in Trust."

VIRGINIA T.—Virginia, there is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear. Do good, and be good. Casson Ferguson in "How Could You, Jean?"

M. I. LONG.—So, you are a clothier. I envy you. Marie Prevost is with Sennet. Monroe Salisbury is not an Indian, any more than I am.

E. B.—I believe in keeping the home fires burning. A scuttle of coal alongside of the fireplace will give the home a cozy air of prosperity, but two scuttles is nothing but vulgar display of wealth. Bessie Barriscale played the original rôle in "We Are Seven" some time ago, and Louise Huff will play the leading rôle for World.

Betty of Melrose.—Thanks for the picture. The verse was clever. But riches do not gain hearty respect; they procure only external attention. This will be particularly so after the war. The life of service, of usefulness, will be the one that will count.

Gob.—Every home in Great Britain has given at least one life to this war, and there have been created by the same cause 187,000 widows. Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms." Marion Davies is with Select. Grace Cunard hasn't started her own company as yet.

Constance Kiss.—So you and your friends are thinking of chipping in and buying me a motor-cycle. Dont do it! A motor-cycle is the noisiest animal for its size that Satan ever created, and the most selfish one besides. Who wants to go out riding alone? Send a stamped envelope for all that information.

Lena R.—The spy story, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," is being done in pictures, with King Baggot as the Englishman and Claire Whitney opposite him. Yes, Lila Lee is a peacherine—whatever that is.

Leo L.—Shall print these verses. Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion. Speaking of food—in Sweden it costs $1 for an apple and $2 for a pear. Cigars are being sold at $1 each. Overshoes bring $20 a pair. A diner can get a cup of coffee for a kroner (30 cents). Stop your kicking, Americans!

Gene A.—Yes, I was in a picture once, "How Cissy Made Good," but, never again! I'm convinced that the films could never do me justice—or should I say fillums? Nell Shipman is no longer with Vitagraph. Haven't her present address.

F. J. S.—I really cant help you; send for a list of manufacturers.

F. E. D.—The speeches of Cicero are looked upon as the models for orators. Ask at the library. John Barrymore's name is John Blythe. Gretchen Hartman is with Fox.

O. I. No. U. Too—O. No., U. Dont! Edward Piel and James Cope. Raymond Hatton was Ricks. Write all players in care of the companies.

My Dream Boy; Abe H. O.; and Dahliadel.—Come again.

Macushla.—No, Eugene O'Brien is not married. Single blessedness for him. So you would like to adopt him as a brother. Guess he wouldn't mind. I know I wouldn't. Do you mean that you would be a sister to him? Your letter was of the right spirit. Come again.

I. C. U.—No you dont. You say this is your first plunge. Splash away. You dont like the idea of the editor cutting down my department, but it is better to be down than out.

Two Admirers.—Try Paramount. I dont know where they get shaved; in a barber shop, I suppose. I believe we have no barber shops for ladies yet. George Washington was known as the American Fabius. Black hair, of course.

M. E. G.—All your questions have been answered by President Wilson, as to the war, and I hereby nominate Woodrow Wilson for President of the United Republics of the World. Sorry you get so lonesome, but write to me whenever you want to. I get lonesome, too, and you know misery loves company.

Another Boy

Tastes Puffed Grains

Tomorrow morning another home will be serving these Whole-Grain Bubbles.

The only children who don't get Puffed Grains are the children who don't know them.

The foods are resistless. When a boy or girl once tastes them, mothers are urged to supply them.

And millions of children now know the delights of them.

They Are More Than Food Confections

The Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are far more than delightful. They are scientific grain foods, made by the process of Prof. A. P. Anderson.

Every grain is steam-exploded—every food cell in each grain. Thus the entire kernel of wheat or rice is fitted for easy digestion.

Other forms of cooking rarely break up half these food cells.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in Far West

Shot From Guns

The grains are subjected to fearful heat. Then they are shot from guns.

Thus they are steam-exploded to eight times normal size. They are changed to flimsy, flaky bubbles with a nut-like taste.

That makes them so enticing. But the great purpose is to fit them for food—to make whole grains wholly digestible.

That's why Puffed Grains are all-hour foods. They never tax the stomach. They are more than breakfast dainties. They are between-meal foods and bedtime foods. They are noon-time foods for business men who want easily-digested lunches.

The more you know of Puffed Grains, the more you will employ them.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers (2062)

THE FAMINE IN PHOTOPLAYS

Unique Plan Devised by Noted Author to Help Aspiring Scenario Writers

The great problem that confronts the motion picture industry today is—what do you suppose? *The lack of good, workable scenarios.* No less an authority than James Young, who has produced for Vitagraph, World, Artcraft and others, recently said: "The most serious problem confronting the producers is the scarcity of properly constructed scenarios. The demand is so great and the supply so meager that the reward for good stories that will *picturize* is correspondingly large."

BRINGING THE STUDIO TO YOU

Indeed, so pressing has this problem become that a number of the leading studios in Los Angeles—the film capital of the world—considered opening a joint bureau in order to encourage photoplay writing and educate beginners in scenario technique.

But this was found practically impossible. Directors and scenario writers of ability were too engrossed in their own work to organize such a bureau. Finally, Frederick Palmer was induced to sever his relations with one of the leading producing companies, and devise a simple study plan that would enable the ambitious layman to master the essentials of photoplay writing in his own home. It was a master stroke immediately appreciated by the whole moving picture industry.

For Frederick Palmer is a man with years of photoplay experience—a recognized master of photoplay construction, and one of America's most prolific screen authors.

PRACTICAL PLAN OF INSTRUCTION

The Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing embraces so many salient features that it is hardly possible to detail them here. What it does is to place at the finger-tips of the student the *fundamentals* of photoplay technique. The Personal Advisory Service Bureau—to which Frederick Palmer gives his personal attention—is an unusual feature. Another is the Manuscript Sales Department, under the personal management of Ruth S. Allen, who resigned as Scenario Editor of the Douglas Fairbanks studios to take up this work.

Certain it is that the Palmer Photoplay Corporation has brought into being a plan of photoplay instruction that is complete, concrete and comprehensive; a plan that paves the way to success for the unknown photoplay writer.

Never before were such big rewards held out to new writers with new ideas *and a knowledge of photoplay construction.* Literary talent or genius is NOT required. All that you need—all that the producers want—are IDEAS *expressed in the action-language of the screen.* And this is exactly what the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing trains you to do.

What the Palmer Plan brings you

In easy, everyday English, it brings the studio home to you—reveals the story-structure around which ALL successful photoplays are built—lays bare the "little tricks of the trade"—shows you where to find plot material and how to recognize it; what to use and what to avoid; what producers want and do not want. It tells you the things you *must* know to put your stories over.

The Palmer Plan is the *first* plan of photoplay instruction that trains you *by direct example*—the *first* plan of its kind to be indorsed by the foremost producers, stars, directors and scenario editors in America!

If you want to know about the famine in photoplays—the fabulous prices producers are willing to pay for the right material, and how eager they are for Palmer-trained writers—send today for our new illustrated booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Learn how you, too, can win name and fame and the money-rewards that come with success in this fascinating field. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also, Special Supplement containing autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, directors, etc.

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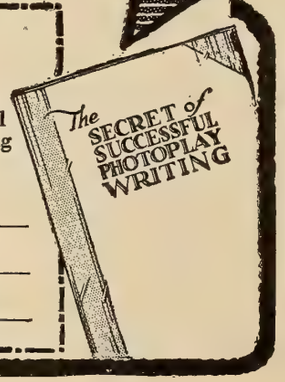

LOISSEAU.—Hark, hark! Did you ask if George Walsh traveled on the Metropolitan Express which left Philadelphia at 10:25 on Thursday? Since I was found asleep in Brooklyn at that particular minute I cant say. You're on the wrong track, little one.

MARY O.—Listen to your palpitating heart? All right, palp away. Conway Tearle, is it? He was born in 1880, New York, and has been on the stage, and married seventeen—I mean several times. You know when Cupid hits his mark he generally Mrs. it.

MADGE, Mo.—What, more love stuff? Say, this is not a lover's paradise nor an "Advice-to-the-Love-Stricken" department. What I dont know about that subject would start seven Carnegie libraries. Frankly, your letter was mostly mush, Miss Mo. You say you dont like your name because it is too short. Well, it will be long enough before you get another.

BESSIE CLAYTON.—Rosemary Theby is strictly American. Elsie Janis is in England. No, no; Theda Bara is from Cincinnati. Well, I'll be hanged; you ask, "If Lottie Pickford's daughter had been a boy, and grown up and married Tom Moore's daughter, what relation would their children be to Mary Pickford?" Only pleasant relations, I think, but that's going too far into the family tree for me. Biograph, not Vitagraph.

E. A. EAGLE B.—I am not a drinking man nor a teetotaler, so I am not strong for the drys. I take a drink when I want it, but I never want it. Speaking of prohibition, Bill Hart said, "Farmers raise corn, corn raises whiskey, whiskey raises politicians, and politicians raise all the trouble we want in this country." And now we have women politicians! Will our troubles never end? Yes, Lillian Lorraine and William Courtleigh.

VIRGINIA J. F.—Indeed, I believe in the doctrine of good cheer. Like Don Quixote, I sing away sorrow and cast away fear. Tee he! I'm very frugal, but not like the dentist, who lives from hand to mouth. That was Rodrique La Rocque in "The Venus Model."

BILL FARNUM FAN.—George Siegmann was Lynch in "The Birth of a Nation." Glad to hear from you. Yes, Bernard Shaw. Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," but Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

FAY, KAY—The player you mention has obtained prominence at the bar. He walked into a café and swallowed ten cocktails in ten minutes. Which proves that he was a star. Other than a star could afford only one. Mary Miles Minter in "Always in the Navy." Sessue Hayakawa's picture will appear in the gallery. Jewel Carmen—yes. You want me to take care of my eyes. I'll watch out. Thank you.

WEARY WILLIE.—Well, it's this way, Willie, the difference between now and when I was a mere lad is: Then a young man would court a young girl five years before he would have the courage to propose marriage; nowadays they meet today, get married tomorrow, and the third day shake dice to see who will pay for the divorce. Henry Walthall is now doing features for the National Film Corporation. Thanks for the clippings. Some of the players do wear wigs.

W. A.—Anzac is a combination of the initial letters from the words, Australian-New Zealand Army Corps. Didn't you know that Margarita Fisher and Harry Pollard were one?

BLUEBIRD.—Your letters are always full of happiness. This is how it happened, I came to Brooklyn when I was a young man to earn an honest living and found no competition.

ALICE D.—Our artists will thank you for your comments. You say the design looked like a fence around a graveyard. I see no necessity for a fence around a graveyard, because those who are in cant get out and those who are out dont want to get in. I really never have seen Wallace Reid's car. Why, I believe the clothes he wears belongs to him—I hardly think he borrowed, stole or hired them.

TIPSY TOPSY.—Sorry I cant print your note, but you had better correspond with one of the clubs. Send for a list.

PEGGY.—Attack is the reaction. I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds. I'm sorry. Yes, I do admire your haste as well as your taste. Write me again.

SIR ANDREW.—You ask which of the popular songs is my favorite. Let me see—guess it's "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Goldywn was composed by combining Goldfish and Selwyn, the organizer. It could easily have been selfish only it wasn't. He was Mahlon Hamilton.

GERTRUDE A. M.—You will continue to see plays of Harold Lockwood for many months after his sad demise. You must have the wrong title. Well, I like her—*chacun a son gout.*

THE PICKFORDS.—I am sorry, but good fortune seldom comes pure and simple, unattended by some troublesome or unexpected circumstances. Yes, yes, Mary Pickford wears her own hair. Whose hair did you think she wore? Lottie has only one child.

ELECTRIC FAN.—Not very welcome these days—Fannie. "Lorna Doone" has been done by Biograph and Thanhouser. That's one of my favorite novels. Thanks, but I haven't had the Flu yet, knocking my head, says I, as if it were wood.

CHARLES RAY LOVERESS.—Dont give up, despair has ruined many a one. So you think Mary Thurman is "just the dearest thing." You'll find the chief mint of the United States at Philadelphia.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Judging from your picture, you are very pretty, and they say the camera doesn't often lie. Thanks. You say the Ann Schaeffer Club has been discontinued.

BLUEBIRD.—Heap much thanks for the fee. You will see Ann Little on the cover soon. Ora Carew?—she's playing every day. You want to see her with Wallace Reid? Thanks for the soda fee, thought of you while drinking it, and it went down smoothly and pleasantly.

BOBO.—Extra! Wuxtra! Hear ye one and all, I have a little Ford! And it goes—gee, how it goes! Father and car are doing nicely. Got my whiskers all mixed up with the crank handle the first thing. Will keep you posted in the events from time to time. Adele de Garde was with Vitagraph last I heard. Douglas McLean was Frank in "The Hun Within."

GENEVIEVE M.—Thank you for the thrift stamp. Surely I am saving W. S. S. Everybody should. Genevieve Marney, Box 882, Oklahoma City, Okla., would be glad to hear from any of the soldier boys.

BOSWORTH V.—Earle Metcalf is back. My child, your face is perfect, and I hope you are the same. A face is sometimes a fortune to some, the ruin of others.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.—Hello, Beatrice! I think I wrote to you once asking for a little advice. All the players you ask about are out West. You might be right, but man is more interested in what's on the table, while woman in what's around it.

GLADYS B.—Call me anything. All you want is a picture of Elsie Ferguson's husband, Mr. Clark. Well, that isn't much, but Elsie thinks it's a whole lot—everything.

KATHRYN B. H.—I dont remember whether they are living together or not. To forget, that is to be young; to remember, that is to be old. That's why I forget so much. Olive Thomas' last picture was "Heiress for a Day."

U. C. I. B. HERE.—How could I help it? I never saw a more abused word than love. How you people misuse that word. Dont you know it's one of the greatest words, and should be used with much discretion and sincerity? Yes, I get carloads of letters from Canada.

C. X. C.—Thanks a lot. At present, address Doug Fairbanks and Lila Lee, at the Paramount Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Vivian Martin in "Her Country First." Norma and Constance Talmadge at the Select Picture, 318 E. 48th Street. Send your scenario here to the Scenario Service Bureau, and I am sure you will get fair treatment.

JENNIE B.—All I require of myself is, not to be equal to the best, but only to be better than the bad. A is right, and that is her stage name. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Ill., 1890. Norman Kerry in "The Talk of the Town."

ELIZABETH S.—Novel way you have of addressing me by saying "Dear (with a picture of me)" and ending with a picture of yourself. They do say you should keep a thing seven years and you will find use for it.

I. M. ANCIENT.—Well, I cant say that you look it. You refer to Marco Polo. He was a Venetian, and as a mere boy walked to China, where, at the court of the king he grew up, and later was made ambassador. You want more interviews with the children, Lee Kids, Madge Evans, Bobby Connelly, and the like. Listen here, what do you mean by calling me a "two-faced specimen of humanity"?

ATHLETE.—I'm strong for you. Marie Prevost, Mary Thurman and Marvel Rea are with Paramount. Yes, send them the necessary two bits. Yes.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Your picture is different. I would suggest to take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God. Of course, I read every word that is written to me, and believe me, some words. Your letter describing the various episodes of "The House of Hate" was most amusing.

GYP THE BLOOD.—Well, I must say you have imagination if nothing more. Nothing more? The Grecian drawings were—well, they just were. You say a gas man has a light job, that a milliner is a very trim creature, and that it requires patience to be a doctor. Pause, for goodness' sake, pause!

BESSIE E.—Hedda Nova, that's all. Harry Morey's wife is not an actress. Yes, I liked Dorothy Dalton in "Vive la France." He had not the method of making a fortune. Neither have I.

MRS. L. M. G.—I dont know whether Francis X. has joined the Has Beens or not. You are right, man is the true epitome of the spiritual world, or world of mind; and to know himself, is the perfection of wisdom. You refer to Frank Mayo opposite Ethel Clayton. Call me big-headed if you like, for I wear a six and a half hat.

MISS W. D.—My word, William Hart is not married.

KOOKABURRA.—In admiring Fatty Arbuckle, there's much to be admired. She's beautiful in the eyes of the French, child. Yes, she did play in "Should a Man Forgive?" Mae's sister, Marguerite Marsh. in "Our Little Wife." No, I haven't read "A Fallen Idol."

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Faces of Fair Women

At all social affairs, the faces of fair women form the chief attraction. Thousands of society women appreciate that when the lights are brightly shining their complexions must be faultlessly fair and fresh. They have learned to enhance and preserve their complexion by the daily use of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

Its effect upon the skin is also so soothing, cleansing, refreshing and purifying. Its use is a dainty and delightful habit of delicacy and refinement.

Tubes and Jars, 10c to $1.50.

Poudre Amourette: The powder that adds a final touch of softness to the skin. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c. Both D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette may be obtained of your dealer or by mail of us.

For Him

The latest "Perfect" product made only by Daggett & Ramsdell is a shaving cream in which we have scientifically incorporated D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. The first time that a man tries this "Perfect" Shaving Cream he will say, "Well, that's the best shave I ever had." He will be as enthusiastic over "Perfect" Shaving Cream as you are over Perfect Cold Cream. Surprise him with a tube. Of your dealer or by mail of us.

Send a tube of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and D. & R. Perfect Shaving Cream to a soldier or sailor. They are comforts they will appreciate.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
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Not A Gray Hair!

No gray streaks and unruly silver threads disfigure the hair of any woman who once learns of this wonderful color restorer.

You apply it yourself—simply comb it through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days the gray disappears.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

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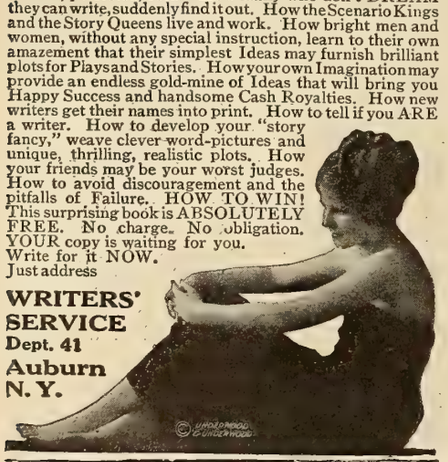

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The Non-Fiction of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 41)

Friday morning, after having spent all of Thursday in camp trying to overcome the stiffness and fatigue caused by the first strenuous day before we were in trim, we started out the steep mountain to Indian Head Pass.

After a very hard climb, we reached the summit at two in the afternoon to find that the location was not suitable for pictures. We were very tired, but we thought the opposite peak looked better, probably for the mere reason that it was called Kodak Peak, and we went over to the other side—a not very easy matter. We found that the location was good, but the weather had turned very foggy and we could not do a thing with the camera.

Early Saturday morning, there was still a heavy fog overhanging the mountains and shutting us in from the surrounding peaks. Of course, the mountains are more beautiful in the sunlight, but there is something fascinatingly mysterious about them in such a haze as this was.

The morning was stingingly cold and there seemed no way to escape from it. Knowing that there was only one thing which would relieve us, try as we might to retreat among blankets and every available wrap, I got up very early and built a good fire. This, reinforced by flap-jacks, bacon and coffee, cheered up the party. The rain had turned partially into a snow and was falling very softly and gently.

No one but a mountaineer would have expected from this mild beginning, the terrible storm that was upon us a few hours hence. I, having learned some things in the way of roughing it by bitter experience, watched the horses. Soon they began to get restless and finally made a quick get-a-way into the underbrush for shelter. Martin and I went after them and, as we had lost no time, soon rounded them up.

We tried to get what comfort we could from the tents. Up to this time, we had kept the flaps of the tents back and had built the fires in the doorway so that we had both the heat of the fire and the protection of the tent.

Now, however, we were obliged to close the flaps, for the wind was blowing a regular gale and we were badly exposed to its force. The horses were frantic—there was probably in their blood the terror of countless generations before them that had braved the mountain storms, finally to perish.

It was impossible to dry off or get warm because the snow had put out our fire and all that was left was the too well ventilated tents. After a very short time, with the wind a hurricane and the damp snow drifting in from every conceivable corner, the tents were blown down on us.

I was caught under, and the weight of the snow on it was so great that it took the combined strength of the party to lift it off of me.

The next day, finally arrived at after the agony of the increasingly cold night, was the blessed Sabbath. One might have expected the elements to let their tantrums cease for a brief period; but instead, the snow continued and it grew *even colder.*

From three thirty until six in the morning, we worked to get a fire started. It seemed an impossible undertaking, but we would have surely perished without it, for we were not prepared to face this Arctic weather.

We propped up a tent and built a fire in that. It was a very smoky fire and altogether unsatisfactory; but it was comforting to have the smoke burn one's eyes as a reminder that there was a warm fire—somewhere.

The situation was beginning to assume a serious aspect, for this was the kind of a storm which has often shut people from the rest of the world for months at a time. In preference to the sure destruction of freezing or starving, we chose the uncertainty of the trail.

However, it was so hard to accomplish anything with the wind at that pitch, that it was noon before we would get on the way. We took the trail down over Kodak Peak and the mountain side to the Little Wenatchee River.

The rain and snow was beating us around like puppets and the wind was still at a gale; it was a terrible day to be "on the trail." Of course, we were all wet thru, but the most dangerous part was that we had to descend 1,800 feet down an extremely steep mountain side.

After reaching the head of the Canyon of the Little Wenatchee, I took the lead. Suddenly, about 200 yards in front, there appeared a good-sized mountain sheep. I lost no time in pulling my Colts .44, and brought the sheep down with the second shot in his head; this at a distance of at least 75 yards.

I knew now that this was not a real trail, but I followed the blazes on trees as best I could for about nine miles. It was awful underfoot and the brush was particularly hard to break thru.

At six in the evening, we came to Cady Pass. And the discovery! A cabin was there with blankets and dry wood. After a very short hustle, we had a nice fire and were thoroly happy and contented with life on general principles. It is certainly the contrasts that make for comfort and pleasure.

The story goes that a well-known psychologist, on a visit thru a sanitarium for the harmlessly insane, came upon a man who spent a great deal of his days by beating himself on the head with whatever was available—perferably a good, stout hammer. All the efforts of the keepers had failed to make him stop this strange way of amusement; an interesting and complex study, the psychologist thought.

"My good man," he inquired, in his most professional-friendly manner, "why do you beat yourself on the head and cause yourself useless suffering?"

"Because," the lunatic replied with a cunning look, "It feels so good when I stop."

That is what one might call "method to madness."

The next day we were on the trail early, feeling more fit.

Very soon we saw the smoke from the Severly cabin in the distance and it did not take us long to cover the "home stretch."

In order to end this narrative in the approved and customary way, I should be able to report that we got some beautiful and extraordinary views; but, alas, we returned only with the hope that the next time, our luck would be kinder. And I leave you with the hope that next time, you, our critics, when you are bored by a bit of non-fiction of the movies, will remember this fruitless effort and toil, and you will be kinder.

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 90)

to do the "Rube" rôle in dead earnest.

Madelaine Traverse, the Fox star, has just finished "The Danger Zone" and is now resting at Hotel Hollywood, spending her spare moments motoring about in search for a bungalow. Nearly everything is taken in Hollywood, for eastern tourists have engaged homes by mail and the wily real estate shark is making huge additions to his bank account.

That old favorite, Frank McIntyre, is scheduled to produce "Too Fat to Fight" for the Goldwyn Company, a surprise feature which they are sure will be a laugh-getter.

Billie Rhodes is to appear in "Such a Little Genius," which Bill Parsons has just bought for her.

There was an excited mob near the Brunton Studios one day, for Kitty Gordon's casting director had advertised for five hundred extras to act as Sikhs, Sepoys, English and French soldiers, and Dustin Farnum's manager had elected to call for western types the same day. By the time they sorted cowboys from doughboys and Englishmen from Rough Riders, everybody began to get cross and tired. Mr. Farnum used nearly two hundred in his production, and they all had to have horses, so there was "somethin' doin'" on the lot that brisk October day.

Quite a big deal was put thru when Nell Shipman, former Vitagraph favorite, entered into a contract with James Oliver Curwood, the novelist, for the production of his stories. The name of the new company is "Shipman-Curwood Producing Co." and Miss Shipman is scheduled to make about four pictures yearly, using stories and novels from the pen of Mr. Curwood. Formerly, the Curwood stories were put out at the rate of about ten a year, but it is desired to show quality pictures and to curtail quantity necessarily.

Two of Miss Shipman's biggest hits were "God's Country and the Woman" and "Baree, Son of Kazan," both of which made much money for Vitagraph. Many of the new stories will be filmed in Canada, and perhaps the first will be done in Alaska. Nell Shipman has always been a lover of and liver in the big out-of-doors. She isn't a bit afraid of things that prowl and howl, and she can do any athletic stunt necessary. She says she is tired of doing girls who cower in a corner blessing a crucifix, she wants to be a woman with free use of her brains and brawn who can beat the crooks at their own game, not just a dance-hall artist who is either goody-goody or a vamp.

What do you suppose? That handsome hero, Mahlon Hamilton, who used to shower kisses on the fair hand of Mme. Petrova, is doing a bit with Kitty Gordon, which calls for pajamas clear thru. Imagine, not a decent tailor-made for handsome Hamilton, no more puff ties with gorgeous stickpins, just night-gear which isn't shifted a single once. Mr. Hamilton says he has been put "beddy-bye" in everything but a Pullman berth for this production, but then, who wouldn't be bedridden where Nurse Kitty smooths the sheets and plumps the pillows?

(*Continued on page* 107)

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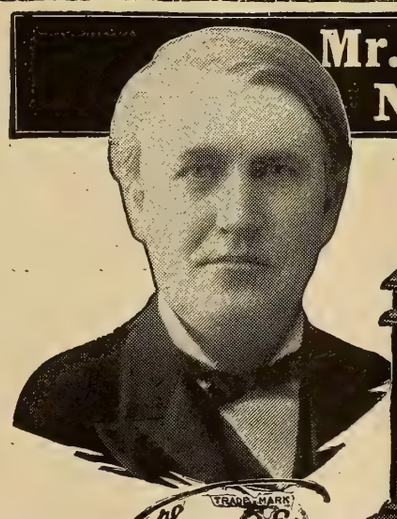

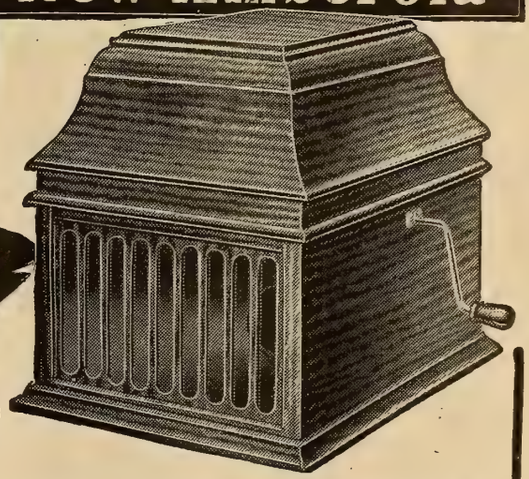

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Pastel:

A Descriptive Vagary of Ruth Stonehouse

(Continued from page 55)

never, *never* coming home. It was quite plaintive and little-boyish. If I were not so terribly and enjoyably involved with Houdini I would feel that I should go.

"Ambition? Specific ambition? That's such a very definite question. We-ll, of course I *do* want to be a star . . . for a while . . . but, eventually, I want to be a directress, a producer; I want to be in the business end of it, that is, at the same time, the artistic end of it. A star shoots from his or her place sooner or later, but always inevitably . . . but a directress . . . may be like Tennyson's immortal brook and go on forever, so long as her artistry is keen, her conception broad, her . . ."

"Her resources ample?" I suggested, with Broadwayish cynicism.

Ruth turned the calmness of her gray eyes upon me. They held a very serene, a very sufficient expression. "I am a devout Christian Scientist, you know," she said, gently, "and I believe in the Divine Beneficence. It—hasn't failed me yet. Just a while ago, right here in New York, I dont mind telling you, I was without a penny. In a really dreadful plight . . . there had been so many Liberty Bonds—various misadventures. I—I couldn't seem to—to come to pawning my very *clothes* and they were just about *all* that I had *left.* And I put my trust in the All-God of things and like a direct answer came a letter from a lad fighting in Italy with a draft for three hundred dollars enclosed. He was a young camera-man I had once befriended when he was ill—hospital bills and all that . . . it was truly bread upon the waters . . . a hundredfold . . . . other loves fail . . . the Divine love . . . never . . ."

"Do you," I ventured, the hour, the dusk, the fragrant warmth of old Ceylon all seeming conducive to the topic, "you believe in the one, the solitary, *only* human love?"

The romantic answer, I felt, would be *yes.* Yet, when she answered me I felt that the "yes" would have been somehow stolid, somehow not so fine as the all-embracing love which Ruth believes in.

"Life is too complex for me to believe in that," she said, "it has too many shadings, too many shiftings. One can love a great many times, in a great many different ways, for a great many different qualities of person and of mind. Each love may be fine in its separate way. One need not infringe upon the other. All are parts of the Divine Love from which they must, of necessity, come, and that love is Omnipotent as it is Omnipresent."

Ruth Stonehouse has a sense of humor, too. It is a whimsical one, more or less subdued, playing upon her gravities like light fingers over an instrument. For instance, she says that in her new pictures with Houdini she is invariably to be seen clinging to a curtain, listening, listening . . . "I call myself a *curtain cootie,*" she laughed.

She told me lots about the magical Houdini—his wonderful hands which are *not* boneless as has been repeatedly asserted—his remarkable culture—his powers as a conversationalist—his weird apparel upon the street which she is making her special mission to convert, if possible. "He's some better already," she said hopefully.

She said, too, that Louise Huff is her best friend—a great bond being that their lives have run quite remarkably paralled.

After tea we walked up Broadway in quest of a taxi. Rôles are not the only incongruous things—settings are, quite frequently. Ruth Stonehouse is the American girl utterly. She was born in the North, educated in the South, brought up in the West, married in the East, or something of the kind. Her screenic ambition goes no higher than to portray the real American girl. She doesn't want to vamp, nor to ingénue, but to be the American girl who is neither and deliciously both. Her viewpoint is wholesome. Her outlook sane and unspoiled. And yet . . . and yet . . . well, walking down Broadway I pictured her beside a delicate, old gold harp, in a dim, candle-lit drawing room . . . I thought of the swaying cosmos flowers, dreams that blow about in the dusk, fancies free as air, tender as tears, the phrase "to cherish and protect" . . .

That Farnum Boy

(Continued from page 53)

of-doors, of course," Bill said, his eyes drinking in the eye-wines of October; "my motor-boat at my Sag Harbor home, fishing—gee! did I tell you about the sharks I got off Catalina Island last summer? A school of them, it seems to me. And one of them a record-breaker. I had my picture taken with him, and I'm prouder of that than I am of any shot ever made of me." (Same here, Bill, about *mine* with *you!*)

No doubt most, perhaps all of us, who keep their love of the great outdoors, keep, too, the little-boyness that learnt to love it first and recognize it as the kingdom most highly to be prized. Bill Farnum is peculiarly young in his attitude, in his enthusiasms, in his amusements. Gentle with all his strength, tender and kind with all his masculinity, which is obvious as it is undeniable. He is the Artist, he is one of the Farnums, he has been Sydney Carton and Jean Valjean and Hur—and he will be others, God willing. But first, last, all the time he is Bill, plain Bill, the Bill we love!

ROSEMARY THEBY MAKES BEAD PURSES

Rosemary Theby, who plays an adventuress in Bert Lytell's picture, "Unexpected Places," by Lieut. Frank R. Adams, is devoting an hour a day to the making of a bear purse. That is, when Miss Theby's nimble fingers aren't engaged in knitting.

The film actress, however, declares that a bead purse is one form of economy. It is a receptacle for savings to be converted into Liberty Bonds. Furthermore, $5 worth of beads, she asserts, can be fashioned into a purse valued at $100 without a suspicion of profiteering. Becoming interested, Lytell begged her for further details. "First I string the beads," Miss Theby explained. "Then I crochet them, one by one, until they shape into a bag. And the beauty of it is that the finished article is worth a century note. In case of real necessity one can deposit it with an uncle whose trademark is three gilt globes in exchange for $25 cash."

Now who says Rosemary isn't canny?

How Ora Puts Over Her Aura

(*Continued from page* 82)

They used to give me three whole introductions while I danced across the center. The Spanish officers would toss flowers at me and shout 'Bravo!' I fairly danced on petals. It was all very much more romantic than being on the stage in our country. I was but a little girl of fourteen, yet I could make up to look like nineteen, like my chum, so we were almost twins. I learnt to speak Spanish quite well, but I've forgotten most of it and I really like French better, anyway. I've not quite forgiven mother and father for cheating me out of being born in Paris!"

"And what do you like to do with spare time, Miss Carew?"

"I'm home mostly, we enjoy music, my sister is with us, but she used to be on the stage also. We drive a good deal."

When Ora Carew turns her beseeching, appealing brown eyes upon you, there's no resisting her charm. It isn't because she has written her own vaudeville acts, or designed her frocks, nor because she sings the lovely, plaintive foreign melodies composed by her talented mother, nor yet because Ora can invent dances which thrilled Orpheum patrons, but simply because she is beautiful and modest—a combination of charms which is bound to produce a magnetic aura, a light which shines in the public and private life of Ora Carew.

A Bit of Joy

(*Continued from page* 49)

than stars, but now that the star population has increased, the latter has been adopted. Its just A Men to Temper.

Gloria never had the disease. Which adds to her importance.

A famous democrat tells of his first sad days at college—days when he realized that in making over Paw's pants for his use, Maw hadn't consulted the last fashion books and had, unfortunately, cut 'em above his shoe-tops. The other fellows were wearing 'em "heel-cracker" length. When he could stand the guying of his fellow students no longer, the embryo lawyer wrote Paw and asked for money with which to purchase a new and lengthy pair.

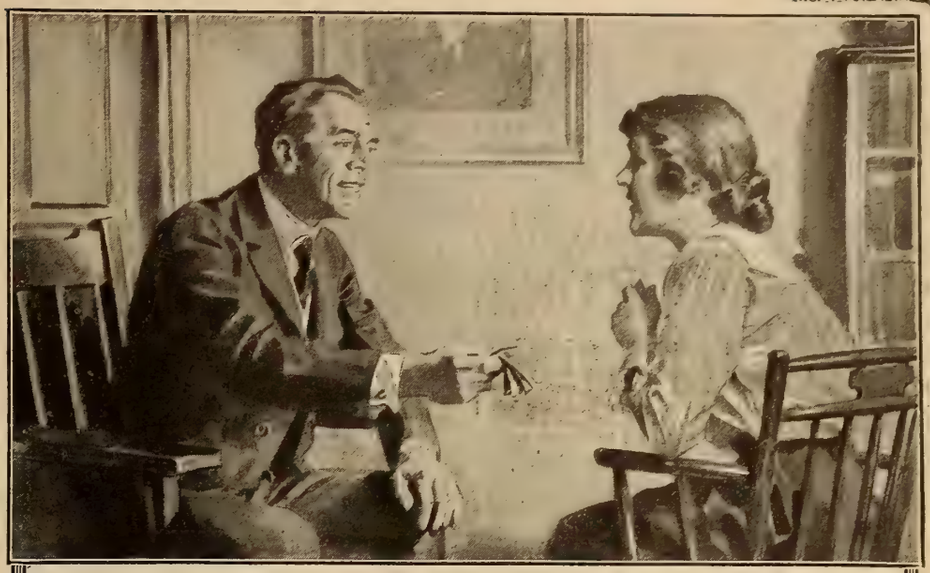
"My Son," wrote Paw, "Them pants is good enough. You jest git t' studyin' and remember that a man's brain is never measured by the length of his pants."

So, real stars are not measured by the length of their bodies so much as by the length of their brains. Which makes it fine for little Gloria Joy.

THE THRESHOLD OF HER DISAPPOINTMENT

By Harvey Peake

She tripped up to
The Motion Picture Theater
And read the posters announcing
The showings for the day.
Among others she saw:
Two-reel Educational Film
Entitled "General Hygene."
"I must see that," she cooed,
"Because I'm so fond of soldiers,
And especially
Of officers!"
And she passed hastily in.



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Mrs. Holubar of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 39)

"There should have been such pictures before. Now there will be because the war has touched home. No one wants to believe that death is the end of everything, with death all around him. Oliver Lodge says that his son, Raymond, is as much a part of the family circle as ever."

She told of an interesting piece of evidence described by Lodge in his book, "Raymond."

It seems that a few days after Raymond's death Lady Lodge had an anonymous sitting with a strange medium. A communication purporting to be from Raymond was received in which he said that there were in existence several photographs of him, one of them taken with a group of officers on which especial emphasis was placed. No member of Raymond's family had possession of, or knew of, any group picture in which he appeared. He said that in this picture some one had tried to lean on him, but he did not remember whether the man was leaning on him at the time the picture was taken or not. He added, "You see my walking-stick."

A month later Lady Lodge received a letter from a woman unknown to her, the mother of an officer in the regiment to which Raymond at the time of his death belonged. She said that her son had just sent her a group picture in which Raymond Lodge appeared. Evidence was that the picture had not even been printed at the time the communication was received. It was exactly as described. He was the only man in the picture on whom some one was leaning, and his walking-stick was conspicuously placed across his feet.

"I have never had any experience of the supernatural kind myself," Dorothy Phillips went on, "but everywhere people are looking toward this hope, the hope that personality continues to exist, and so there should be moving pictures which express it sincerely."

The working title of her new picture is "Till We Meet Again."

She has a beautiful voice, has Dorothy Phillips.

"That is the only reason I regret the stage," she said, in answer to a question; "I like to use my voice. I find myself throwing careful shades of expression into everything I say on the set sometimes. It's funny and useless, too, but I like to hear myelf doing it, even tho it helps tire me out.

"When I was a little girl," she went on, reminiscently, "I used to go off quite alone and listen to myself talk!" She laughed heartily at the recollection. "I loved it. I used to take one line and say it in just as many different ways as possible."

Her first professional engagement was playing "kid" parts at Albaugh's in Baltimore while she was still going to school. She was with Henry E. Dixey in "Mary Jane's Pa," and, speaking of versatility, played Modesty in "Everywoman" and created the rôle of "Pilot's Daughter" in the play of that name. Her first moving picture was a one-reel "drammar" called "The Rosary."

"My favorite picture is 'The Talk of the Town' (terrible title, tho," she said in parentheses). "Perhaps one reason I liked playing it so much is that in the first part I had to be a little girl." She was quietly poking fun at herself. "Of course, no one said anything, but I know that at the studio they didn't think I *could* play a little girl! Most of my work is so emotional."

Every part she plays is a perfect character drawing.

"Do you know," she went on, "that 'happen' is often the word for a moving picture success? It is, or anyway, it seems to be. Take 'Hell Morgan's Girl,' for instance. That picture did not seem at all unusual to me when we were making it, but I can see now that everything fitted; it was psychologically right. The cast, the direction and the story were all perfectly balanced."

When she studies a part, she likes to imagine that she is drawing it as one would sketch with a pen, putting in certain little touches and bits of shading where they seem necessary.

She believes that feminine intuition is only a higher form of the power to reason.

"If we are sensitive to impressions our sub-conscious mind retains them even while we seem to forget, and we are able to put two and two together without being aware of the process. So women, being more impressionable than men, are likely to 'jump' to right conclusions and 'reason' to wrong ones."

She is more interested in people than events. For instance, her reading is practically all of the personal narrative kind, particularly her reading about the war.

"Even tho I've never seen a ghost," she said, in conclusion, "I'm being haunted. And what do you think my haunt is? 'Hell Morgan's Girl!'

"A really big success in one certain picture is a terrible thing," she went on, with exaggerated earnestness. "It wont die a natural death and you cant live it down. I've made twenty-two pictures in the last two years, but still the first thing any one says to me is that they enjoyed 'Hell Morgan's Girl.'

"It makes me mad! I'm getting so I lose my temper every time any one says 'Hell.'"

Well, no wonder! "The Talk of the Town," "A Doll's House" and "The Rescue" certainly deserve some mention, to say nothing of the remaining nineteen. Anyway, there is not the slightest personal resemblance between "Hell Morgan's Girl" and Dorothy Phillips, and that helps some, doesn't it?

WHO SAID THE CALM, BLUE SEA?

A portion of the public began clamoring for Bill Hart to change his characterization from the Western rôles and do something new. And, just because Bill wants to please the folks who go to see his pictures, he chose a picture in which he was a rugged sea captain at the opening of the story. The sea was something entirely new to Bill, and when he got off into the Pacific on an Alaska-bound vessel to take the scenes, he discovered that a ship can buck a whole lot more than a bronco. E. H. Allen, his manager, found him looking very dejected on the deck the first afternoon out, and asked him what was the trouble.

"I cant do this stuff," Bill answered, hopelessly. "It's not in my line."

"Dont worry, old man," consoled Allen. "You'll get onto it. You cant keep a good man down, you know."

"It's not a good man I'm worrying about," retorted Bill. "It's a good dinner."

A Plea for the Unhappy Ending

(*Continued from page* 65)

Colin gets his Phœbe and the curtain descends upon a stageful of neatly paired-off lovers, even the wicked Oliver having reformed, made amends, and married a pretty girl.

The primary question is not whether a play should or should not end happily. The fall of the curtain, the winking of the film is only an artificial terminus at best. Life itself has no endings which are not beginnings of new stories, new plots and complications. Marriage—as most of us can testify—is not an ending anywhere, except in books and plays; even death itself is a beginning, rather than an end. Therefore, no happy nor unhappy ending can be, strictly speaking, true to life.

But it can and should be the lifelike working out of what has come before, the normal, the natural, the logical thing that results from other things; as Dumas puts it, the conclusion must be the mathematical sum total of all the other scenes.

In "Romeo and Juliet" the audience feels from the beginning the workings of Fate, inevitable, remorseless, not to be escaped by the unhappy lovers no matter how gallantly they pit their frail human wills against it.

In "The Lady of the Camellias," Marguerite was doomed, not by the arbitrary will of the author, but by the unescapable law of God, which has decreed that the wages of sin are death. If in a moment of pity or weak yielding to the whim of the public, Dumas had permitted her to live and realize her dream of happiness with her lover, he would have been guilty of a monstrous lie. Given her nature and her life there could be no other ending for the play.

In "The Call of the Blood," the Paramount picture in which Pauline Frederick played the part of the intriguing wife, the heroine moved inevitably step by step thru her scheming and plotting to the final tragic moment when, laughed at by her lover, scorned by her husband, she walked blindly out into the desert where lean grey wolf shapes moved across the brassy disk of the rising moon. It may not be pleasant for the audience to reflect on things like the inevitability of punishment of sin, the inexorable bill rendered for the piper's playing, but the playwrig cannot shirk his bounden duty, nor would his patrons forgive him if he did so.

However, there are other plays in which the stern retribution of an unhappy ending is not called for by any weakness on the part of the characters themselves. Take such a photoplay as the "Flower o' the Dusk," the Metro feature, in which wistful fragile little Viola Dana played. The poignant pathos of the fading of this delicate flower life may seem to some unnecessarily, deliberately heart-wrenching. Yet it is very simply done, without morbidness or bathos, leaving us with tears in our eyes, perhaps, but in our hearts only a sweet sympathetic melancholy like the scent of dead dried rose-leaves or a memory of old lost days.

Why should the scenario writer be barred from touching upon Life's greatest of all experiences, Death? Surely every one who watches the miraculous changes of heart and of fortune of the characters in a screen drama with an illogical happy ending realize that Life is not like that, however much they may wish it to be, and that they are "kidding themselves" by complacently accepting false viewpoints. It is the childish mind that begs for only a "so-they-lived-happy-ever-after" ending.

I am not advocating a flood of sad plays, of deathbed scenes, and separated lovers. If a play can be cheerful and truthful at one and the same time so much the better, but cheerful at the sacrifice of truth, no! In the long run a picture will be a success not according to whether it has a happy ending or not, but according as it "holds the mirror up to nature," and allows us to see therein our own problems and longings, our hopes and fears, our victories and our defeats. For the shadow folk flitting before our eyes are not story-book characters, not abstract creations of a writer's fancy, they are humanity—they are—ourselves.

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 103)

Director Douglas Gerrard has had the flu, so that held up his new production starring Fritzi Brunette and William Sheer. Dorothy Phillips has been working in "Destiny" and her director, Rollin Sturgeon, is much pleased with the rushes. Allan Holubar, Miss Phillips' husband, couldn't direct her because he was busy titling and cutting and editing her previous play. Mary MacLaren worked night and day under Rupert Julian to finish "Dearie"—which is said to be a very eerie sort of play.

Oh, Helen Keller delighted the shipworkers at San Pedro one day by a sudden burst of wit. They asked her, thru a spokesman, why she was so happy, whether she'd mind giving them her secret. Miss Keller said she'd like to write her answer, so they led her to a drawing board and this is what she gave them: "Work like HEL-en be happy!" The men have adopted it for a slogan, and it was a pity she couldn't hear the cheers they let out, tho her teacher explained to her that they were shouting approbation.

Josie Sedgwick, one of the best-known horsewomen of the movies, will pit her knowledge and cleverness against the famous feminine riders of our country at the Phœnix, Arizona, State Fair soon. It is expected that many pictures of the events will be taken.

Sunshine Mary Anderson is engaged to play opposite Bill Desmond, directed by Jesse Hampton. Work of production will be started by the end of November.

Clara Kimball Young has been made defendant in another suit. Last March James Young was divorced from her, and now he claims $5,700 due in salary, at the rate of $850 per week, with Mr. Young as director.

J. C. Williamson, who formerly managed Enid Bennett and Sylvia Breamer, has been negotiating for stars in this country. Fred Niblo was asked to sign a contract for Australian work, but has decided to remain over here and do pictures with his wife, Lolita Robertson and Max Figman, former motion picture co-stars, are leaving for Australia and will appear in a repertory of plays under Mr. Williamson's direction.

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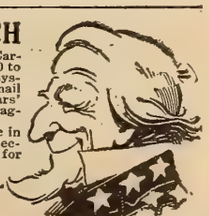

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(2068)

Mary o' Dungannon

(*Continued from page* 48)

was going back to the coast to play opposite Henry Walthall in his new series of First National productions. There is a chance—whisper—that she may become a star herself soon. There's a millionaire—or something—in Los Angeles who wants to organize a company to exploit her as a star. So, first thing you know, you may hear of the Mary Charleson super-features.

Now, if we were feminine, we'd camouflage our exit with some gilded superlatives. About scarlet lips . . . and the vine purple velour hotel hangings . . . the dull mahogany furniture . . . and the throbbing city of Manhattan outside. We'd add a snappy French phrase from our book of quotations and—finis.

But we pass that up. Mary really needs no superlatives. She is charming and sweet and unassuming. (Three delightful graces in an actress!) You cant help liking her. And she possesses a keen sense of humor. Which, since she's Irish, is as it should be. But beneath it all, there is the haunting, moody tragedy of her race. Slumbering there—we more than half suspect—are emotional possibilities as yet untouched. The real Mary Charleson hasn't found herself yet.

Lina Cavalieri Impressions

(*Continued from page* 63)

The photographer was patently confused and frequently got into the conversation, which was in French and unintelligible to him, where he didn't belong, but madame was not a whit dismayed at the task of playing hostess and being photographed.

Muratore played graciously his rôle of host. Seated at the piano, he played and sang snatches of operas and songs. Cavalieri would sing with him until the photographer, having posed his subject to his liking, would say, "Hold it!" Then she would cease singing long enough to see the "birdie fly" and continue the song.

Once upon a long time ago I used to read the beauty hints and aids that appeared weekly in a certain Middle West newspaper. A feature of this beauty column was a photograph of a beautiful woman garbed in graceful classic robes. That woman was Lina Cavalieri and the aids to pulchritude were hers—or supposed to be.

Perhaps those photographs I admired were taken under conditions similar to these! And little did I think that the great beauty who was then little more than a mythical person who lived in that so far away and so lively and happy and gay Paris would some day become a real live flesh and blood person to me; someone who, at work and at home, is sweet, gracious, charming and sincere.

FIXED STARS

By Harvey Peake

The debutante
Had just been presented to
The eminent astronomer.
"I've been dying to meet you," she gurgled,
"Because they say you know more about
Fixed stars than anybody;
And there are two stars
I want fixed.
They are the Fox Kiddies.
Won't you please arrange—very soon—
To have them appear in
'A Doll's House'?
They'd be just too cute
For anything!"

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 101)

Mazzie.—Your letter was bright and snappy. Gaiety clears the mind, tedium confuses it; great tension warps it; the sublime refreshes it. You have the latter. Tell me all about it. What is home without a—mother?

Grudy D.—Allan Forrest in that play. Frederick Warde was born in England in 1851. The first marriage was solemnized in America in 1609, at Jamestown, Va., when Anne Burras became Mrs. John Leyden. This was eleven years before Mary Chilton set foot on Plymouth Rock.

Mrs. L. M. G.—Thanks for the invitation. I rarely visit—my social activities are very meager.

M. M. M.—Phyllis Haver is a newcomer, and we have never chatted her. She'll get there yet. No, I said if you wanted to be robbed of your good name have it engraved on your umbrella handle. I didn't say what you said.

Leona.—Earle Williams is handsome, dark blue eyes, weight 176, 5 feet 11, and is 38.

Venos G.—There are a whole lot of fellows who would rather face the dark hole of a gun than the truth. *Nous verrons.*

Doris E.—Bear and forbear is excellent philosophy. Louis Dean was the Kaiser in "My Four Years in Germany." Earle Schenck was the Crown Prince. Robert Gordon did play in "The Beast of Berlin."

Eddie K.—You are o'erstepping the bounds of modesty when you ask me to explain what B. V. D. means. Under what head does this important subject fall? Underwear? We always leave the apostrophe out of cant, dont, wont, etc. Simplified.

Charles W.—I like you're calling me "Dear Old Man." Sure, I make coffee, bake potatoes, and I usually bake myself while I'm baking them. Montagu Love, in "The Mark of the Beast" (World), from Forrest Halsey's story.

Period.—Is this your final stop? Then all out for Berlin! Leone Morgan is with Select.

W. A. B.—Thy name is Socrates. Your letter was deucedly clever, and I wish I could print it. Haven't his address. I'll let you down easy this time, but write again.

Desperate Desmond.—Hello, Desmond! A man's mother is his ideal, his sweetheart is his dream, and his wife, alas, is often his awakening. That's why I have omitted the last. So you are still dreaming. Enid Bennett in "The Marriage Ring." Betty Shade was Kate in "A Woman's Fool." Bert Lytell and Anna Nilsson in "No Man's Land." Dustin Farnum is with Sherman. Yes, "Under the Top." H. E. Herbert was Arnold in "The Death Dance." I had to haul out my best glasses to read your billet doux. Clever, but a trifle long.

Mrs. M. M.—If you have what you want, you have as much as most. You are then the richest person on earth. Priscilla Dean played in "The Woman on the Index."

Jane Novak Admirer.—Certainly, I do my own laundry. I believe in conservation of national resources. I wash everything but my collars, and they dont need it because they are celluloid. I simply have to wipe them off with my shirtsleeves and then wash the shirt. I dont believe in high collars. They always remind me of a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum. Wanda Hawley is not married, and June Caprice is with Fox.

Gypsy Jane.—I never counted them all.

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Tom Mixes In

(*Continued from page 67*)

in for that. You may not believe it, but the best dressed cowboys come from Indian Territory and Oklahoma. Why, those fellows are regular dudes. Yet they're the best ropers in the world. I remember one time down in Oklahoma at a rodeo, there were twenty-seven of us in a roping contest and every man roped his steer in less than a minute."

"What is the record for throwing a steer?" I queried.

"Why, the world's record is 17 seconds, made at Canyon City, in 1911," he answered.

"Do you know the man?" I persisted.

Tom Mix hesitated, then ventured, "I'm he. Beat the world's record of 18 seconds by one second." Then he added, bashfully, "I also hold the record for bulldogging steers. I bulldogged six in an average of 9¼ seconds for each one, and one I bulldogged in 5 seconds flat. It's great sport. Some time when you come again, we'll have a little exhibition. Goodbye, and good luck! I'm due for another scene in three quarters of an hour so I'll have to hurry. If there's anything else you want to see or know, ask Jake here. He's general information."

I turned to peer into the sparkling eyes of a wizened, old cow-hand.

"Didn't get no news from Tom, did ye?" he snorted. "Gad, Tom's a tight-mouth. Bet he didn't tell about the time he arrested 113 men single-handed—bad eggs, too—boot-leggers and gamblers; did he? Come on, we'll get set yonder in the old 1860 stage coach and I'll tell you about that feller."

So, seated in the driver's seat of Tom Mix's choicest relic, the oldest cow-hand began:

"You know Tom was once an enforcement officer in Kansas an' they sent him seven miles out o' Independence to help keep the bad crew away from the 3,000 men who was buildin' a cement plant on Table Mountain. In them days, the bad 'uns would gather on pay day and sell booze an' get the fellers to gamble. Tom he'rd them fellers was goin' full blast in a buildin' near the plant. So he rode out there, got off'n his horse, pulled his guns, an' opened the door on that there faro layout. There was a bit of a fuss, but Tom covered the crowd and told 'em they was all arrested.

"'Boys,' he yelled, 'I'm some shooter. The first feller what tries to beat it, I'm going to plug. If you want to know wat kind o' a shot I am, start somethin'."

"Au' say, miss, them boobies jes' piled into the buggies Tom had brung for 'em, and Tom covered the whole bloomin' bunch clean into Independence. The people in the town thought it were a p'rade, for Tom had 113 men, mind ye, and the folks cheered and hollered fit to rip 'em in two. Tom never winked an eye, but kept 'em on the go till the deputy sheriffs came along and they landed the whole 113 in jail.

"Tom's a great feller. Like his little joke al' right. You know he allus had some reppytation as a good shot and mebby that's why the bad 'uns was leery of 'im. He wanted to impress 'em, so one night he took three surveyor's pegs, fetched 'em to the woods and shot a hole thru each one of 'em. Then he put 'em back on the pile right where he could find 'em next day. 'Long 'bout noon he saw some fellers gazin' onto the plains. They was bad 'uns and Tom calc'lated it was time they knew he was boss around there. He went to the wood pile and plucked up them three sticks he'd shot and put 'em up in different places for targets. Then he rode back about 200 feet, an' *then,* with his ol' horse on a wild tear, he rode for 'em, shooting' at 'em as he came full force. Of course he hit the sticks; he'd hit 'em the night before. The men examined the sticks after he'd rode away, and each thunderin' peg had a bullet hole. The story of ol' Tom's daredevil shootin' went the rounds, and that night there wasn't a bad 'un left.

Old Jake took out a corncob pipe. He lit it deliberately as he pondered over his business of story-telling.

"Ye know," he continued, eyeing me quizzically, "Tom was born in El Paso. Tom's right proud of his folks. Dad fought in the Civil War. Tom's used to horses—Dad had a ranch. Why, when he was only a little shaver, Tom could ride like a streak and do all them tricks that some folks make such a fuss over. Aint no fuss 'bout Tom. Makes him sick.

"Tom's brother was a Yale man, and won the all-'round athletic champ'onship in 1895. 'Pears like it runs in the family, eh? Dont it beat all?" the old man chuckled.

"Tom allus was right smart too. Outgrew his tutors in no time 'tall, and his folks sent him to Virginia Military Academy. He was a powe'ful big feller an' his horseback stunts won him a heap o' admirers. We'd begun to think he'd keep at his learnin', but the Spanish-American War came up in 1898 and the fust thing we knowed, he'd enlisted in the artillery. He was in the battle of Guaymas when the news reached us.

"Then they plucked 'im out of it and put 'im at scout duty under General Chaffee. Tom was wounded an' they sent 'im to Montauk Point, L. I., to get patched up. They mustered 'im out after that, but he j'ined up with the provisional army an' went to the Philippines. Jes' got there in time to be sent to China with the 9th Infantry. Y'know, the Boxer Uprising in China? Well, that's the time. He marched clean up to Pekin, Tom did. But they got 'im in that country and he had to quit fightin'.

"After he come home he went to Denver to break horses in for England. An' in 1913, he helped General Cronje put on 'The Boer War' at the St. Louis Fair. Was you to that? Great, wa'n't it?

"Then Tom got a job as deputy United States marshall rounding up outlaws in Oklahoma. Jes' got goin' good when the bloomin' state went dry, so they made him special enforcement officer. That wa'n't enough for Tom, so he got a job as special revenue officer an' also United States marshal to keep whiskey peddlers an' outlaws away from the big dams that was being built in the Tennessee Mountains. The bad 'uns hated Tom an' 'lowed they'd better get 'im, so they fixed up a scheme an' shot 'im. That did 'im up for a whole year.

"Tom got tired pretty soon of bummin' by hisself. 'Lowed he'd better mix in a little. So he joined up with some fellers who was goin' in for a little picture work. Guess that's all Tom's history up to date. Gotta get a little feed for them trick horses now."

The old man climbed down from the old stage coach.

"Yes," I thought, as I watched him amble along. "Tom has mixed in—to his own and everyone else's—advantage."

Who Cares?

(*Continued from page* 46)

most astonishingly vivid lips. It was, of course, Toodles. Joan's hand felt for her heart. She said: "Pardon me. I'm intruding. How awkward!"

Martin said something. So did Toodles. But Joan didn't hear. She was out again—out in the green and silver woods. Her blood was pounding in her temples. Her hands were twin lumps of ice clenched fiercely together. "Silly name," she found herself grumbling in her constricted throat; "oh what a *silly* name!"

The next day Joan bade her grandparents an airy farewell. "House-party," she briefly informed them; "Hosacks, y'know. At the 'Hamptons. Ta, ta, old dears, see you in church."

Joan found "the bunch" at the Hosacks. A member of the bunch was Gilbert Palgrave. "Nothing and no-one but you," he informed her. "could make me stand the Hosacks' cocktail."

"I appreciate this token of your love!" she laughed in his face.

Joan was the life of the party. Even "old man" Hosack pricked up his ears and opened his eyes as wide as the fleshy impedimenta about them would permit.

Harry Oldershaw, a "nice boy," carried her golf-bag and her rubber bathing cap and performed similar services, and Gilbert Palgrave gnawed out his secret soul in anything but a secret manner.

Joan played hard She flung her motto in the face of all who would heed. She flung it in the face of those who wouldn't.

Gilbert was growing dangerous. She had had a scene with Alice. She hadn't recognized herself in the portrait Alice's usually gentle tongue had painted. But it had stuck.

Then Harry Oldershaw told her that Martin was down at his Devon cottage. As soon as she knew this the old longing assailed her. This time there was a longing, too, to have a talk with him. She felt that a talk must clear up many things. She wheedled Harry Oldershaw into motoring her over Harry was reluctant. However, there was no gainsaying Joan, so he took her.

Joan's hopes soared. She admitted to Harry she thought—well, pretty much of Mart. This didn't make pleasant hearing to Harry Oldershaw. He felt pretty sick when they drew up to the Devon cottage and a very white and yellow person in slim, svelte attire appeared in the doorway and informed them that she was Mrs. Grey, and that Mr. Grey was not at home. He heard Joan mutter "Who cares?" and he didn't like the sound of it.

That evening Harry Oldershaw was further harrowed up. He overheard Joan tell Gilbert Palgrave that she would drive out for dinner with him. Harry thought that a poor combination. What might they not do? Two young fools. Two sorry fools who thought their hearts were broken.

He got out his trusty roadster that had convoyed Joan to Devon and back only that afternoon, and set out to unravel again the moon-powdered ribbon of road. He found Martin at home and told him what he thought of what was happening.

Joan paid little heed to where Palgrave was taking her. She felt it didn't matter—now. When she saw that it was his cottage she shrugged.

Once inside Gilbert wasted no time. "Joan," he said, "the game's up—or it's just begun. I know I'm thru—as it is. I love you. Consumingly. You are my Great Emotion. You, with your child's face and your woman's eyes and your heart . . . your untouched heart . . ."

"Gilbert," interrupted Joan, beginning to be just a trifle afraid of the fanatical fire growing by leaps and bounds in the man's eyes, "Gilbert, you are wrong . . . not . . . untouched . . ."

Palgrave didn't hear. He didn't stop. "But all this makes no difference to me," he was saying, "your youth, your fineness, nothing. Perhaps if you hadn't played with me . . . hadn't fanned the flame . . . who knows? I dont. I'm past . . . long past . . . knowing. Now I, who was once a man, even a gentleman, have become a brute . . . a beast, if you will . . . a carnivorous, hungry, stalking brute. I want you. I *want* you. If I cannot have you," he drew a pistol from his pocket and placed it quiveringly against her soft heart, "well, I will," he rasped, "tho you and I—are dead——"

Joan just looked at him. Then her lips smiled. And they were not angry. They were not childlike. They were sad, very sad, and wise, very, very wise, and mother-wise, and tender. "I know, Gil," she said, "I—know. I . . . but what is there for me to say, Gilbert? I dont love you. I cant give myself to you. Not because I'm a kid now. Not that. Because I'm a woman—all at once. Because I love Martin Grey. I love him, only him. Oh, Gilbert, forgive me, I was a fool—a fool. Not a child, a fool."

Someone took Gilbert's pressing, clutching fingers from her limp shoulders. Someone else drew Gilbert, incoherently resisting, out of the room Then someone drew *her* out, too, out into the moonlight. It was Martin.

"I heard Joan," he whispered, "is it—is it—true?"

Joan tried to speak, but the old words, the gay words would not come. Too many things stood between. Martin was speaking again: "She—Toodles—" he was saying, "just a little waif, a stray, a poor little unfortunate. I—she has been nothing to me, Joan, nothing but someone I have been able to help. I have fed her—but I—have been starving . . ."

Joan essayed another attempt at speech. "Such a—such a—fool—Mart," she achieved.

Martin felt that hysteria, even nervous collapse, was imminent. He tried to laugh for her, who had been ever so ready with laughter. "Who cares? he quibbled, and drew her very near.

Joan broke—pitifully. She gave deep sobs and pressed against his heart, clung to him, kist him. "Who cares?" she sobbed, who does? Why . . . *I* . . . *I* do . . . I . . . oh, Mart . . .!"

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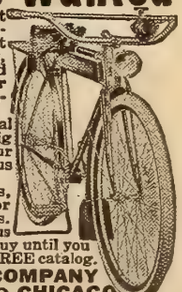

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The Silver King

(*Continued from page* 61)

seemed to keep *remembering,* be like *home.* Cissy didn't profess to understand. And, being something of an uncomplex little soul, she gave the matter up and walked along quite satisfactorily, and oddly comforted, with her hand in the warm, reassuring one of the stranger-man's.

He asked her a *lot* of questions. But he asked them so kindly, so tenderly, so considerately, that Cissy, who had her own notions of pride and reticence, answered them all without compunction, even to matters of her mother's appearance and apparel. "No, they aren't primroses," she told him, thoughtfully, in response to a peculiarly eager query, "not primroses at all, I dont think, sir. Lilies, tho, you might call them *lilies,* you know." And she thought him odder still when he gave a little sort of a groan and wiped his eyes with a big and immaculate handkerchief.

She also told him all about the Grange, and how she had used to live there, and about the new owner, who said "Shut up!" to her so horridly. This was an utmost confidence, because that crude "Shut up!" had wounded Cissy's sensibilities very keenly, and she didn't like to talk about it.

When they parted they were pals, and the stranger-man told her that doubtless she *did* remember his eyes, and that he was going to see her again very, *very* soon, and that the primroses would come back in Motherdy's cheeks long before they faded along the narrow lane.

He also pressed a thickish wad of bills into her all unaccustomed little palm, because she said that one of the worst troubles was that Motherdy didn't have enough to pay Mr. Coombs, who came for the rent, and he wasn't a bit nice about it, and didn't seem to understand that it wasn't Motherdy's fault, and how could she help it? Also, that brother had bronchitis, and doctors weren't so expensive, being kind, but medicines, 'specially for bronchitis, *were.* She didn't know just what to do about the wad of bills, but the stranger-man, whom she felt in her child's heart, *knew,* said it was quite all right; in fact, *her* right, and she was far from associating it with the rent and the medicines for bronchitis.

After she had gone with fleet footsteps, Denver turned back. He had begun to get the lay of the land. He had known of Coombs, of the Spider, before. He had known no good of them. Craft, underhand dealings, conspiracies murky as the pasts from which they sprang. Somehow or other, all this fastened itself to that night over the bleeding body of Geoffrey Ware—the sudden switching on of the lights—the prior darkness. He felt that he had hold of an elusive bit of thread which, unravelled and followed to its finish, would lead straight back again to Wilfred Denver, county squire, English gentleman. "I'm not done yet," he muttered to himself; "there is still time—for many things. Down there, in the veins and entrails of the earth, I learnt the sturdy strength I didn't have before. This time, please God, I win."

Wilfred Denver didn't make himself known to his family with the swiftness, the immediateness his heart ached for. He felt that the radiance would be dimmed unless he could come to them free of the blot of blood with which, and for which he had gone away. Then, too, he felt that he had something to go on—the Master of the Grange; Coombs, who collected poor Nellie's rent; Corkett, who had worked for Geoffrey Ware with a bad grace and a surly gratitude. The Master of the Grange had become master amazingly soon after the mysterious death of Geoffrey Ware. Coombs was collecting rents where he had, briefly ago, been evading his own profession. Corkett was to be seen in the pub at any time buying drinks for himself and his roystering familiars. An air of prosperity sat, like a suspicious and ill-fitting coat, upon their shoulders.

Wilfred Denver has learnt perspicuity, too, over there where men fought with the earth for the sheer right to dominate it. The veil of soft living had been torn from his eyes. He had grappled with facts in the raw, and men in the raw. He was not to be deluded.

He knew that as John Franklin, the spectacular Silver King, he would be too lavishly feted to play the cunning sleuth for the murderer he himself was supposed to be. As Wilfred Denver the law would step righteously forth. He hid in a vaguely respectable hostelry and endeavored to be neither.

Law is keen—so is affection. Denver had not inhabited the hostelry a week before he recognized Baxter, of Scotland Yard, hovering with a fond persistency, in his vicinity. He noted, too, not without satisfaction, that the master of the Grange likewise seemed to merit some of the astute Baxter's scrutiny. Baxter was obviously adrift. He remembered the humble member of the hostelry and he did not remember him. No doubt upon the lens of his brain was impressed images of Wilfred Denver, of John Franklin, whose fame had crossed and then recrossed the seas, of the modest comer and goer at the vague hostelry. Which, if any? If not, then whom? Detached queries to which there seemed (to Baxter) to be no answer. He dared not accuse this white-haired, stern man of being young 'Squire Denver, suspect in the Ware case. He dared not accuse this shabby stranger of being the Arabian Nights trillionaire. He walked about in circles, and met himself coming and going.

The master of the Grange was almost equally baffling. Baxter could have sworn he had arraigned the gentleman upon divers unsavory charges. He could have sworn that he was a human rat, who had fed upon the offal. Then how——? Things like this dont *happen.* Baxter began to ponder the fact that much crime might have at last unhinged the delicate, deliberate mechanism of his brain.

Affection is keen—and it is still more veracious and unerring than the law. Meeting the Silver King in the narrow lane one evening, old Jaikes fell upon him and never doubted. "Master," he cried, brokenly, "Master, my dear, you've come back. We're in sore need, sir!"

Denver pulled the old servitor into a clump of bushes and swore him to secrecy, and told him the Arabian Nights tale of the Silver King. "I'm going to get free of the slime, Jaikes," he said, "then I'm coming back and make your mistress again the Lovely Lady of the Grange."

And when he left the old man he did not remove from his hands the venerable tears that wetted them.

From that day forth Baxter, of Scotland Yard, was outrivalled in persistence and ferret cunning only by Wilfred Denver. When he was not tracking Coombs he was tracking the higher pathways of the Master of the Grange; when he was not following them he was slunk into a pub listening to the fetid yarns of Corkett. Noisome things were pulled to light. Lives like filthy rags were aired in reach of his offended nostrils. Geoffrey Ware alone was left to lie in his uncleared blood.

It was in a small lane that Denver came at last upon that which was more priceless to him than all the bursting veins of the Silver City. The master of the Grange had stooped to speak with Corkett. "Will you *never* let be?" he was snarling, "never give me any peace until I kill you?"

Evidently he had said the most combustible thing. Corkett's hardening arteries rose in his neck. His bloodshot eyes inflamed. "Never!" he yelled, "until you kill me as you killed Geoffrey Ware!"

Skinner gurgled inarticulately in his thick throat. He might have done more, but the Silver King was upon him, and the hands that had compelled the earth and rock to give up their hidden treasure compelled this loathsome masquerader to give up his secret.

"You've got to write that down," he said, when Skinner had finished.

"Not necessary," said a cool voice, and Baxter, of Scotland Yard, rose up from behind the privet. "I've heard—and I've transcribed," he smiled, and he showed his authoritative badge.

It didn't gain much notoriety in the press, save for the connection with it of the Silver King, who was likewise Wilfred Denver, county 'squire. It was a murky, smutty tale of Corkett, who had robbed his master and had drunkenly confessed to Skinner and to Coombs. Their promise to keep the secret only on Corkett's promise to admit them to the Ware safes. Geoffrey Ware coming in upon them in the midst of their thieving, Skinner's deadly shot, lights out, lights *on,* and Wilfred Denver standing over a body. It was quite simple, quite uncomplex. It was tragical to no one save the man whose head had whitened delving for silver that he might make impervious his heart—and to the woman who had waited till the roses in her cheeks whitened to lilies and the dreams in her eyes gave place to white despairs.

Nellie came to meet him in the daffodil gown, and a brave, soft effort of the old, dear song, and footsteps that, if they were not light and fleet, were very glad and steady.

Cissy, being uncomplex, just snuggled. "I *knew,*" she confided, rosily, "that Daddies were like this. I *knew.*"

MY QUEEN

By Arthur L. Kaser

I thought I'd lost you, Movie Queen,
When to my country's call
I answered as a true man should,
Content to give my all.

But in a rough-hewed shack I find
You smiling out to me,
A blessing to the boys in camp,
Both here and o'er the sea.

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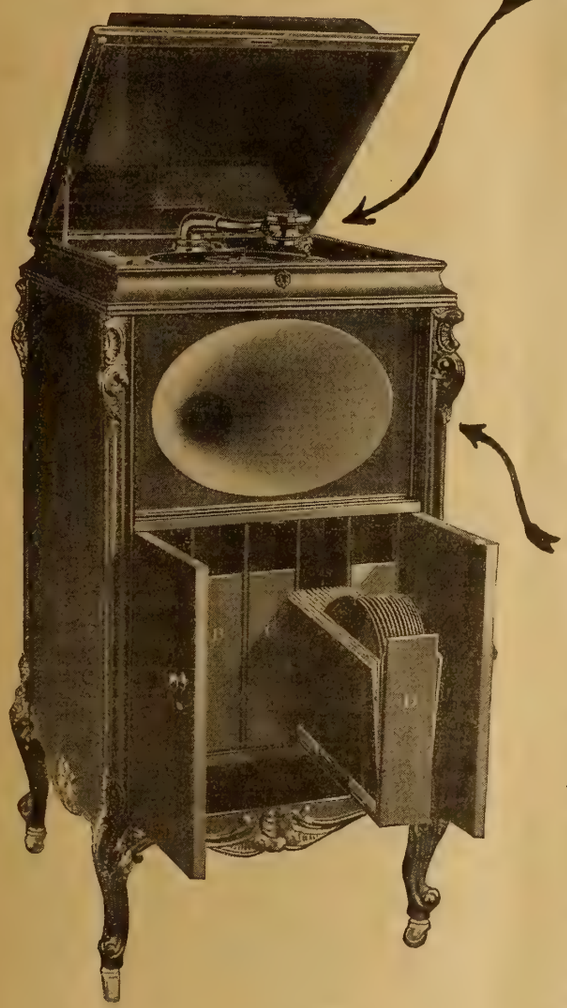

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The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes the Ultona, a new conception in playing. The Ultona consists of an arrangement of the several necessary reproducing diaphragms upon one tone arm. This is an all-in-one arrangement, with no attachments—nothing to take off or put on.

At a turn of the hand, the Ultona is adapted to play any type of record. The proper diaphragm is presented, the exact weight, the precise needle. Thus the requirements of each type of record are met.

So each record, whatever make, is played exactly as it should be. The Ultona demands no sacrifice in tone, as attachments often do.

The Brunswick owner can choose records without regard to make. Every singer, every band, every musician, every selection may now be played at its best on the one phonograph.

Reason No. 2

Equal in importance to reproduction is tone amplification. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction also includes a new idea in acoustics—The Brunswick Amplifier.

Old-time ideas were at variance. Some makers still cling to metal construction. Others use a combination of wood and metal—a wooden horn and a metal casting as the "throat." But the Brunswick Amplifier is oval in shape, and built entirely of wood, like a fine violin. It is molded of rare holly-wood.

Sound waves require uniform amplification to reach their fullness. You will note that The Brunswick tone is richer and more natural. Strident, metallic notes are absent.

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Watch Your Nerves

by

PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful rôle your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves," in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64 page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 67, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
(Trade-mark Registered)

Vol. XVII MARCH, 1919 No. 2

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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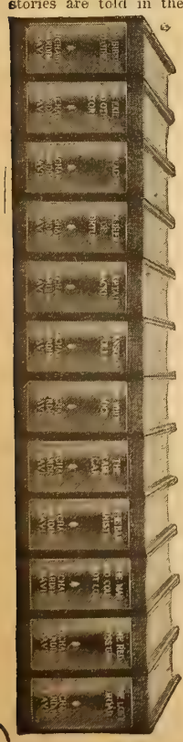

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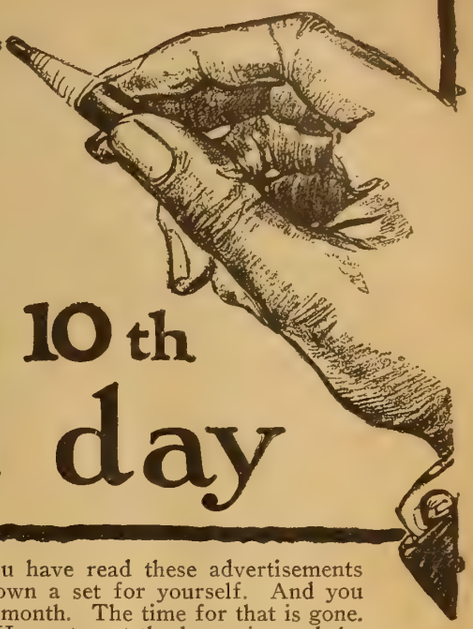

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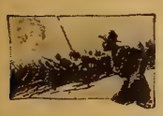

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The March Classic will have a delightful little chat with Marie Doro, an interview which will reveal the charm and surprising mental development of the beautiful star.

PAULINE CURLEY

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HARRY MOREY

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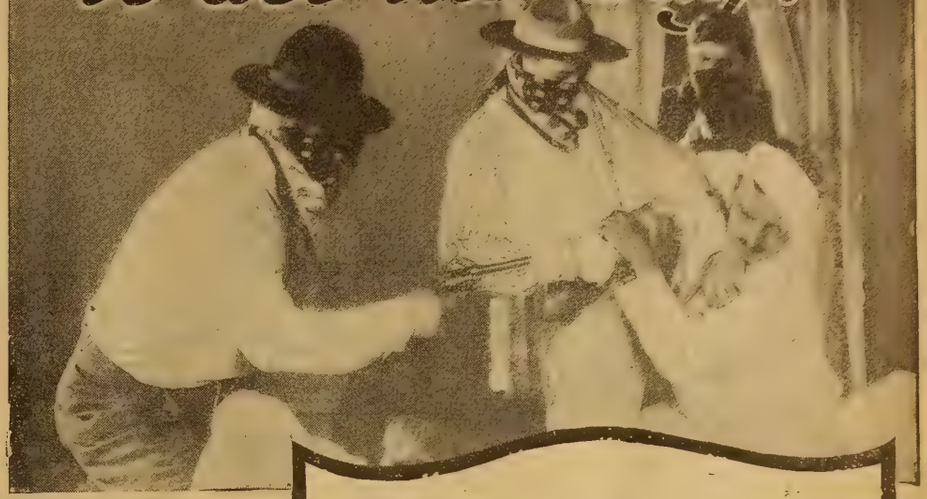

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When Harold Lockwood succumbed to pneumonia in the very prime of his youth and career every picture lover felt a personal loss. As an appreciation of Harold Lockwood and his splendid life work and also as an extra feature of special value to our readers, the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will contain three beautiful rotogravure pages of scenes from practically every picture Mr. Lockwood ever played in with May Allison. These pictures are more than photographs, they are history, and never again will you have the opportunity of obtaining them.

A SPECIAL ADDED FEATURE

of the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be an article on the part that Motion Pictures will take in the reconstruction work in Europe. This article is written by one of the best known authorities on film activities, and every one who has the slightest interest in pictures should read it carefully. Here are items you dont know but should know about an industry that is proving daily more necessary to world progress.

We also wish to call our readers' attention to the fact that we are making a specialty of interviews with the cinema stars. All of the interviews printed in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are written by our staff of interviewers who personally meet and know the actors they write of. With keen insight, they present an authentic character sketch or personality story of your favorite player, so that after reading you can feel you know the players. Feature interviews in next month's MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be held with

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JUNE ELVIDGE

Cupid has been invading the studios very steadily of late. The newest bride is June Elvidge, and the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will not only tell you about her and her new husband, but the story will be finely illustrated with photographs of them both in their new home.

GAIL KANE

Gail Kane has had an adventurous picture career. Gladys Hall not only tells an interesting story about Miss Kane, but has caught her colorful personality in an interview that makes you feel you too were having tea with the beautiful Gail.

AND

Dont forget these are only samples of the pleasures in store for you in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, dated April, on sale at all newsstands the first of March. There will also be absorbing fiction, finely written and illustrated; the latest results in the wonderful Fame and Fortune Contest which is now running at top speed, and the fourth instalment of "The Crimson Iris," the fascinating serial detective story for whose solution we are offering $300 in cash prizes.

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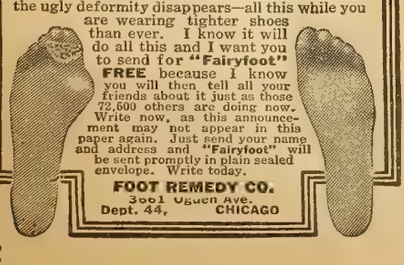

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By a woman who typifies millions

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

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Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

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Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

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A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

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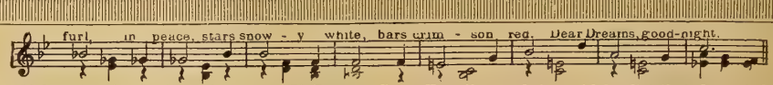

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful, while H. B. Warner contributes a deft comedy characterization. Prismatic farce.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story—Effie Shannon and Shelley Hull, who are both fine.

48th St.—"The Big Chance." Another drama in which the heroine and her sweetheart meet in the last act in the trench somewhere in France. Mary Nash stars, but Willard Mack deserves to. Intensely interesting thruout and beautifully done.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

Morosco.—"Remnant." According to Hoyle, and some of the learned (?) critics this play will never, never do. Fortunately the public and the critics dont often agree. It may not be perfect in construction, and it may lack atmosphere, and maybe Florence Nash's mannerisms are not true to type, (she is wonderful, nevertheless), but this play will charm and delight.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tyltyl.

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By the Author of Old Frank, The Story of Jack, Sandy's Golf Dog, and Other Stories.

(*Name and Address on Request*)

Nearly everyone, I think, would like to write for publication.

We all know that it is the freest and finest kind of work in the world. You do it at odd times and hours—when or where you will.

Your time is your own, and the remuneration is big. Also, the prestige that some authors enjoy is most enviable.

It is strange, then, that such a comparatively few of those who would and could write—**do** write.

Some few, probably, never could learn. By far the majority simply lack two things: Confidence and Training.

It is surprising how many people have shown me things that they have written—things that have never been seen by anyone but themselves; and written by people whom one might never know had ever made effort to record their thoughts and impressions on paper.

These persons would one and all dearly love to see their brain-children given record in print. But they lack proper knowledge of how to go about it. You market manuscripts based on the same principles as make possible the marketing of any commodity of merit.

Of course you can't **just write.** You must know what to write and how to write it. You must serve an apprenticeship—just as does any other artist.

Every one of the old French Masters of the Short-Story did this! Not one of them **just wrote.**

TRAINING IS VITAL

Training is absolutely necessary for anyone who would write successfully. Styles change in stories as much as in shoes or hats. And that's just one of the things you must know.

You must **develop yourself.**

You may have heard "Writers are born and not made." Bosh! Of course, you've got to be born first. But after you're born you've got to be **made.**

Every writer has to be made. And that brings up the question of **HOW.**

For my part, I believe the best plan is to follow a prescribed course of instruction augmented by the constant, consistent and constructive suggestions of a competent critic.

I have personally made it a point to investigate several such courses and methods of criticism.

Two of them I unqualifiedly recommend. More than that—I **urge** all who would write to subscribe for one or the other.

One of these is the Hoosier Institute of Fort Wayne, Ind. If you'll take my advice, you'll use this coupon of theirs right now.

Use This Non-Obligatory Coupon—

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You may send me your free booklet "How To Write," and tell me about your proposition of instruction in Short-Story, Photoplay and General Magazine writing.

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Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

How far did you go in school?.....

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Above you see the photographs of the eyes of six of the many famous motion picture beauties who endorse and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and whose names are listed below in the coupon. These pictures were taken from portraits used in our advertising during the past year. Your problem is to identify the actress by her eyes. First, note the number opposite each photograph. Then, when you have decided upon your guess as to the actress, write the number opposite the proper name in the coupon and forward the coupon to us. If you guess correctly the names of three of the six actresses we will forward to you, without charge, our charming Guest Room Package.

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I have marked my guesses by number in this list of Ingram stars of 1918. If I am correct in three of the six guesses please send me the Guest Room Package FREE.

_____ **May Allison**
_____ **Ethel Clayton**
_____ **Marguerite Clayton**
_____ **Alice Brady**
_____ **Olive Thomas**
_____ **Hazel Daly**
_____ **Constance Talmadge**
_____ **Corinne Griffith**
_____ **Louise Lovely**
_____ **Doris Kenyon**
_____ **Juanita Hansen**
_____ **Mabel Normand**
_____ **Norma Talmadge**
_____ **Ruth Roland**
_____ **Nance O'Neil**
_____ **Virginia Valli**
_____ **Mollie King**
_____ **Shirley Mason**
_____ **Louise Huff**

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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MARCH, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Ann Little says there was nothing spectacular about her entry into pictures. A manager saw her, thought her a perfect Indian type and offered her a position—which she accepted. For two years Ann played Indian rôles with the original Ince group. Then she decided she could play other things—and is now Wallace Reid's ultimate goal in his Paramount pictures. Ann loves dogs, horses—and K. C. B.!

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The most unusual interview ever written with Marguerite Clark in the next issue.

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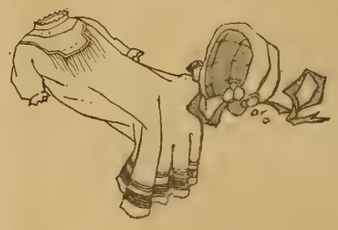
"The Crimson Iris," our great contest serial.

His fragile dresses-his delicate woolens -how to keep them sweet and fresh



How to wash his woolens

TO wash his flannels, blankets and afghans like new, use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a bowlful of water. Dissolve in boiling or ***very hot*** water, whisk into a thick lather and add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Put the woolens in, work them up and down, and squeeze the suds through the garments. ***Do not rub.*** Rinse three times in water the same temperature as the water in which you washed the garments. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing water, but do not beat into a lather. This leaves the woolens softer and fluffier. Squeeze the water out. ***Do not twist.*** Dry in a moderate temperature. Press with a warm iron.

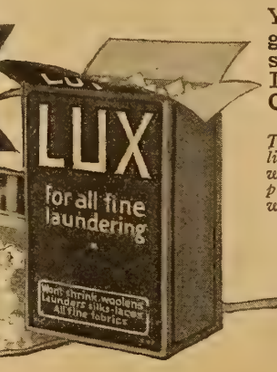
To launder his fine dresses

FOR his fine white garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of Lux in a gallon of boiling or ***very hot*** water, and whisk into a thick lather. Put the clothes in and squeeze the suds through them thoroughly—***do not rub.*** Rinse three times in clear, hot water, and dry in the sun. Dampen, then press with a hot iron.

His delicately-tinted silks

For his tiny silk things, make the Lux lather with boiling or ***very hot*** water and add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. ***Do not rub.*** Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze out—do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron.

LUX



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There is no product like Lux—and it won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure

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BESSIE BARRISCALE

Bessie launched her professional career at the mature age of five. At fifteen she was playing leads and finally became a star. It was Cecil de Mille who persuaded Miss Barriscale to enter pictures, playing the title rôle in "The Rose of the Rancho." The screen has held her ever since.

© Evans

DOROTHY DALTON

Dorothy, born in Chicago, was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart there. She longed for the stage, despite parental objections, and finally persuaded her family to send her to the American Conservatory of Dramatic Arts. Her début was made in Chicago stock and she went to the films after a vaudeville engagement over the Orpheum circuit.

JANE NOVAK

Jane was born in St. Louis in 1896 and she was on the legitimate stage in such contrasting plays as "Polly of the Circus" and "The Girl from Rector's" before she tried the silent drama with Kalem. This was upon the suggestion of Ann Schafer. Afterwards she was a year with Vitagraph, then joining the Universal fold. Recently she has been coming into prominence with Paramount.

© Evans

JACK MULHALL

Jack is a New York boy and altogether has been in pictures for nearly six years. He started at that famous movie university, the old Biograph. That was after considerable stage experience. After three and a half years with Biograph, Jack went to Universal. He has been rapidly coming to the front of late.

CONSTANCE BINNEY

Constance has hardly been in the pictures for six months and she's already well known. First came her success in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life," in which she played with her sister, Faire. That was after a dancing hit in a Broadway musical comedy.

© Evans

CHARLES RAY

Charlie saw the light of day in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1891. He drifted to the stage and, after a strenuous and adventurous experience, landed in films with Thomas Ince. His first appearance was in "The Favorite Son," but "The Coward" brought him his first fame. Since that Ray has been steadily growing in favor.

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Texarkana, Texas, is the birthplace of the pretty Corinne. She spent her girlhood in picturesque old New Orleans, and it was at a carnival there that she attracted the attention of a Vitagraph director. Her movie career has been linked with Vitagraph ever since.

© Evans

ENID BENNETT

Enid hails from Australia—York, to be exact. She went on the stage down there largely thru the assistance of the American star, Katherine Grey. Finally she came to the States to appear behind the footlights. Then along came the movies, and Miss Bennett became an Ince star. Now Miss Bennett is the wife of Fred Niblo, in whose company she once played in the Antipodes.

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to January 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride"
Enid Bennett in "Fuss and Feathers"
Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife"
Lina Cavalieri in "A Woman of Impulse"
Marguerite Clark in "Little Miss Hoover"
Ethel Clayton in "The Mystery Girl"
Dorothy Dalton in "Quicksand"
Pauline Frederick in "Out of the Shadow"
Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest"
Lila Lee in "The Secret Garden"
Vivian Martin in "Jane Goes a-Wooing"
John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex in "Good By Bill"
Charles Ray in "The Dub"
Wallace Reid in "Too Many Millions"
Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
Private Harold Peat in "Private Peat"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"
"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book) a Wm. A. Brady Production
"The False Faces," A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. De Mille's Production "Don't Change Your Husband"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Romance of Happy Valley"
William S. Hart in "Branding Broadway"
Supervision of Thos. H. Ince
Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone in "Under the Top"

Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Camping Out"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "Cupid's Day Off," "Never too Old"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Impropaganda"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in Paramount-Drew Comedies
Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

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TIME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever *lived* around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like *then*. Seen the Old Town *lately?*

Or any other of ten thousand and more like it throughout America—any day or night in the week?

No, the "P. O." is no more the hub of all rural life. The 7:20 mail is no longer the big excitement out where they still breathe fresh air and own broad acres. Much more going on than the "Annual County Fair" or the good old Church Social.

In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

Just as fine, because just the same pictures!

The famous productions distributed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

The pictures identified everywhere by the two names: *Paramount* and *Artcraft.*

And those better motion pictures just naturally brought with them:

—Handsome Modern Theatres All Over the Country.

—Bigger Business for Local Merchants.

—Broader, Happier Life to Every Man, Woman and Child.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures — and the theatres that show them

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FOREMOST STARS SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES

A skin you love to touch

Painting by CHARLES CHAMBERS

You, too, can have the charm of *"A skin you love to touch"*

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THE CHARM of a skin that's soft, clear, radiant. Everyone admires it. Every girl longs for it. To have your skin as lovely as it ought to be—soft, clear, colorful—all you need to do is to give it the proper care for its needs.

No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to improve it. New skin is forming every day as old skin dies. If you give this new skin the right care *every day,* you can keep it fresh and radiant. Such things as blackheads, blemishes and unsightly spots, you can, with the proper treatment, correct.

Begin today to give your skin the right treatment for its particular needs. You will find the famous treatments for all the commoner skin troubles in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

You will find that a cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use. It sells for 25c at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

This beautiful picture for framing
Send for your copy today!

Picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments and a sample of Facial Powder for 15c

This picture is Charles Chambers' interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been reproduced from the original oil painting, in full colors and on fine quality paper, expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Size, 15x19 inches.

For 15c we will send you one of these beautiful reproductions with a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—also the booklet of treatments—"A Skin You Love to Touch," and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Thousands will want this picture. Send for your copy at once.

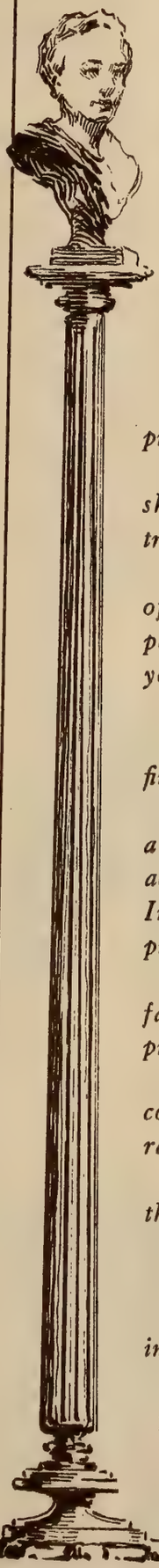
Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 1303 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1303 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1919

Reputations in Trust



THIS is addressed to YOU, who have become famous thru pictures.

You have acquired fame, which is one half creation and one half appreciation.

Do you realize that this fame is a holding in trust for the public?

the glory of romance attached to your

to you and the shekels into your

precious thing which you are

Are you forgetting that it is

shadow selves that draws the people

treasury?

Are you living up to the beautiful

of you? Are you proud of the fact that

pedestal, at which they worship? Are you

you?

mind statue that the public has

the people have put you on a

living up to their faith in

Are you keeping their trust?

Or—are you allowing your name, which

stands for all that is

fine, to be dragged into the mire of sensationalism

thru the press?

Everyone has a right to live his private life.

Each one of you has

a right to individualism; but has the public person, be

he actor or

actress, statesman or financier, the right to call down

upon any one

Industry, chatter or gossip, that detracts from the halo

with which a

public, warmly appreciative of their art, has endowed

them?

Is it not better so to live that your place on the pedestal

of public

favor is permanent, than to allow the sordid trivialities of

sensational

private affairs to leak into the papers?

Let there be in the Industry less newspaper scareheads of

broken

contracts, suits for unsettled bills, divorce court proceedings and remarriages.

You, with your famous name, stand for all that is good, to the little girl around the corner.

Let your fame remain a bright and beautiful image to her.

That is your trust.

Solve your salvation behind the walls of your home, not in the ink of the extra.

The Motion Picture Industry is a worthy art which has repaid its participants well. Without popular approval it cannot live.

Dont kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

Nothing is more unforgivable than a fallen idol.

Brains, Brown Eyes

Each Played a Part in the Margery

By HELEN

Margery Wilson's first "job" was playing the piano in a cheap little picture house

THERE is no controverting the fact that brown eyes, large and lustrous and liquid, are an asset for any woman, but when in addition she has talent and brains, perseverance and pluck, it isn't to be wondered at if she beats old man Hard Luck at his game and earns success well merited in a comparatively short time.

That's what has happened to Margery Wilson, who has just finished playing with Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East" and who was a star in her own right with Triangle when that organization was at the zenith of its existence.

Margery Wilson was born in Kentucky, of an old Southern family whose fortunes never recuperated after the war. A family tree, portraits and old silver are splendid heritages — but hardly negotiable in this materialistic age. When she and her sister were quite small, the brave and patient mother lost the last remnant of her none too ample fortune and was forced to accept a position as teacher in a nearby seminary. Here both the girls gained an education.

When Margery was fourteen her mother's health failed, and it was necessary to take her to Cincinnati for treatment. This drained the small savings, and the two girls were brought face to face with the problem of earning their own and their mother's subsistence. They were too young to teach, or take in sewing, or keep boarders, which, in their part of the country, was considered the only genteel means of livelihood which a Southern gentlewoman might employ. And then young Margery threw down the gauntlet, defied family tradition and announced that she was going out to get a regular job.

In one of her sister's dresses, a veil over her hat which concealed her bobbed hair, she managed to get her foot on the first rung of the ladder. The first "job" was humble enough in all conscience—playing the piano in a cheap little picture house, which at that time was vastly different from a similar occupation today. For many weary

and Buttons

Good Fortune of Wilson

NORTON

weeks, despite protests of a tearful mother and a bewildered sister, she thumped the piano in that ill-ventilated little theater, going home at night numb with exhaustion. But never for a moment did she consider giving up.

Then she managed to wedge her way, as she expresses it, into a stock company, playing child parts. This was invaluable training for the young girl, and at sixteen she was playing ingénue leads and doing very nicely.

Three years ago Miss Wilson came from Seattle to Los Angeles.

"I had three dollars and a half in my purse, which represented my sole means," she declared. "Also I was suffering from *mal de mer* to such an extent that I didn't care whether I had anything or not. But the bracing air and sunshine of Los Angeles put me on my feet and put dollars in my pocketbook as well. Today I own my own home at Wilshire and Western avenues, and I may say, honestly, that I have done well financially and in other ways. What did it? Well, I suppose determination, for one thing, perhaps some natural adaptability to the screen.

"My stock training in Seattle gave me valuable experience. But in pictures I reached a fairy-like position of prosperity."

Miss Wilson smiled reminiscently:

"You may recall that I played the part of 'Brown Eyes' in 'Intolerance.' That was really odd, because I had originally been cast for another part in Mr. Griffith's wonderful spectacle — that of the first suffraget. You know what that means?" Her brown eyes twinkled: "I was to be a slave in the market-place who was a conscientious objector. But alas, Mr. Griffith cut out the whole series and the poor slave never got a chance to object.

"I always consider Frank E. Woods a sort of godfather — whenever I have any difficulty I rush to him for advice. You see, he was the one who gave me my very first real job in pictures, in the Triangle days. I remember a funny thing that occurred the first time I met him.

"I had set the buttons on my shoes over to make a trimmer appearance," she continued. "In the middle of our talk, when I was doing my best to make

(*Continued on page* 105)

Margery Wilson says pictures gave her a fairy-like position of prosperity

The Hungry Hart

WHEN I titled this "The Hungry Hart," I meant "The Hungry Heart," or, to be even more explicit, "The Hungry Heart of Hart."

There are men in this world who love often and briefly; there are those who despise everything feminine; there are men who say they love at twenty-two, only to admit at the expiration of a few years of conjugal bliss that "There aint no such thing as love." And then there *are* men who cherish in their heart of hearts the vision of an ideal woman who will love them for themselves alone, not what they have; who will be their helpmate, waiting at the home threshold each evening to smooth away the cares of a hard business day; a woman whose love will not be an evanescent thing, but the devotion of a lifetime of delights or despairs whichever fate metes out, whose creed is that of Ruth, who said, "Whither thou goest, I go," be it to hovel or castle.

Bill Hart belongs to the latter class.

He doesn't quite realize all this and, if he did, I doubt whether he would admit it.

But when he is before one, his tall, straight, spare figure garbed in correct English tweeds, and speaks in his soft, low drawl, one instinctively feels that here is a business man, a financier, who is perhaps, a trifle tired of the struggle to outdo the bulls and bears.

And, if the time ever comes that he can leave the treadmill of his affairs, he will, as he says, "clamber up into the mountains and sleep in a tent under God's sky, to be alone and rest, to hear the coyotes yell and to have privacy beneath the stars."

As he slowly paints the word picture one imagines the finishing touches. There should be a girl, a girl that is old-fashioned and feminine, to soothe his tired head in the cradle of her arms, a woman who doesn't even know "Bill Hart," whose fame stretches all over the world, but whose

Bill Hart is a priest with a punch, a poet with a pistol, a business man with a conscience

by HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

kingdom exists in being this man's wife because he is her mate.

I am romancing!

But then, Bill Hart is romantic!

Probably little of this will ever come to pass. Bill Hart may never find his ideal, but until he does, in spite of his popularity, his enormous income, his success and his fame, there can be no more correct title for the personality story of the real William S. than "The Hungry Hart."

William S. Hart is:

A tremendous idealist;
Strong;
Straight;
Homely;
Gentle;
Kindly;
True.

He reminds one more of a Disciple masquerading in twentieth century business clothes than an actor who has made a success as a portrayer of Western types. There are about him some of the qualities of Richard Cœur de Lion, who fought and died for a religious principle, something of the sternness of the Puritans, of the stoicism of the Indians, and the gentleness of a mother.

Bill Hart is not a prude.

He dances and goes to cabarets and enjoys parties. There is about him a certain Don Juanism.

He is a priest with a punch, a poet with a pistol, a business man with a conscience.

Off the screen William S. Hart reminds one more of a Disciple masquerading in twentieth century business clothes than an actor who has made a success as a portrayer of Western types

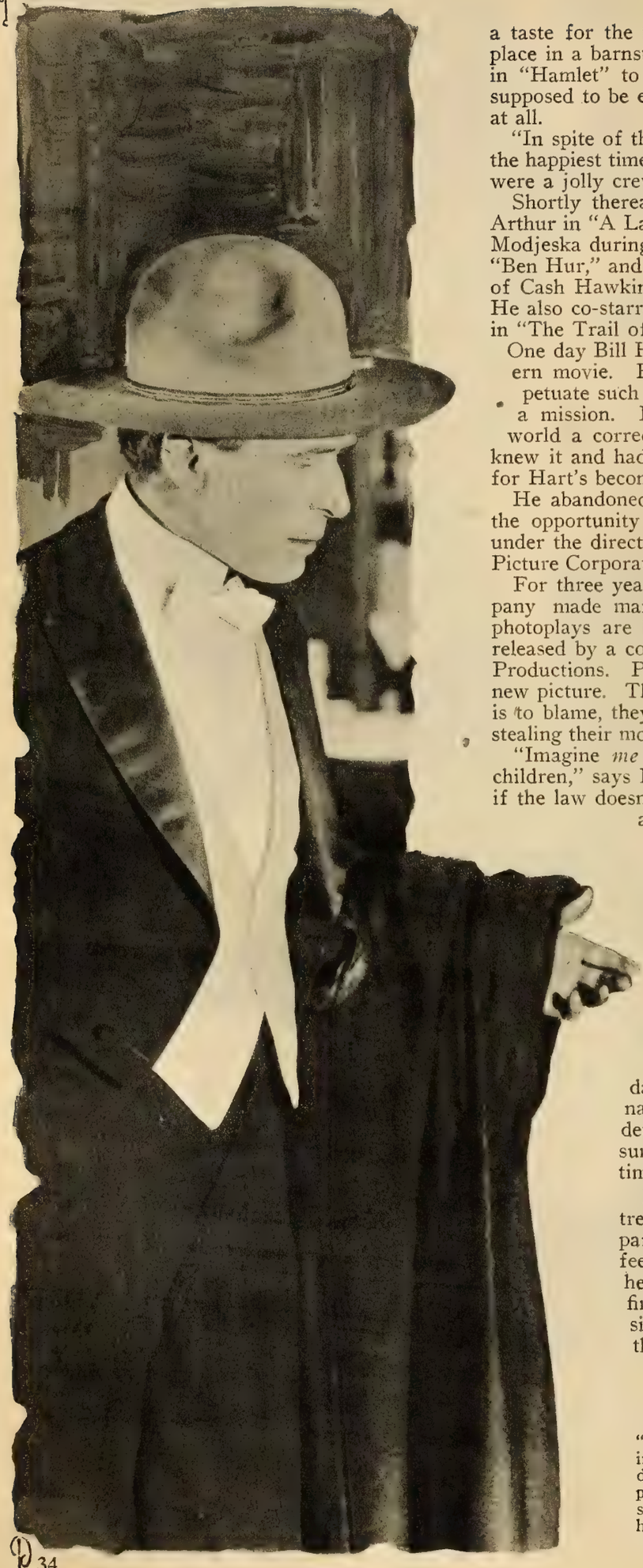
An actor? Histrionically, yes; in disposition, no.

He was born in the East—Newburgh, New York, to be exact—of English parents. His grandfather was one of the best extemporaneous speakers England ever had, which, perhaps, accounts for Hart's easy aptitude for the stage.

But before he had even thought of a career—in fact, when he was still a baby—his mother and father took him to North Dakota. There he grew up among the Sioux Indians. He lived the life of a Westerner in the days when the straightest shot was right and there was no other law.

When Hart was about fifteen he left the plains for New York in order to prepare for West Point. Entry was denied him in the end, however, on the grounds that his father was an Englishman and not naturalized. Meanwhile, New York had done one thing for the boy. It had given him

PAG



a taste for the theater, and at the age of eighteen he obtained a place in a barnstorming company, playing anything from the ghost in "Hamlet" to Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet." His salary was supposed to be eight dollars a week, but most of the time it wasn't at all.

"In spite of that fact," says Hart, "I dont know but what it was the happiest time of my life. We sure did have one good time. We were a jolly crew."

Shortly thereafter he scored a success on the stage with Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality." He was leading man for Madame Modjeska during her farewell tour, played the heavy in the original "Ben Hur," and created a veritable furore on Broadway in the part of Cash Hawkins with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man." He also co-starred in "The Barrier," played with Charlotte Walker in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and in "The Virginian."

One day Bill Hart went to see a movie. It was a so-called Western movie. He came out plumb mad that any one could perpetuate such a lie. From that moment he became an actor with a mission. He *must* produce pictures which would give the world a correct impression of the West as it really was, as he knew it and had lived it. That is the hitherto unpublished reason for Hart's becoming a screenite.

He abandoned a stage career, brilliant to say the least, to seize the opportunity of showing the world the real West in pictures under the direction of Thomas H. Ince for the New York Motion Picture Corporation. Later he followed Ince to Triangle.

For three years he worked steadily for $175 a week. The company made many millions from his pictures, and now these old photoplays are being reissued under new titles. They are being released by a company which, he says, even signs itself the W. H. Productions. People go to see Hart billed, as they suppose, in a new picture. They find that they have seen it before. Thinking he is to blame, they write him notes, reams of them, accusing him of stealing their money under false pretenses.

"Imagine *me* stealing pennies and dimes from poor people or children," says Hart, with a hungry ache in his voice. "I tell you, if the law doesn't stop this practice of issuing old product as new, a gun will!"

Somehow we hope the law will. We prefer Hart to save his pistols for blank cartridges and pictures.

Bill Hart has a genuine affection for his audiences. He works very hard in order that they will never be disappointed. He gives serious consideration to all his letters. He tries to live up to the opinion the "fans" and "fanettes" have of him.

Sometimes it's pretty hard to be a model, for he works until he's bone-tired—has worked every day, and often nights, without a vacation, for seven, nay, eight years. He attends to his own business details as well as acting and directing; in fact, assumes all the responsibilities of producing on schedule time.

His friends are naturally composed of actors and actresses with whom he has made his living. They like parties. Gaiety sometimes makes one forget that tired feeling, but Bill cant seek surcease that way. You see he has an ideal to live up to, and some day when he finds time, there will be a brisk canter up a mountainside, a tent stretched in a wind-protected hollow, and the stars and the sky and the coyotes calling.

Bill Hart's steel-gray eyes seem to ask these things. In his life of plenty he is a-hunger.

Will he attain his ideal in private life as he has in public?

Sometime probably; somewhere, somehow.

"Imagine *me* stealing pennies and dimes from poor people or children," says Hart with a hungry ache in his voice

What Motion Pictures Have Done For the Navy

by Logan E. Ruggles, U.S.N.

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Above: The U. S. Naval Men's Club, where movies, entertainments and amusement for all is to be had on shipboard. *Left*: The U. S. George Washington sailing out of New York Harbor for France with President Wilson and party on the bridge. Motion pictures were shown to the President during the trip

Secretary of the Navy Daniels preaches democracy and the gospel of the movies"

WHILE it is generally known that the American Navy is second to none as to efficiency and second to none in the world in man power, it is not generally known to the millions of people who visit the "movies" every day that the motion picture industry has in a great many ways assisted the Navy Department in making this boast possible.

The American Navy today is over a half million strong, while four years ago we were struggling along with fifty-five thousand men. It is very true we were not at war four years ago, and very few of us expected war at that time. But it is evident at this time that we were short in man power even for the ships we had in commission then, for many of our first-rate ships were lying idle alongside of the docks in the navy yards.

What has the moving picture industry done for the Navy?

It is necessary for one to dig back some years thru the history of the Navy to answer this question. But it is not necessary to say to the thinking naval man how the moving pictures have benefited the service.

The moving pictures first became popular in the Navy along about 1903. It

It was at this time that the first machines were purchased for the training stations. And it was early in 1906 when the Navy Department purchased a number of motion picture machines to be used to stimulate recruiting thruout the country. The "pictures" lent a new impetus to the recruiting, as many of the older men now in the Navy can testify, for it was actual facts laid down to thousands of active sailormen that caused them to enlist, and it was facts gained from actual scenes laid before them in the little towns and hamlets by the moving picture machines.

The first recruiting parties paved the way for the moving picture parties which followed them. The recruiting officers and their literature served to interest, to a great extent, the men who were afterwards convinced by the facts laid bare thru the exhibition of scenes aboard ship and at the naval training stations. These scenes depicted the actual living conditions as experienced by our men-o'-warsmen; they showed what a young man entering the service of his country could expect; there was no camouflaging the truth taken right on board our ships, and this truth helped to eradicate many unfounded reports concerning the service. For up until the moving pictures took up the recruiting work for the Navy we only had about thirty thousand men in our ranks.

One of these recruiting parties, equipped with a motion picture machine and thousands of feet of films, visited Minneapolis in 1906, and a civilian who was interested in the Navy had this to say regarding the idea:

"I would like to say a few words regarding the biograph of scenes of Naval life, as displayed in this city by a recruiting party a few days ago.

"The primary object of these scenes and lectures was to present the actual scenes of Navy life, in all its phases, to the public. To older persons, who had no connections with the Navy, the pictures had an educational value. The vivid and forceful manner in which these scenes were pictured and described taught those present that our Navy is an essential arm of the Government, and that the daily routine duties of our sailormen are not fatiguing and unhealthful, but rather an exertion which is healthful and wholesome.

"The pictures accomplished more, they 'killed' some of the most prevalent ideas concerning the treatment of our bluejackets. We learnt that sailors were allowed to receive mail, that sailors on our fighting ships are not cooped up like prisoners, that they have fine ball teams, that they enjoy all kinds of athletics, and that the Navy boys are clean, healthy and in every sense gentlemen.

"The Navy has a great duty to perform, that of educating the public to a knowledge of its workings, and the motion pictures certainly convey to those not acquainted with the Navy that the service has been sadly misrepresented."

From this one can readily see that the moving pictures commenced their work of educating the people early. The "pictures" have placed the facts before the people of this great land a hundredfold better than millions of dollars spent in advertising would have done. They reach out to every class and clan in every city, town and hamlet of this great land, and they drive home the facts which have built up the American Navy.

There are very few ships in the American Navy today that are not equipped with moving picture machines.

© By Committee on Public Information

A jolly crowd of sailors proving pictorially that there are life preservers for all

The cruisers, battleships, and transports have their machines and have "movie" shows very often.

It was once a custom to hold these shows on the forecastle or quarter-deck at sea in good weather, and on the gun deck if the weather was rough or rainy. During the war it was not possible to hold shows above the gun decks on account of the light reflecting at sea. All of the shows were held on the lower decks by ships making trips "over there." And since the portable machines have come in vogue picture shows can be held in the store-rooms, casemates, gun-rooms and many other places. Many divisions on the ships of the Navy own their own moving picture machines and it is on record where as many as five portable machines are owned by the crews of the different ships. On one ship the chief petty officers own their own machine and nearly every night after the "mess-gear" is cleared away, they sit

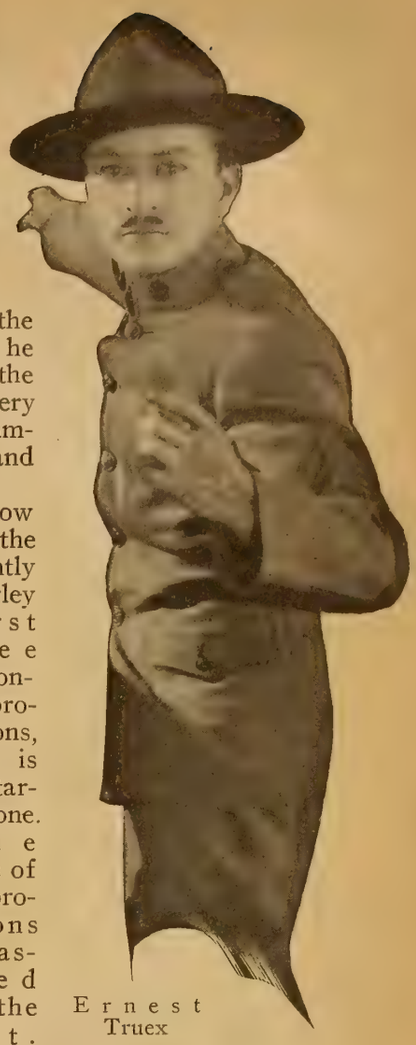
(*Continued on page* 110)

The Truth About Truex

He Is an Earnest Little Man

By PEGGY LINCKS

Shirley Mason, who co-starred with Ernest Truex



Ernest Truex

BEING the smallest comedian in the theatrical world is in itself a task of huge proportions, but Ernest Truex's blue eyes shine knowingly, and his white, even teeth flash pleasantly whenever he is questioned on the subject. If you caught him unawares, however, he would probably run his hand uncertainly thru his sleek, brown hair and confide that he tries to make people laugh with an uncomfortable lump in their throats. That he strives to gain the sympathy of his audiences. That he wants the vast sea of faces out front to laugh *with* him—not *at* him.

Out at Great Neck, Long Island, in the very center of the theatrical colony, there is a charmingly constructed house, and, upon inquiring from any of the inhabitants within a radius of five miles, you will learn that the house belongs to "Broadway's littlest comedian." Ernest Truex is proud of his home; it stands there—a concrete symbol—proof positive that he has made good.

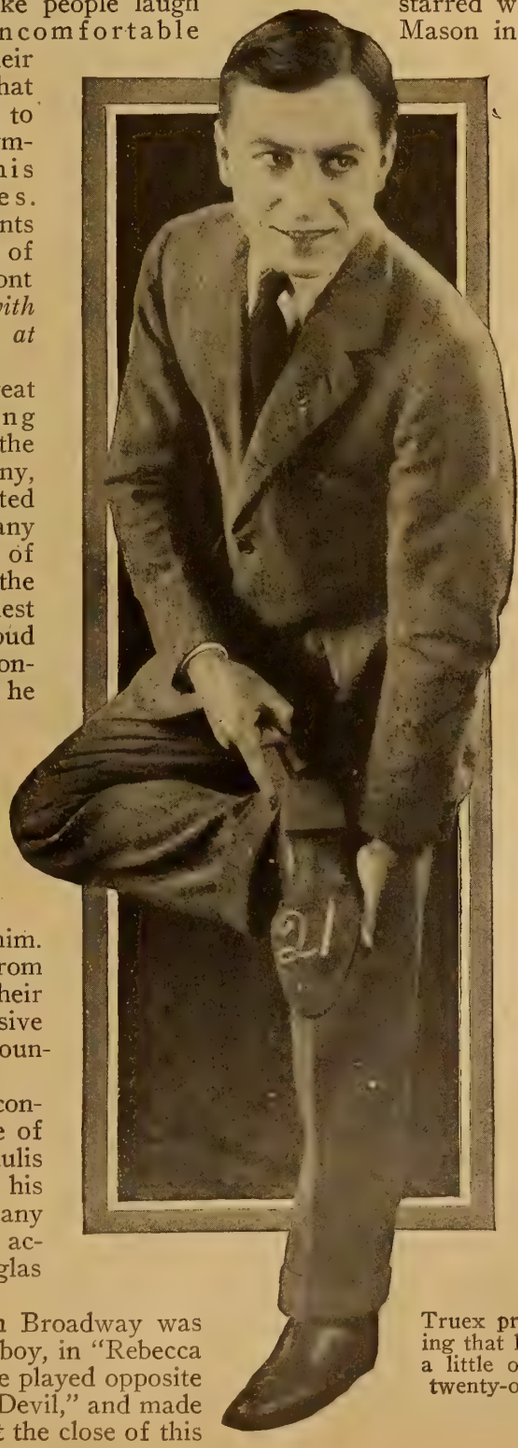
His wife is Julia Mills, whom he met in a musical farce entitled "Girlies." They have two adorable little sons, James and Philip, five and seven years old, respectively, who worship their father. Truex returns the worship of his boys, and likes to have them with him. They enjoy everything together, from romping with the dog, riding in their automobiles, to chasing the elusive golf-ball around the links at the country club.

Ernest Truex has always been connected with the stage. At the age of six he played the child part of Aulis in "Quo Vadis?" and much of his boyhood was spent in a stock company in Denver, where he made the acquaintance of the now famous Douglas Fairbanks.

Practically his first big part on Broadway was that of Abijah Flagg, the grocery boy, in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." In 1913 he played opposite Mary Pickford in "A Good Little Devil," and made his first venture before a camera at the close of this production in order to perpetuate it for future generations to see.

Fame took him by the hand at this point, and he played successfully on the stage in "Girlies," "Very Good Eddie," "The Dummy," "The Very Idea," and many others.

Ernest Truex has now become a fixture in the film world, as he recently starred with Shirley Mason in the first three Emerson-Loos productions, and is now starring alone.



Truex proving that he's a little over twenty-one

The success of these productions was assured from the start. Anita Loos, who came into prominence thru her clever Fairbanks satires, was sure to give exceptionally fine stories. John Emerson, a director with the art at his finger-tips, and Ernest Truex, with his intelligent use of comedy—all these artists combined made a rare trio. In the war comedy, "Come On In," their guarantee of excellent productions was established. Also Ernest Truex's knowledge of comedy stood the great test, and in "Good Bye, Bill," as the American boy who followed his sweetheart to Berlin, he created a character that endeared him to American theater-goers, and they began to watch for him.

Paramount had also been watching, and when they saw how he was entrenching himself in the hearts of the public, they decided to star him alone. His next picture will be "When the Boys Come Home," in which he will be minus his little co-star, Shirley, but Truex is fun enough himself to carry the picture thru to a smashing finish.

The secret of Ernest Truex's success? He is an earnest, conscientious worker, and has never yet reached the place where he could not take a bit of kindly, helpful advice from the other fellow.

How Mary Made Her Eyes Behave

POOR Mary!

Mary MacLaren was very young when they tried to make her bloom in the chorus of the Winter Garden. But young as she was, she knew when a certain atmosphere made her unhappy, and so she begged her mother to take her out to California and let her try to get in pictures.

Mothers have a habit of doing what their young daughters want them to, and Mrs. MacLaren was no exception to the rule. But out in California things didn't go so pleasantly as anticipated. Day after day Mary went to the studios, trying to get a position as an extra, but all of the directors said she did not have a picture face.

Poor Mary!

She haunted the studios, her faith never quite wavering and certainly not unhappy in the land of sunshine.

One day, out on the Universal lot, Lois Weber was reading a magazine story called "Shoes," and decided it would make a splendid photoplay. She had scarcely made this decision when she looked up, straight into the eyes of Mary MacLaren, whose orbs were gazing at her longingly thru the fence.

"*There* is my ideal heroine for 'Shoes'!" exclaimed Miss Weber and called "Mary Mac" in.

Impulsively she offered to make Mary MacLaren the star of "Shoes," but, before Miss Weber could put it on, there had to be several weeks of preparing the script and settings, and Mary had to earn her living during that time.

Mary MacLaren uses her facial muscles very little, almost every emotion is expressed thru the windows of her soul

So Miss

Mary MacLaren Used Mental Suggestion

By RUTH KINGSLEY

Weber persuaded other directors to give Mary small parts to keep her going. They still vigorously protested that Mary was not a picture type, but gave her the parts out of friendship to Miss Weber. When the time came to start "Shoes," they began outlining the character to Mary. They began to tell her just how her eyes must look, the tragedy of life in a tenement with a drunken father, a hard-working, unattractive mother, and days spent working on a meager wage in a department store, to bring about depression and discouragement. There could not have been a bigger test for a girl so inexperienced in pictures. This sort of school meant hard lessons, self-control, emotional outbursts, facial muscles and eyes trained to instant obedience.

Miss MacLaren is a very common-sense girl. That is why she leans towards philosophy. Moreover, strangely enough for a girl in the 'teens, she's an ardent admirer of Oscar Wilde and has acquired some of his ideas to good purpose. She began to study books on the workings of the subconscious mind. Then a great light dawned in Mary's pretty think-tank and she decided to put her theories into practice nightly.

She used mental suggestion to fit herself for the next day's part. When she retired, Mary thought seriously of the next scenes to be put over, suggested self-control, quick understanding, intelligent interpretation to her subconscious self. And it had the desired effect. Every day it became easier to make those big orbs circle and twirl as the director thought necessary.

So that is one reason why everybody was astonished to find heart-strings being pulled, tears coming easily to the eyes, and great sympathy for the poor little sisters of the tenements creeping into one's thoughts — when Mary MacLaren appeared as the star of "Shoes."

(*Continued on page* 107)

Mary MacLaren didn't like the chorus in the Winter Garden, so she tried pictures

Kitty Fashion

By MAUDE S.

Miss Gordon, in her garden, wearing a charming negligée. Over the heavy satin foundation and slip of pale lavender chiffon is hung an over-dress of filmy lace

Miss Gordon's opera cloak is full length and of ermine. The deep shawl collar is edged with a double row of ermine tails. The lining of American Beauty velvet makes a tremendously effective background for either black or light evening frocks

Probably no one on the stage or screen possesses a more elaborate and extensive wardrobe than Kitty Gordon, and it is interesting to know that she designs all her own clothes. This may be the secret of that illusive charm which they invariably have. They are always vastly becoming as well as beautiful and original

One of Miss Gordon's loveliest evening gowns is of an exquisite shade of turquoise, that mysterious hovering between green and blue. The foundation is of satin. The bodice, with its deep round neck, is formed of heavy silk fringe, caught over the shoulders with a tiny band of rhinestones. The fringe hangs straight at the back, while in front it is caught in at the waist line with a girdle of Frenchy velvet posies in soft shades. The skirt is formed by three rows of deep fringe which cling to her figure. With this, Miss Gordon carries an ostrich feather fan with tortoise-shell sticks

Gordon's Parade

CHEATHAM

This afternoon dress has a bodice of smoke gray crêpe, following the artistic kimono model. The round collar of black satin and bands on the wide sleeve make a pleasing contrast. A vine, embroidered in gray silk down the entire left side of the black satin skirt, shows one of Miss Gordon's original ideas

Simplicity and dignity characterize Miss Gordon's wardrobe, which indeed suits her own dignified personality. She is extremely sensitive to colors, and for her work before the camera she uses great care in her selections, for colors in motion picture photography are seldom what they seem, being fairly impish in their trickery

She also has a full length sable coat of wonderfully matched skins which is valued at $25,000, and with her $1,500 gold mesh bag, Miss Gordon surely looks the part of "ready money"!

This dinner frock of Miss Gordon's is distinctive. Over a foundation of white satin is hung a shirred skirt of black chiffon, with six rows of heavy silk fringe. The bodice is of black chiffon, and its unusual feature is a long, heavy, silken tassel which hangs from each kimono sleeve

Puppy

Gloria O'Connell's Romance comes when love is young in Springtime

Fictionized from the Paramount Monte

By GLADYS

GLORIA O'CONNELL knew that *it* would happen to her from the very first day (her thirteenth birthday, to be exact) that she bought the very first yellow-backed, enchanting product of literary efflorescence at Tickman's newsstand. Of course, most of *them* had long and golden hair, skins comparable only to whipped cream, or, in cooler moments, new-fallen snow, and forms like unto that of the blessed damozel at her perennial (and to the vulgar mind, jocular) bar. Whereas Gloria was rather fat, rather pudgy, with hair both thick and short and dark. Also, *they* inhabited baronial halls and always, always "floated"—swan's-down being the simile most frequently employed—down wide, majestical stairways at the foot of which they inevitably, and for the first time, encountered *him.* It was all breath-taking. Tho, of course, Gloria had none of these infallible characteristics.

For a while this worried her. *He* and *it* were so desirable. Then with the occasional good arising from every bad thing, her first year in high school (she hadn't passed last term owing to mid-year mumps) introduced to her flaming young imagination the immortal lovers, Romeo and Juliet. She read them in "Lamb's Tales" first. She went into ecstasies over them. She told her teacher they were "simply grand," and her teacher told the principal that "the O'Connell girl is d'veloping a taste for Shakespeare!"

But Gloria wasn't. Shakespeare hadn't anything to do with it. But some of the lines—the things Romeo said—"Oh, *fudge,* my *dear!*" For instance: "Oh, would I were the glove upon that hand that I might touch thy face"—or something of the sort. Could anything be tweeter? Gloria thought not.

She bought white gloves and squidged her chubby, near-fourteen-year fists into them until, ripping them, she gave up the attempt and turned her budding fancy to the more substantial consideration of tombs and sleeping-potions and bloody feuds.

Romeo and Juliet gave place, in the due course of time, to newer thoughts and slumbered, all untrammeled, in their melancholy shrouds—but *love* assumed, for all time, in the eyes of Gloria O'Connell, the great importance. "He" was the focus of her thoughts. She made tests . . . "the next one I meet with a yellow necktie . . . the third—no, the seventh—one I dance with at the high-school hop . . . the first one I bow to the night of the new moon." None of the tests, alas! transpired very desirably. The seventh one was almost inevitably Hippo Harger—and who, bemoaned Gloria, would be entombed with Hippo—or *could?* "It would have to be," she lamented, "*some* tomb!"

At fifteen Gloria decided to "wait." Alice May MacCreel had "waited."

Love assumed, for all time, in the eyes of Gloria O'Connell, the great importance

Love

picture of the Scenario of Katterjohn

HALL

Then the war had come along and her "beau" had *gone* along, and was now sleeping in Flanders fields, which could not be shared by Alice. Alice, at the time of Gloria's decision, was very pale and interesting, and had taken to violet hats and capes and even, it was whispered, *lingerie ribbons.* Gloria thought "waiting" had a most interesting sound. It solved many difficulties and embarrassments. So she waited.

While she waited she strove to overcome various defects, her progenitor, genus male, being the most extreme. Somehow, he was not to be overcome. In his early youth he had been a hod-carrier. A saving disposition and a builder's instinct had raised him from that low estate to one of being the employer of *many* hod-carriers. His error lay in the fact that he had not fled to some distant spot wherein his early ignominy would be unknown. Gloria's mother was dead, and Gloria always spoke of her with a pensive air and the somehow-conveyed impression that poor dear "mommer," you know, was not quite in "popper's" class. Fortunately, "mommer" had had the foresight to sling sunny-sides up in a caféteria two towns away and her fame had never preceded her. Gloria, who had an air, was therefore never openly disbelieved.

Gloria was too young to be patient with the love agonies of any young calf but the particular young calf she was tormenting herself over

At fifteen the waiting ceased. "He" came. It was at a hop given for her class at school

At fifteen the waiting ceased. "He" came. It was at a hop given for the class of ——— by the town's rich citizen. The orchestra, special importation from the city, was playing "The Blue Danube." Some one, forever set apart, brought *him* up. *He* asked for a dance—this very one. Gloria had it taken. There was a breathless moment in which Gloria was blissfully aware of her new *point d'esprit* over apricot, and *he* was painfully aware of very long limbs and very unwieldy feet, and then, "I'll cut this and—and—give it to you!" burst from Gloria, and "Gosh, you're some little queen!" from him—and lo! "Oh, would I were that glove" crumbled unto the ashes of the mouth which had given it birth. Gloria scratched out the name of the hapless owner of the dance. "I dont give a straw

After breakfast, while her Aunt Mercy was sweeping the front porch, she confided her dream. She called Gloria a bad, sacrilegious brat

for Hippo Harger *anyway,"* she confided, in a burst, as they began. They danced . . .

They danced . . . O Youth . . .

Gloria felt all dizzy and excited. She thought of Launfal, of Arthur, of the Rover boys, and, dimly, of Romeo. *He* was sixteen, he said. Divine age! He was going to be a newspaper man. Oh, might and awe of kings! He had no father. The tragedy of life! She was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen—he'd never kist a girl in all his life—— What! There *was!* A little balcony off the reception-room where no one *ever* went! G-ee!

When Gloria O'Connell went home that night *it* had happened to her. She was "in love." She hadn't thought it would be just like this. So—so sweet and yet —so painful. She hadn't thought one *really* felt that one would rather *die* than know one might never dance again to the strains of "The Blue Danube." Of *course* she hadn't imagined his *eyes.* Who could have? So gray, so bright, so—oh, why hadn't she been better in grammar at school, that she might have a vocabulary with which to describe his eyes? He knew so *much.* He was a writer. She knew so little. She was a—well, what *was* she? Her own tremendous unworthiness engulfed her like a tidal wave until she remembered that she was the first girl *he* had ever kist and decided that that was distinction enough. Something very touching could be made of that to 'grave upon her tombstone. She might have a marble angel—her father was wealthy if he *was* a hod-carrier, and he could well afford a marble angel for a daughter who had retrieved the family ignominy by dying of a patrician broken heart. The marble angel could carry a flowing scroll in one uplifted hand and on the scroll could be—but she would let *him* write her epitaph. That is what *they* always did in the Mertha N. Waye series. *They* immortalized their love in epitaph. How sweet it was!

Before Death, however, rude tho it be to romance which would flower into immortelles upon its young inception, Life obtrudes. For a week Gloria had no kick with life. It consisted of sundaes at the corner drug-store, stolen meetings back of the baseball grounds, shy calls in the evening, during which rather painful interludes a parent of no sensibilities stared at them over a newspaper top.

At the end of the week came the tragedy. Gloria's father, whose trade had apparently impregnated even his soul, decided that he could not cope with "puppy love," as he horribly termed their "mad adoration." "Up state," he told her, "you have an aunt who will show you,

young chit, where love should be in the dictionary, and give you, in the bargain, a few tasks that will make you sleep under the moon instead of grimace under it the way you've been doing with that hobbledehoy of yours. You go tomorrow."

The Montagues and the Capulets! What did they, even they, have with which to rival the cruelty of this? That night they met, secretly. The moon, like a monstrous flower, showed up their strained, divinely absurd young faces. "So it's come to this!" he muttered.

"I want to die!" she whispered. He saw the tears gemming her curling lashes.

"Oh, God——" he imprecated. It was the first time he had ever called on the Deity outside the catechism and the litanies. He was knowing the rue of Life.

They found each other's arms. They clung together, grim and desperate. They would never again be so grim, never so desperate. Life would never be so bitter, because never again would it be so unutterably sweet. The flower of love bloomed under the moon that night for the first time to their tragic sight. The honey of passion assailed their nostrils and dizzied them, and they were too young to know it for what it was. The flower would die and make fertile the soil for other, hardier blooms, the honey would live, more consciously, in the other flowers—but this night, with its sweet, baffled wildness, this fragrance of desire too tender to be named, this flower whiter than the moon that silvered it, would never come again.

When they parted, finally, shivering with the last embrace, they vowed to wait two weeks for sight of one another. If this sight was not vouchsafed them, they would die. The means they left rather vague. A potion, they thought. Gloria wondered whether listerine would do if taken plentifully enough. With that, she might die smiling. They were so final because they were so young. Only youth places limits on Time's head and fetters on his feet. The next morning Gloria, head high, cheeks scornful and scarlet, departed from her father's house.

When she had gone the one-time hod-carrier blew his nose violently and wiped from his eyes some unromantic tears. "If her mother 'd 'a' been here," he said, "she'd 'a' known what to do—but I couldn't be takin' chances, now could I, *could* I?" The monstrous gilded cherubs swinging riskily on an ornate timepiece quite agreed with him.

Gloria suffered speechlessly and foodlessly for a day and a half after her arrival. She heard the Scriptures expounded, the fact that there were two hundred old maids in this very town, miss, and happy as bees at that, whiffed tea-biscuits, waffles, conserves and fresh ham, was petted, scolded and finally wept over, in a silence of martyrdom never attained by the golden-headed ones. On the evening of the second day Maryland chicken and corn fritters battened down the last resistance, and she ate till Aunt Mercy Winters sent the maid-of-all-work out for some pepsin. Then, with martyrdom reinforced, she donned a poke bonnet and said, pensively, that she was going for "a little stroll."

She didn't stroll far. Hippo Harger intercepted her. He did more. He jolted her from her calm of despair.

"What in kingdom come are *you* doing *here?*" she cried.

Hippo twirled his hat. After that he twiddled with it. Then he blushed till his face looked like a moon seen red as blood. Then he stuttered. Gloria was too young to be patient with the love agonies of any young calf but the particular young calf she was tormenting herself over.

Even the sheriff shook a philosophical head and advised him not to do "no killin' over a womin"

"You big simpleton!" she exploded; "cant you speak to me in the Queen's English? What—are—you—doing—here?"

The unhappy Hippo essayed again and managed to convey the intelligence that he had *seen* her and James Oliver *together three* times, and that he, Hippo, had a cousin up here who was an old maid, and he had come up to live with her 'cause—'cause he was going to be a—a hermit. After a while, when he recovered from his predilection for bronchitis inherited from his mother, he would most likely inhabit a *cave* and live on berries and herbs. It was all there was left for him.

It seemed very funny to Gloria. Her own, her epochal suffering drew a veil across her eyes and shut from her sight the suffering of the rest of the world. She did not see, because her eyes had the starry mote of love in them, that her own delicious pain, her own most thrilling sorrow was being mirrored, parodied, if you will, in the broad and anguished countenance of Hippo Harger. She laughed at him again.

"You have no heart," he told her.

"No," she said, "James Oliver has it. And it is broken."

When he left she watched him down the road, and he looked so very fat and walked so very waddly that she had to laugh again.

The laughter did her good. She felt less like an overdose of listerine. A pendulum of hope swung to and fro within her. "Love will find the way," it seemed to sing, "Love will—find—the—way——"

She had just left Hippo, who had bought her a new car to honeymoon in

"PUPPY LOVE"

Narrated by permission from the Paramount picture from the scenario of Monte M. Katterjohn. The cast:

Gloria O'Connell	Lila Lee
Shamus O'Connell	Charles Murray
James Oliver	Harold Goodwin
Mrs. Oliver	Helen Dunbar
Hippo Harger	Lincoln Stedman
Mercy Winters	Josephine Crowell
Phyllis Winters	Emma Gerdes
Seraphina Winters	Alice Knowland

That evening, when the dusk was deeply purple and birds called huskily and from some far-off still green pond frogs croaked and water-lilies fainted, the town dude called to take her riding in his spiffy new roadster. Gloria sighed her heart out into the purple shadow—but she went.

When she returned *he* was awaiting her.

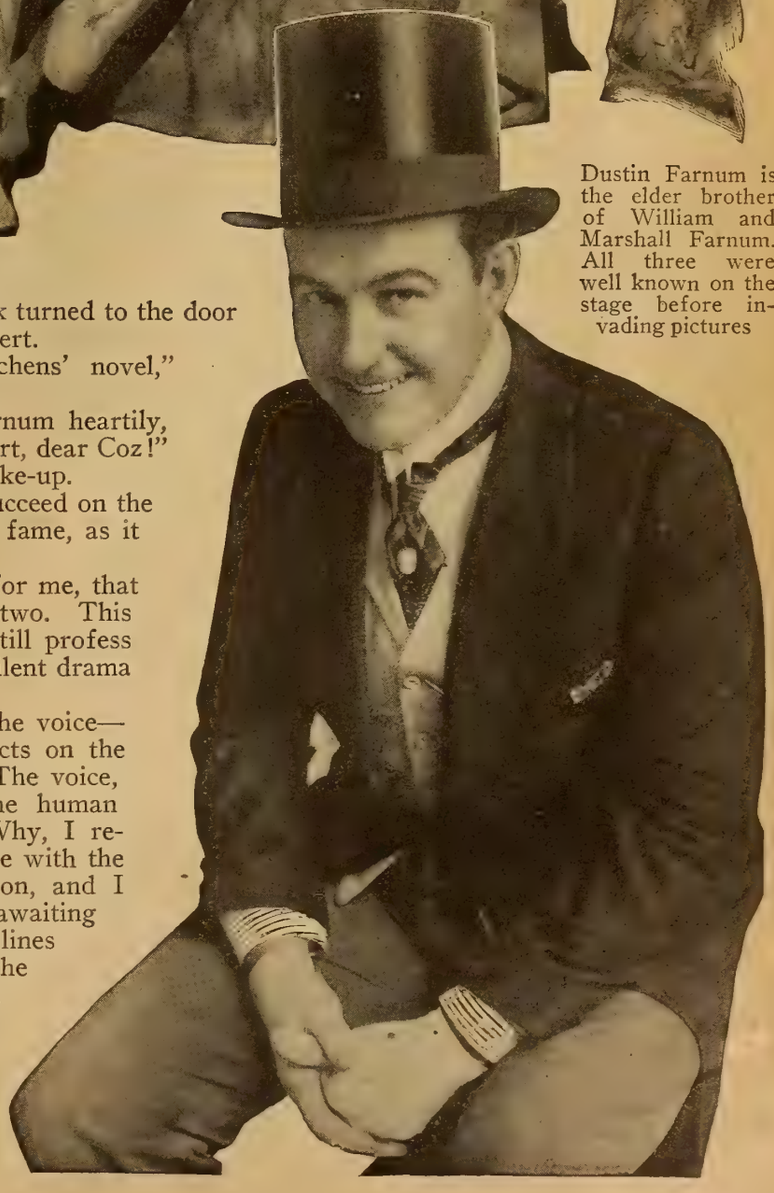
(*Continued on page* 108)

Dustin Farnum Tells How to Conquer It

The Temperamental Camera

BY

WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



Dustin Farnum is the elder brother of William and Marshall Farnum. All three were well known on the stage before invading pictures

DUSTIN FARNUM sat in his tiny dressing-room, a t o w e l wound round his h e a d and, with his fingers, c a r e f u l l y engaged in applying some grease-paint to his lips. With his back turned to the door that towel made him look like a Bedouin of the Desert.

"Aha! A character right out of Robert Hichens' novel," exclaimed the visitor.

"Good morrow, stranger," exclaimed Dustin Farnum heartily, "Good morrow! By my halidom, but thou lookest pert, dear Coz!"

Then the movie star turned again to the art of make-up.

"Tell us, O 'Dusty,' something about the way to succeed on the screen. How to go about it—what to do to attain fame, as it were!"

"All right; and please tell all your readers first, for me, that the art of the silent drama is the greater of the two. This will kick up a row, perhaps, among the few who still profess to look down upon the movies. Just the same, the silent drama is a greater art than the spoken drama!

"To elucidate? Certainly! The careful use of the voice——voice inflection has more to do with getting effects on the stage than many, not in the profession, know of. The voice, carefully trained and modulated, can play on the human emotions like fingers on the strings of a harp. Why, I remember in 'The Littlest Rebel,' when I had the scene with the kiddy, I had 'em crying purely thru voice inflection, and I sat and held that kiddy on my knee for five minutes awaiting calm in the audience. There was no action, only lines between the child and myself, and yet we had the matinées in tears twice every week. Haven't you seen an accomplished reader come out alone on a platform and read a touching bit of verse, and haven't your eyes filled with tears? It's the same thing; no 'business,' just the trained use of the voice!

"Now, in motion pictures, the voice is out of it and that is where the art comes in. Real acting,

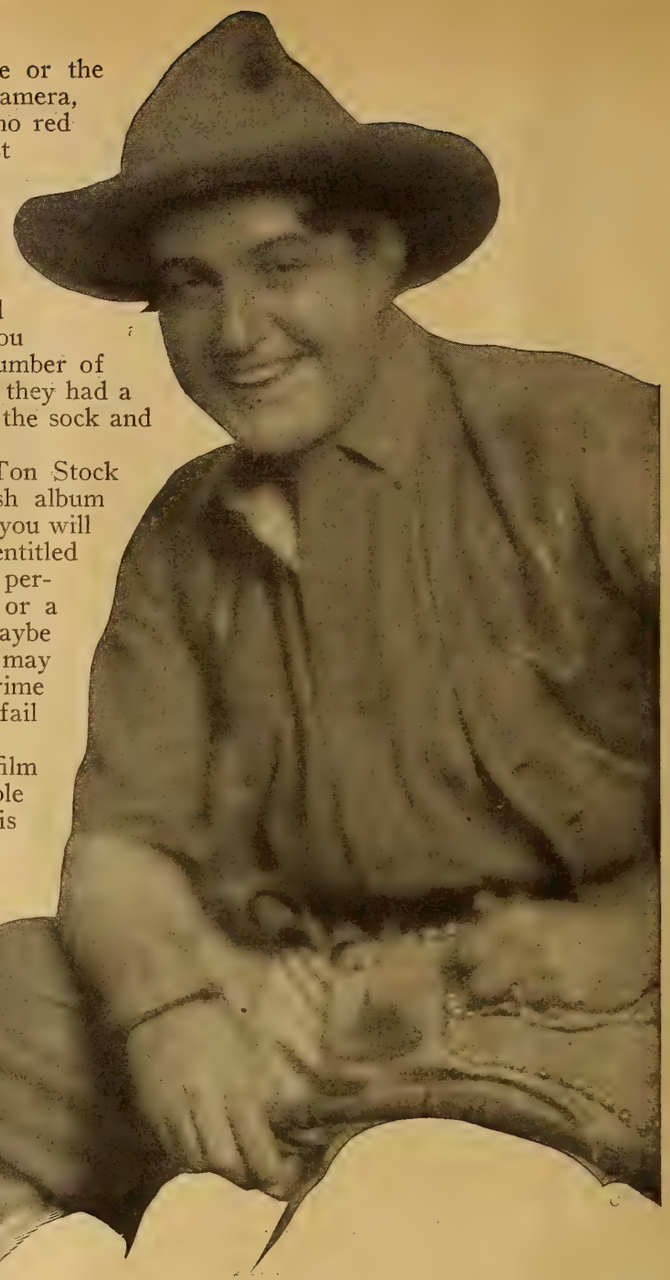
the expression on one's countenance, the eyes, the smile or the frown, the use of the hands, one's very walk before the camera, must be studied for effect. There are no sound effects, no red fire, no shots off stage to help along the action. The artist must put it over—and that's why the silent art is the more exacting.

"To succeed on the screen, one should have stage experience. Not that this experience is vital, but the spoken drama teaches the mechanics, inspires self-confidence, one meets others of the theatrical profession and you get into the atmosphere of the play world before you begin your movie career. Just the same, I know of a number of successful screen stars who never were on the stage. But they had a harder road to travel to success than did their brethren of the sock and buskin.

"And even if you have had experience in 'The Bon Ton Stock Company' where the management gives away a red-plush album every Saturday evening to the holder of the lucky number, you will fail in the movies without that unfathomable something entitled screen personality. You never know if you have screen personality until you get a test. By a test is meant fifty or a hundred feet of film presenting you in various poses. Maybe you'll get over in film and maybe you will not. You may be the best fellow in the world out of pictures and a prime favorite on the stage. And yet, when you photograph you fail to get over!

"Any photographer will tell you that some have film personality and some have not. In other words some people photograph well, and why the dickens the others fail is unexplainable. Some personalities look better off the screen than on, and vice versa.

"And you may laugh at this, but it's true! I've known the misuse of lip-stick to hamper the



screen career of more than one ambitious star. The make-up for the screen passeth understanding. To quote Pope, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' Screen make-up must be studied. No satisfactory make-up can be arrived at one day and then faithfully followed all the days following. No siree! Sufficient to every day is the make-up thereof!

"You never can tell what the camera is going to detect. One day the make-up

(*Continued on page* 106)

Dustin Farnum in his California bungalow. "Dusty" got the nickname of the "Lens Louse" because he was one of the first of the important stage actors to act in the movies

THE FIRST HONOR ROLL

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

ETHEL DOLL

MARY HELEN GUY

PEARL ANUS

WITH every mail bringing hundreds of portraits from every part of the globe, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC'S Fame and Fortune Contest has assumed international proportions. Tremendous interest is plainly shown in the contest, the winner of which is guaranteed a positive place in the motion picture world. The amount of promising silver-screen material is surprising, judging from the quality and number of portraits already submitted.

JEANNE JULIETTE PERE

GERTRUDE M. CRAWFORD

With the judges carefully examining every portrait submitted and selecting the seven best—in points of screen face, personality, beauty and appeal—a uniformly fair selection is guaranteed. After going thru the thousands submitted during the fifteen days between December 1 and 15, the jury finally narrowed the most promising contestants down

(*Continued on page* 101)

Left:
DOROTHY WILLIAMS

Right:
KATHRYN LOUISE CONANT

The Philosophy

Can a Star Retain His Pristine

By SUE

THE celluloid heavens have had many shooting stars, which have flared brilliantly in a sky-rocket path of glory only to fade suddenly into the dull gray by-ways of has-beens. There are other stars which shine steadily, growing more brilliant and powerful with each year.

Noticing these things, I determined to get at the bottom of the matter, and in order to do so I made a round of the studios, asking pertinent questions of all the prominent picture people.

When I asked Jesse L. Lasky, *the Lasky* of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, if he thought a top-notch star could continue in popularity until twenty-five or even forty-five years of age, Mr. Lasky answered:

"Certainly."

"How can you be so sure?" I queried, briefly.

"Because," observed Mr. Lasky, "as a star progresses in years, having first established his or her right to an exalted position on the screen, the public progresses simultaneously. The children, for example, who learnt to admire Mary Pickford in her earliest screen days have grown up into young womanhood or manhood. They find in her a more mature charm, yet she retains sufficiently the youthful qualities that endear her still to the young element. If she continues to appear in photoplays up to her forty-fifth year, even, there will still be a public for her. In many instances these will be the young men and women who were young when she was young—to them she will always be 'our Mary.' And there will be new audiences of corresponding ages to fill in the defections.

"So in the case of any other stars of recognized merit, such as Wallace Reid, Bryant Washburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Ethel Clayton, Vivian Martin, and others. They will retain many of their earliest admirers and gain new ones in keeping with their advancing years.

"Take the case of Lila Lee, youngest of the stars. There will be thousands of young people who, twenty or thirty years from now, may still be eager to see her if she continues in the work. And in that time she will find others to appreciate her more matured work.

"The only thing that can militate against such continued popularity is a lessening in quality of acting, or some personal and individual failure. There will always be newer and younger stars arising, but the process will go on, in my opinion, with each one, as I have stated."

On the other hand, when I intercepted Mack Sennett, the king of comedy producers, with my question, "Can a star who is considered a top-notch attraction at sixteen continue successfully till twenty-five or even forty-five?" he replied:

"My dear young lady, a star from sixteen to forty-five? If a Bernhardt comes some day to the films, then perhaps it might be possible. To span these years and continue to glitter a woman would have to have exceptional force of character, determination, singleness of purpose, the physical stamina of Jess Willard, the relentless determination of Napoleon and the personality of Madame de Stael—not to mention the unfailing luck of a coon crap-shooter."

R. A. Rowland, president of Metro, thought the matter over quite seriously before he replied that:

"An actress who has become a star while still very young cannot have great dramatic ability on account of her very youth. Therefore her success must be dependent upon her beauty, personality and winsomeness. Under these circumstances the number of years that the popularity of a star would exist depends on the length of time she retains the charms above mentioned. These might possibly last until the age of thirty-five or forty years."

George K. Spoor, president of good old Esanay, disposed of the question succinctly when he said:

# of Stardom

Popularity, And If So, How?

ROBERTS

"Once a star, always a star, when good direction and proper management prevail."

B. P. Schulberg, of Famous Players-Lasky, told me:

There is no limit in time to the popularity of motion picture players, provided they and the producing company with which they are identified keep close to fluctuating public tastes and constantly improve their artistry. A star at sixteen can retain her popularity until forty-five with application and devotion to her art, as has been proven by such stage stars as Maude Adams, Anna Held, Grace George, and others."

So speak the producers.

It is easy to philosophize about people in positions other than your own. I wondered, if I brought the matter home, what the attitude would be. So I interviewed the stars themselves.

"Tell me," I begged Madame Nazimova, "can an actress who has become a star while very young retain her popularity and, if so, how long?"

Nazimova looked at me mysteriously thru her long, dark-blue eyes, and then she answered simply:

"The career of Mary Pickford is surely sufficient proof that a star at sixteen may be fully as successful at twenty-five, and I have perfect faith that Mary Pickford can retain both her popularity and her great success so long as she wishes, with no limitations of time whatsoever."

She took the exception to prove the rule, you see, but then Nazimova deals only with exceptions.

Elsie Ferguson disposed of the subject even more summarily by saying, "Anything is possible, barring accident. An actor or actress can retain his or her popularity any number of years they choose."

"How long can a picture star remain popular?" I parroted to bright-eyed Norma Talmadge.

"The picture public must give the real answer to this question," said Norma. "As long as a star can serve the public she can maintain her position and popularity, but the star must give the public the sort of acting, stories and production they want. If he or she continues to do that there is hardly a limit to the years of popularity."

Douglas Fairbanks replied that:

"A unique personality always lives. Years make little difference, providing one is gifted with the personality which can be placed in the unique class."

But William S. Hart disagreed. Said he: "I think five years about the limit of a star in motion pictures, because a motion picture star plays to millions daily, where an actor on the speaking stage will average eight hundred daily, and the public always desires something new."

I was interested to hear what little Mary Miles Minter's philosophy would be.

"I see no reason in the world," said she, shaking her curly head, "why a sixteen-year-old star cannot be as successful at twenty-five or even forty-five, providing said sixteen-year-old star is a top-notch star, because she is a real artist and not heralded as such thru other influence. The great Bernhardt was famous at sixteen, and hundreds, even thousands of others could be mentioned. There is no age in art, and the soul of the real artist simply expands, revealing greater beauty and depth with the years.

Olga Petrova spoke briefly but to the point: "To any one who can become a top-notch star at the age of sixteen all things are possible."

"There can be no fixed limit to the length of popularity of a

(*Continued on page* 109)

That Mean

By KENNETH

THERE are all kinds of mean guys; there is the slinking, cringing Apache, the meanness of Raymond Hatton, the heartless cruelty of Theodore Roberts, and the suave, dignified cussedness of Robert McKim.

On the screen Bob McKim is one of those nasty, polite devils that you would like to poke in the nose if he wasn't so big, and pulls his villainies in such a slick way that there is hardly quite excuse enough to commit murder. Off the capering celluloid he is the type that you want to buy coca-cola or even a lemonade. How such a clean fellow can do such dirty work without becoming inoculated is a mystery, and the people he abuses during working hours may have him out to dinner when the whistle blows—thus proving that you can never tell a villain by the company he keeps.

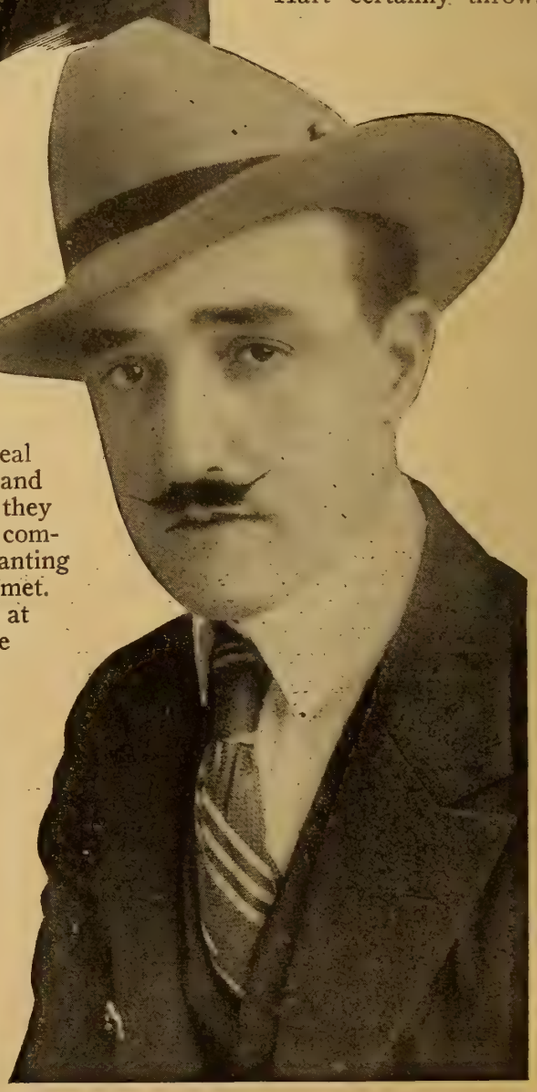
Next to Torquitz Peak, which towers above the town, the citizens of San Jacinto talk more about Bob McKim to tourists than anything else. Bob was born in that town, and it was always proud of its motion picture connections until the recent earthquake shook the window lights entirely out of some of the buildings and the daylights nearly out of some of the most influential inhabitants. Then when a movie photographer appeared to take scenes of the holocaust, the real estate agents went over the top against him and ran the "photog" and his crew nearly to Perris. They would have run him further, but they were afraid some land slicker from Hemmet might cut their line of communication. They dug themselves in, and now picture companies wanting to go to Camp Keene for location find it better to go thru Hemmet.

However, McKim shook the dust of San Jacinto from his hoofies at an early age and went to San Francisco, where he acquired some little education in and out of the public schools. Then, having draped himself over the railing of the peanut-heaven of one of the local stock companies for some time watching the actors, he decided to be an actor himself and let some one else do the rail-draping.

Consequently he got a job with the local stock company, made good in some three years with the famous old Alcazar stock company which has produced so many other famous actors, and, after playing with some other stock companies as far east as Chicago, and acquiring some little reputation as an actor, Bob was offered a job with Lily Langtry, "The Jersey Lily," and played the vaudeville circuit of two-a-day for a while longer. One season, as he was finishing his tour, he arrived in Los Angeles. Liking the place, he decided to stay here, so jitney-bussing down to old Inceville, he approached Thomas H., the Lord High Mayor, and offered his services. Thomas H., recognizing ability, promptly engaged McKim to play the heavy opposite William S. Hart in "The Disciple" and, as Doc Hardy, he scored an immediate success. Mr. Ince promptly put him under a long contract, and he has been doing the dirty work in the Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett and Charles Ray pictures ever since.

McKim is a big six-footer, like Bill Hart, and is as much of a glutton for punishment as is the famous star, consequently when it was breathed around that Hart and McKim were about to stage a fight, standing room back of the camera was at a premium.

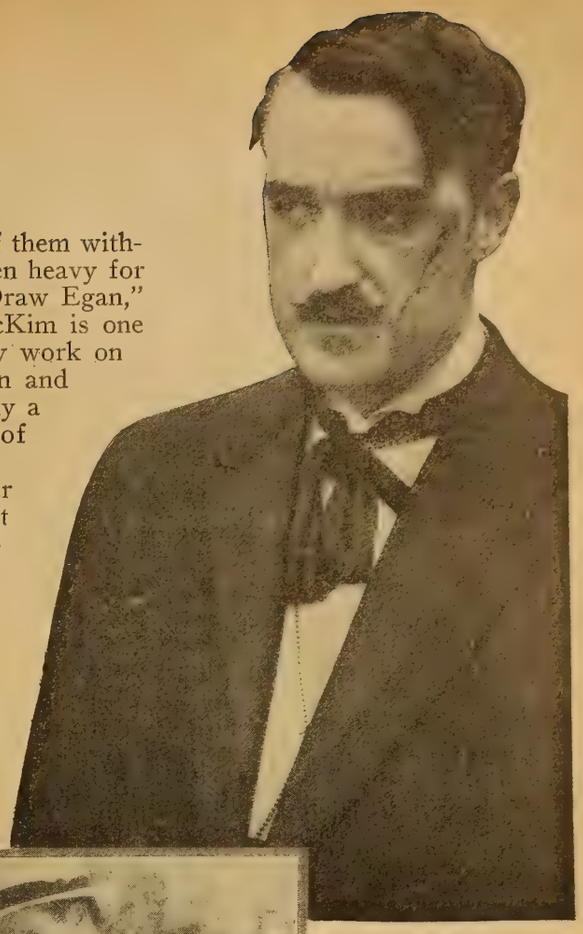
In fight scenes Bill Hart certainly throws



Robert McKim is one of those nasty polite devils on the screen

Man McKim

McGAFFEY



a wicked fist, and it takes some one the size of McKim to hold one of them without falling out of the picture and spoiling the scene. McKim has been heavy for Hart in a number of pictures, among them being "The Return of Draw Egan," "The Captive God," "The Devil's Double," "The Silent Man." McKim is one of the screen's most popular mean men and, besides doing his dirty work on Hart, takes all of the joy out of the screen life of Dorothy Dalton and Enid Bennett. He has also been cast with Charles Ray, and in many a foot of film have these two worthies been displayed in the triumph of right over wrong, or cussedness defeated by virtue.

During the Liberty Bond drive handled by the Motion Picture War Service Association, McKim was a tireless worker, and every night he was out somewhere selling bonds to the public. His personality, his big voice and well-expressed appeal made a decided hit. His villainies during the day in no way affect his good times, and once that a person gets acquainted with the Bob of the flesh instead of the McKim of the screen, they wonder how he does it.

"The photodrama," asserts Mr. McKim, "is going along strong these days. I mean the photodrama as distinct from what we have been pleased to term 'the movies.' It has developed, thanks to men like Thomas Ince, Cecil De Mille, David W. Griffith and a few others, an art of its own which exists in its various phases—acting, writing, directing, technique—a technique as exacting, too, as that of the best examples of the speaking stage.

Robert McKim has played villain to practically all the charming Paramount stars.

"I am one who agrees with Tully Marshall, Theodore Roberts and others that the greatest parts in the greatest works of the dramatists have always been character parts. Is it not the essence of drama to portray character—heavies, if you will? Remember Macbeth, Richard, Henry, Falstaff, Cyrano, Disraeli, Rip Van Winkle, von Barwig and hundreds of others. What were they but character rôles? And have not the greatest actors played them of choice?

"Youth and beauty—wonderful things! But these alone do not make for complete art in acting. They may make stars of the screen, but these are comets, not fixed stars in the firmament of art.

"One reason I like the motion pictures is that one does not have to play the same rôle over and over for perhaps two years or more. Even tho the rôles in screen work may be similar, they have many points of difference, and one gets the opportunity to develop new characterizations every month or two.

"And I'm certain of this—that no real actor of the screen (and the exceptions may be counted on your two hands) exists but who has won his spurs in the legitimate. I have played every rôle from comedy to leads on the stage. I have been offered star rôles in pictures by certain companies, but I prefer my present position because it gives me scope, and because I am associated with those who are bringing to the screen the art and understanding bred of an intimate knowledge of the drama and ideals that point upwards."

The Ages

Clara Kimball Has Found

By ELEANOR

Above, Clara Kimball Young at the age of three years and, *right,* as an accomplished actress of eight years

MUCH has been written about Clara Kimball Young, whose success in the motion picture industry unquestionably entitles her to a place among the first ten motion picture actresses of her time. So much, indeed, that it is a safe hazard that few of Miss Young's admirers really know just what manner of woman she is. Let this, then, be a simple narrative of fact—a narrative based upon an intimate little visit with the well-known star in her offices in the Æolian Building, New York City, not long ago, just after she had returned to the East. She had just completed her latest picture, "Cheating Cheaters," at her studio in Los Angeles.

First of all, let it be said that there are no "lugs" about Miss Young. Such success as she has achieved has not turned her head. She expects no toadying or deferential treatment from those who work with her from day to day or those who might be expected to "worship" at her shrine because of the laurels she has won. The first impression of Miss Young is that she is just a matter-of-fact girl of unusual personal charm and magnetism who has called to aid her in a success for which she craved a sound business sense that told her early that men and women in every walk of life were human and would respond most quickly to courteous, humane treatment.

Miss Young was born in Chicago, and she confesses it was on September 6, 1890. At that time her parents, Edward M. and Pauline Maddern Kimball, were members of the Holden Repertoire Company, one of those old-time organizations that trouped the country playing everything from "Hamlet" to "Peck's Bad Boy." Her days of infancy were spent in the atmosphere of the stage, and before the time had arrived for her to take up her residence with some relatives in Benton Harbor, Mich., in order that she might go to school, she had become a real "professional." Her first public appearance was as a "specialty artist" with the Holden company, for the Holden company gave the regulation performance, with vaudeville numbers between the acts of the bill they happened to be playing.

"I remember this first appearance as tho it had been yesterday," said Miss Young. "Possibly I was not even properly shy, but it certainly is true that I faced that first audience without a tremor of fear and experienced no such thing as 'stage-fright.' It seemed perfectly natural that I should adopt the stage as a profession or calling after having been practically born in the business, trouped during all my days of babyhood, and used make-up and costumes for my toys. I think, too, that the resplendent costume I

Above, Miss Young with Earle Williams in one of her earliest Vitagraph successes, "My Official Wife," and at the *right,* a scene from her latest photoplay, "Cheating Cheaters"

# of Young

All the World a Stage

BREWSTER

wore on that important occasion, a Nile-green chiffon over green silk, probably had a great deal to do with my assurance. I loved that dress and had watched with interest every stitch which my mother had put into it. Certainly I could have done nothing to bring discredit upon it. 'Dannie Murphy's Daughter,' at that time a popular Irish melody, was the song I used, and when I tell you that I could sing it right now, you will understand how well I remember the occasion of my first professional appearance and the lasting impression those trouping

One of Clara Kimball Young's favorite recreations is purchasing beautiful costumes

days with the Holden company made upon me."

As has been recited, Miss Young was born in Chicago. It might be well to add, however, that "Clara Kimball" Young was born in Benton Harbor, Mich. The vital statistics in the big Illinois city record the birth of the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kimball with an entry that reads "Edith Matilde Kimball." But some years later the Benton Harbor relatives, for no other reason than they did not like the original "monicker," changed it to "Clara Kimball"—and Clara Kimball it has been ever since.

One of the most interesting epochs in Miss Young's career was her early engagement in stock in Goldfields, Nev., in the days when that lively mining town was at the height of its boom. One of Miss Young's uncles established the first theatrical stock company that had ever played the town, and for six months Miss Young was a member of the company, playing ingénues and ingénue leads. The boom city, fairly wild with sudden riches, was rough and ready and typical of the great American West. The theater built for the

Miss Young donned overalls to help fix the place she bought her father and mother

stock company was one of the finest structures in the place, and yet it was only a low, rambling, one-story frame building. The furnishings, however, were of the very best and the entertainment offered was high-class, with able artists presenting such bills as "Way Down East," "The Little Minister," etc. It is interesting to note that the admission price scale was from $1.00 to $10.00.

Stock engagements in Tonopah, Nev., and Seattle, Wash., followed the engagement in Goldfields, and then Miss Young came East, to be rebuffed repeatedly in the booking offices where she applied for work and was always told that "We want older people and people of reputation." By dint of much persistence, however, Miss Young secured a small part in a musical show called "The Skylark," and in this show was introduced to Broadway.

Next came an engagement in vaudeville, with a dramatic sketch, and then some more stock, this time in Philadelphia with the Orpheum Players at the Chestnut Street opera house, where she played the leads for a number of months. It was from this stock engagement in Philadelphia that Miss Young came to the Vitagraph Company of America to begin the motion picture career which has proved such a great success.

Her first engagement was as a member of the Vitagraph Company's permanent producing company, for all big producers had permanent organizations in those days. Her salary was $25.00 per week, just $50.00 per week less than had been her salary in Philadelphia, but Miss Young was glad to accept it, for it meant fifty-two weeks' work per year with no transient hotel bills to pay and no costumes to buy, for picture companies in those earlier days were wont to supply all necessary costumes from a common wardrobe.

"Cardinal Wolsey," an early photoplay version of "Richelieu," was the first picture in which Miss Young appeared, playing the part of Anne Boleyn. When she left the Vitagraph Company three and one-half years later she was signing the pay-roll for $150.00 per week, and the foundation had been laid for the tremendous success which she has since achieved as an individual star in the motion picture industry.

Today Miss Young's income from her motion picture work exceeds half a million dollars a year—and the statement is made with full knowledge that the public likes to believe that fancy salary figures quoted are invariably the result of a press-agent's pipe dream. It must be remembered, however, that Miss Young is more than a motion picture star. She is one of the few women in the profession who, single-handed and alone, produce and distribute their own pictures. Hers is the last word in the selection of plays, selection of cast, selection of director, and the manner in which the finished product shall reach the ultimate "consumer," the public.

Clara Kimball Young works hard—but she plays hard, too, taking to her recreation all of that enthusiasm which has contributed so much to her success in a business way. Wherever she is, whether it be New York or Los Angeles, she lives like the first lady of the land. Her apartment in New York is a connoisseur's dream in antique furniture, wonderful rugs, priceless laces and the art works of the old masters. Her more temporary quarters in Los Angeles are always the best that money can buy.

Miss Young's photoplay productions, almost without exception, have been ones in which beautiful gowns have played a prominent part. Not long ago, indeed, Miss Young was quoted as having said that during the six

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Dollar Princess

Emmy Wehlen Dresses the Part

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

"YOU must pardon me," said Emmy Wehlen, in her pretty broken English, "for receiving you in such negligée, but I have not been quite well, and between pictures I must relax."

Pardon her for giving us the opportunity of seeing her in a concoction of white net and blue chiffon, with a loose velvet coat of blue? Well, rather!

The hotel apartment was luxurious but cosily homelike, with overflowing book-cases, a Baby Grand piano, some Chinese bowls of drooping ferns, and hangings of soft blue velvet which served as a charming setting for the little lady's blonde beauty.

And then, we discovered that it was our lucky day indeed. In the room adjoining, we could see the maid busily examining a stunning array of gowns, we tried to make our eyes behave, but couldn't resist casting frequent, yearning glances in that direction.

"My gowns," said Miss Wehlen—"would you like to see them?" I would and did.

There was an old rose brocade, shot with graceful silver figures, with a handsome wrap edged with deep silver lace and having a collar of rose ostrich feathers, that was especially fetching. There was an exquisitely simple model of cloth of gold—a real Paquin model—and a Collot model of Nile green silk with gold embroidered flounce. There was a "party dress" of lace and pale blue taffeta; a quaint, girlish little model of black velvet with red velvet bodice, and, to be worn with it, a black velvet cape lined with red in Red Riding Hood effect; the smartest possible blue velvet suit with hem of moleskin, and there was a Russian sable opera cloak before which we paused in silent adoration.

Miss Wehlen stood by quite nonchalantly and matter-of-factly. "Clothes," she said, with an expressive gesture, "they are just a part of my stock in trade, and when a picture is finished, we must overhaul them and take stock. What part of my wardrobe needs replenishing, I must decide. What can be made over and used again in a picture? Which gowns can be kept as they are for evening and home wear, and what can be given away?

"Just now I am interested in the reconstruction period. What will be its relation to clothes? Economy, it is essential. It must be observed. This is strange perhaps, coming from me who buy and wear extravagant gowns, but it is part of what you call my 'job' to wear beautiful clothes. The pictures demand it.

"But nothing must be wasted. Real economy means buying material which is good as long as there's a piece left of it. It can be remodeled. It can be made over for children. It can be given to the Red Cross or Salvation Army. But poor, shoddy material is money thrown away.

"It is part of my 'job,' too, to know how to dress so that grace may not be eliminated.

Emmy Wehlen and George D. Baker, manager of Production of Metro's West Coast studios, going over a manuscript on the beach.

I must study colors and beauty of line. High color schemes and the latest modes do not always fit the character one tries to portray. The color scheme of my costume must blend in unity with my hair and eyes. Do you see? To be properly clothed is to help one to be graceful to the eye."

"Then you think," I said, "that clothes are the main thing in helping you to maintain grace on the screen?"

"Oh, no!" she protested. "There must be a foundation. I eat plain food. I read good books. I practice outdoor sports whenever possible, and above all I dance. Dancing is the great promoter of health and grace, and it's good for the temper too.

"If I'm 'cross as two sticks'—is it? and indulge in a brisk one step, a good fox trot or a rhythmic waltz, I am refreshed in body and spirit. I was born in Vienna, so perhaps I should prefer the Viennese waltz, but I prefer the fox trot. It has a lilt that takes away the blues.

"So glad I am that the characters I portray can be expressed by graceful up-to-date dancing, done in dresses that are pretty, smart and modish. Just every-day, high-bred American girls, they are. I think the young American girl is the happiest person in the world."

In talking with Miss Wehlen it is easy to remember that she attained a high degree of success as a light opera star several years ago. So beautifully modulated is her voice, and so musical is her speaking voice, one regrets that it is lost in the silent drama.

The gifted little lady was born in Vienna, but was educated in London. Unlike most musical comedy stars, she began her stage career in heavy dramatic rôles, appearing in Shakespearean repertoire and plays by Sudermann, Ibsen, Wilde, Barrie and Keats. Then, as the star of the London Gaiety Company in "The Dollar Princess," "The Merry Widow," and "To-night's the Night," she was the toast of London, later touring England, Germany, Austria, Italy and France. When the Shuberts brought "To-night's the Night" from

(*Continued on page* 103)

Emmy Wehlen loves cloth of gold, old rose, royal blue and clothes of rich textures

Chicken à la Vivian

By CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

WERE it not for the danger of shattering cherished illusions, the fact might be disclosed that screen stars are mortal. Reasoning from this premise, the further fact may be conceded that, being mortal, stars must eat. Going further still, it will be found that their victuals must be cooked before being eaten. At last the conclusion is reached that to insure their victuals being cooked in the highest style of the culinary art, stars of the feminine gender, at least, should, or could if they would, prepare their own food.

As a matter of fact, most stars and leading women can cook, and sometimes do, altho their personal appearances in the kitchen are not so frequent as they might be if their duties at the studios were not so exacting. All are good cooks; some are better. Vivian Martin is one of the best. Indeed, Miss Martin has a national reputation as an authority on the culinary art.

Having now led up to the subject without appearing to do so, Miss Martin's remarks on what to do when the great event occurs may be quoted. For the benefit of unfortunates who do not live in the country the explanation is vouchsafed that *the* event in the country is when the preacher comes.

"Why, of course, the thing to do when the preacher comes," said Miss Martin, with a laugh, "is to round up a chicken—a yellow-legged pullet if possible. Forehanded folk always keep a few of the likeliest pullets in a small coop ready for any emergency. Then, of course, all you have to do is to go out to the coop and—but let us draw a veil over what happens then.

"After the last sad rites are over the chicken should stand in a basin of nice, cool well water for one hour. Right here let me caution you to carve the chicken before cooking. Never, *never*, NEVER attempt to fry a chicken in halves, as food spoilers in hotels and restaurants do. Carve it into small pieces so that all hands may have a fair share of the white meat.

Next, have a skillet, NOT a frying pan, smoking hot with plenty of melted butter in it. Anybody who knows enough to be allowed at large in a kitchen ought to know that chicken can be fried only in butter, but I mention it for the benefit of those who were never privileged to learn how to cook. For their further benefit I may add that

(*Continued on page* 105)

Most stars *can* cook, but Vivian Martin *does* cook. Her specialty is fried chicken

Mahlon Hamilton—Man of Many Parts

I WAS introduced to Mahlon Hamilton on the set in which he was working with Kitty Gordon at the United Theaters Picture Company studio in Hollywood. At the moment, a storm was gathering and the frame of a tall tower toppling for a fall caused a wild scramble for safety.

"Speedy work," he said, as he rushed me away, "almost up to the mark set by 'The Hidden Hand,' in which I killed a man or two every morning in order to whet my appetite for a murderous day." He moved me out of the storm into a seat in his dressing room, where he towered over my small and shrinking form, a "broth," of a blue-eyed, six-feet-plus man.

"What a devilish grind it must be," he said before I could get my breath, "this interviewing people on what they have done, what they are doing, what they intend to do. Isn't the greatest bore on earth the man who insists on talking about himself, when you want to talk about yourself?"

"Not when you are the man," I replied promptly.

"You want to know, of course, the things I like to do," he hurried on but with a subtle intimation that he was not trying to get rid of me, but was helping me to get rid of him. "I am strong for baseball, football, hunting, fishing—all sports—and am mashed on a new car—a Stutz."

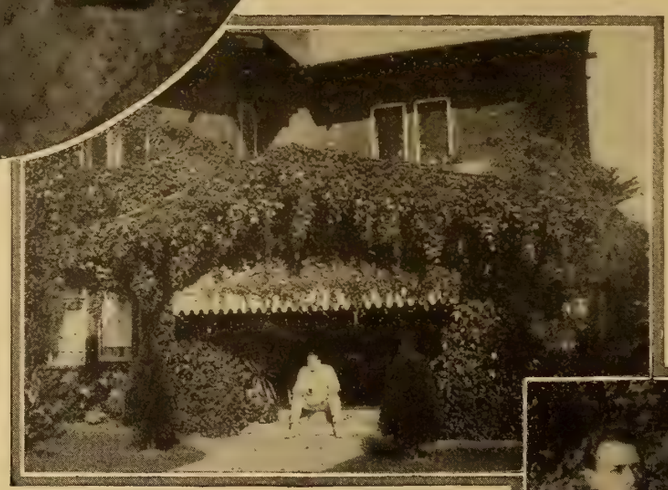
"You've smashed a new car?" I asked, in a tingle of excitement at the thought of a near-tragedy.

"Bless you, no! That would have been a calamity. I have only had it for two weeks and there is more money to pay on it. When I get my hands on its wheel I am at peace with the world. I dont suppose I look it, but I am a very nervous chap and there is nothing that rests me so much as a drive in a smooth-running car.

"You know that is one thing that the pictures do for us. I dont think that any one who has been a 'trouper,' who has tasted of the joys and triumphs of the stage, is quite honest when he says he prefers the screen; but, if he says he prefers the screen-life to stage-life, then he is talking truth; the screen-life, with its regular hours, its regular pay, its long-time contracts, its glorious out-of-door settings—these weigh heavily in the scale against the glamour of the 'foots.'"

He was born in Baltimore and began his stage career there with Jules Murray in a college play called "At Yale."

"I was 16 years old but weighed 160 or better and was as husky as I was weighty for my years. Then the Spanish-American War came along and I got the war fever and en-



Mahlon Hamilton, his new home in California and his equally new wife.

In interior night scenes the up-to-date director employs cleverly arranged arc lights with shields which prevent diffusion of the rays and enable them to be concentrated on single objects, leaving the surroundings in darkness

Photography

Accomplished

SHILLER

focusing the camera and leaving it with wide open lens to absorb the impression for several hours, a method which, of course, cannot be used with the restless and ever-revolving film of the motion picture camera.

Now, however, when the lovers meet in a woodland glade by the light of the moon, it is no longer necessary for the harassed director to fake this luminary by pointing his camera at the setting sun and then pasting a small disk of untransparent paper over the negative. And, what is more, he need not wait his picture to suit the erratic whims of Diana. The effect of natural moonlight, shading from the faint glow of the sickle moon to the white glare of the full orb, can all be obtained on a pitch-dark night by a system of portable arc lamps that light up the scenes with a strong violet flame of varying degrees of intensity.

This light produces clear-cut ground shadows, sharply defined silhouettes and mass shadings identical with actual moolight and much better than the effect of the real thing in a photograph. For pictures taken by moonlight have a muddy, chilly tone more like the gray light of a sunless day than the silvery radiance of a moonlight night.

Another method of obtaining the atmosphere of moonlight or starlight is to take the picture at dusk, slightly underexposed, but this is not so good for the story uses of a photoplay, as it shows everything, the commonplace, the ugly, the irrelevant and inartistic, instead of picking out the salient details. Since the chief beauty of night scenes is the sense of mystery and romance they can convey, the director prefers to furnish his own moonlight, which will shine only on what he wishes it to shine.

In interior night scenes the up-to-date director employs cleverly arranged arc lights with shields which prevent diffusion of the rays and enable them

(*Continued on page* 111)

The Guiding Hand

Each step of Baby Marie Osborn's career has been carefully censored by her young mother. Here Mrs. Osborn is shown teaching Marie to knit. There is also a little baby sister, undoubtedly a ır in the making

This picture of Mae Marsh and her mother was taken on Riverside Drive, New York, just before their departure to make their home in California. Mrs. Marsh looks very nearly as young as her five daughters, in fact they are often taken for sisters

The look of adoring obedience in the eyes of Madge Kennedy has never been called into play in Goldwyn Pictures, perhaps for the reason that the little star has not been privileged, except in her own home, to play opposite her mother. But in this charming scene, snapped away from the studio, Miss Kennedy shows plainly that her mother is more fascinating than the handsomest leading man who ever annoyed a director

Mitchell Lewis becomes a Select star in "Code of the Yukon"

Silversheet

Photodramas

NAYLOR

son's distinct screen personality has a great deal to do with getting this piece across. He plays the part of a younger brother, but makes the small part stand out distinctly.

"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE" (GRIFFITH)

The punch of this latest David Griffith picture seems to be in his ability to have Germans break down doors effectively, instead of using situations that break down the door of a person's heart. In producing another war picture Griffith does nothing big or unusual enough to justify our confidence in his being the greatest director. The most daring moment of this new production is when the white soldier and the negro soldier seek refuge in the same shell hole, showing the kindness of the negro and the breaking down of the white's prejudice. Little Lillian Gish is shown to beautiful advantage in three or four close-ups of a new type which idealize her expression. The rest of the time she jumps "ingénuishly" all over the place. The charm of Lillian is a very poignant thing and should not be tampered with in this manner, no matter how great the director. Fortunately we still have memories of her sanity and dignity in "The Lily and the Rose."

"BRANDING BROADWAY" (ARTCRAFT)

Bill Hart scores, and scores big, in this new play of his. The variety of emotions which play across Bill's countenance in this piece prove that Hart has a histrionic ability which will carry him to a zenith greater even than he has yet reached. The story is that of a Westerner who, enraged at a reform crowd in an Arizona town, invades New York. The scenes in New York, where he gets a job taking care of a millionaire's son who likes the bright lights of Broadway, are especially interesting because of a

"Too Many Millions" (Paramount) features Wally Reid's qualities as a comedian

certain light comedy element that is worked in successfully. Seena Owen takes the part of the girl whom Bill wins in the end.

"THE COMMON CAUSE" (VITAGRAPH)

A war play built around the eternal triangle. Sylvia Breamer and Herbert Rawlinson portray the husband and wife whom the war reconciles. J. Stuart Blackton has directed this picture with excellent judgment, especially in introducing the comedy relief of an English Tommy whose fad is collecting helmets. Lawrence Grossmith makes this part stand out distinctly. Little Charles Blackton makes a decided hit in his small part.

"ARIZONA" (ARTCRAFT)

Our own irrepressible Fairbanks is as effectively entertaining as ever in his new release. His part, that of a young soldier who is wrongfully accused of carrying on an affair with his Colonel's wife, possesses an element of the dramatic that is generally missing from Fairbanks' pictures; however, Doug smiles his way thru tense moments to an anticipated close-up with Margery Daw.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE" (ARTCRAFT)

There may be, and undoubedly are, flaws in this picture, but the poetry and romance of its exceptionally beautiful exteriors are so pictorially pleasant that they seem indeed minor details. Elsie Ferguson's idealistic beauty has perhaps never been so apparent as in this imaginative tale of a society girl who cannot find the romance she so desires among her every day suitors and happening upon a band of gypsies, conceives the plan of pretending to be a gypsy herself. She buys a wagon from them—and promptly runs into her romance in the shape of Eugene O'Brien, showing excellent judgment. "Under the Greenwood Tree" is in substance a beautiful picture worthy of Miss Ferguson's loveliness, but scarcely worthy of her intelligence.

Madge Kennedy tries to look like a chorus girl in "A Perfect Lady" (Goldwyn) but as usual registers refinement

Frank McIntyre is the jovial hero in Rex Beach's satisfying picture, "Too Fat to Fight" (Goldwyn)

Geraldine Farrar has all the mannerisms of a Prima Donna in "The Hell Cat" (Goldwyn)

"A LADY'S NAME" (SELECT)

Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford are a team of players from whom we have come to expect unusually smart and pleasant comedy. "A Lady's Name" is an adaptation of Cyril Harcourt's play. Connie takes the part of a young writer who inserts an ad for a husband in order to get material for a new novel. Every type of man answers the ad, Harrison Ford being the most pleasant one. The whole is characterized by being played with a keen sense of the ridiculous and no effort to touch the sublime. Zazu Pitts plays the part of a little maid of all work in a manner which justifies our prediction of her future possibilities after having seen her in "The Little Princess" with Mary Pickford.

"CODE OF THE YUKON" (SELECT)

This story has a distinct Rex Beach atmosphere, but is from the pen of Anthony Paul Kelly. Mitchell Lewis is starred as Jean Dubois, an uncouth prospector. Villainous miners try, not only to steal his mine, but his wife as well, but are prevented by a dance-hall girlie who points out to Jean the one who ruined his

(*Continued on page* 112)

What Fur?

To Adorn My Lady Norma Talmadge, of Course. What More Fitting End for Any Ermine, Fox, Mink, Seal or Raccoon?

$300.00 CASH PRIZES

A Great Mystery Story

TO BE SOLVED BY OUR READERS

The mystery that baffled the Scotland Yard Detectives to be solved by our readers, and half of the prize money to go to their friends who fought at the front.

A contest that will tax the ingenuity and imagination of our readers for months to come.

READ the wonderful story, *"The Crimson Iris,"* by H. H. Van Loan, and you will agree with us when we say that, not since the days of Sherlock Holmes, has a story been written that so holds the interest and excites the curiosity of the reader.

It is a detective story and you are to be the chief detective.

A great film magnate was producing a feature film in London, with his entire company there, when he was suddenly found dead, under the most peculiar and baffling circumstances. All of his employees, friends and players were closely questioned by the Scotland Yard authorities, but they could make no head nor tail of it. As you read, you think surely this person is the murderer, then you are just as sure that some other person is the guilty one, and so on. We are quite sure that the mystery will baffle you just as it baffled Scotland Yard. At one point in the story, you will say, "Oh, I see; this person did it—well, the cat is out of the bag—the mystery is solved." But in the next chapter you will find that you were wrong. And in the next chapter you will again change your mind, and not till the very end will you know for a certainty.

This mystery story will be read around the hearthstones of a million homes and it will help to pass away many a thrilling hour. When the soldier boys get home, some of them will have a little extra cash to start life with again, because one half of the prize money is to go to them.

We shall award $300.00 in cash prizes to those who send in the best solutions, and we wish these solutions sent in monthly. Your first guess, and even your second, may be wrong, but that may not prevent you from winning first prize. All solutions must be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine. For example, you will receive the January number about the first of December, and on or before the 20th of December you should mail your postal card addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y." Do this every month and write on the back of the card in as few words as possible, who you think committed the crime, or the motive, or anything which will guide us in determining whether you have grasped the situation and guessed how the story will unfold. You may write ten words, or any number. You can say anything you wish on the first one, two or three cards, but, after that, you must be very careful not to make a bad blunder, because it will count against you when all of your cards are finally collected, even if your last card should be correct. We shall award the prizes on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card should be numbered, thus: your first card should read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1;" your second card should read "No. 2," and so on. If, after reading the first instalment, you see no clew to the murderer, your card might read something like this: "Motive not yet apparent. Guilty one has probably not yet appeared. Perhaps a rival film producer did it." Or, "A woman did it; motive jealousy." Or, "The murdered man was at heart a villain and was justly killed by a person as yet unknown." After reading the second instalment, you may change your mind, but that does not matter, so long as your second card states clearly what you then think. We expect you to be wrong in one or more of your guesses—perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions were logical, or probable, or possible, you have a chance for first prize. Your last card must contain a solution. It must contain a very brief synopsis of what the last instalment will be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

The prizes will be as follows:

1st	prize	$100.00
2nd	"	50.00
3rd	"	40.00
4th	"	35.00
5th	"	25.00
6th	"	20.00
7th	"	15.00
8th	"	10.00
9th	"	5.00

One half of this will go to the winners and one half to any enlisted soldier or sailor designated by the winners. For example, the winner of first prize will receive $50.00 cash and a certified check for $50.00 payable to any soldier or sailor he or she may name. The only conditions are that no person can win who has been previously informed of the solution. We add this because there are about twenty persons in this country who know this story and one or more of these might have inadvertently mentioned it to others, not knowing that it was to be a monthly contest. All such, of course, will be barred from the contest. Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes. The judges will take *everything* into consideration. If any two are considered equally meritorious the prize will be divided. No coupons are necessary—only postal cards. We may publish portraits of one or more of the winners, if they will permit it.

The Crimson Iris

By H. H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS."

Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, disappears strangely from his London hotel. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, man of fashion, notifies the police. It transpires that Gebhardt was not an American as supposed, but a German, born in Laupheim, and that he had been traveling with a false passport.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the "Chronicle" and expert criminologist, becomes interested in the case. He goes to Scotland Yard and discloses the fact that he has found Gebhardt's opera hat and wallet containing his card on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge. Brenon Hodges is suspected of implication. At this juncture word is received by 'phone that Arthur Gebhardt has been found in the Victoria Studios—*murdered!*

CHAPTER III

(Continued from February)

The car journeyed at a snail's pace until it reached Aldgate. Then, with a long, wide stretch before it, it speeded towards the East End.

A few minutes later it turned off Aldgate; swung into the Shoreditch Road and started in the direction of South Hackney. As it reached the end of the Hackney Road, the greenish glow of the calciums in the Victoria Studio could be seen by the occupants of the car. The studio was situated opposite Victoria Park, which was reserved as a public playground for the poor children in that section of the city. The property, consisting of several acres, was completely surrounded by a high brick wall, and the only glimpse the public obtained of the inside was when the two huge gates in the center occasionally opened for someone to pass in or out. It stood in an isolated spot and had formerly been used as an orphanage.

There was a gloominess about the place which impressed Inspector Henry as he stepped from the car.

"By jove, the setting is certainly appropriate," he remarked to Leatherdale as the latter jumped out after him.

"It would make a graveyard seem like a week-end festival at Margate, wouldn't it?" said the reporter as his gaze roamed over the desolate country.

A deep blackness had now fallen over everything, which the faint, glimmering lights in the low, flat houses a half a mile away, endeavored to penetrate, with but little success. The sky had become overcast with a thick, heavy fog which had drawn its mantle between the heavens and the earth and dampened the atmosphere. But, it did not hide the weird, uncanny glow of the calciums, reflected thru the glass-covered roof of the studio, which loomed high above the blackened wall. It stood out like an ominous sentinel; an ill-foreboding spectre of the night, and was surrounded by a grim silence which was startling, almost terrifying.

The two men crossed the road and stepped up to the big gates. With the aid of a flash-light, the inspector found a little brass knob, which he pulled strenuously a couple of times and then waited. Presently they heard someone fumbling on the inside after which one of the gates was opened and the old gate-keeper thrust his head out.

"Hits me's awskin' yer, 'ho d'ye want, sir?" he inquired, as he raised his lantern until its rays spread across the faces of the two men.

"This is Inspector Henry of Scotland Yard," replied that individual, with a slight show of irritation as he pushed the gate open and started making his way thru the entrance, at the same time beckoning to Letherdale to follow.

"Ho, I beg y'pardon, sir," humbly remarked the watchman as he stepped back and permitted them to enter.

The inspector ignored his apology as he started briskly across the court with Letherdale. It was difficult for them to get an impression of their strange surroundings, in the semi-blackness which enveloped everything. Several cars were parked under a long shed on the left of the entrance, and they were able to make out two or three little groups of buildings, the outlines of which were silhouetted against the green-tinted studio, standing in the center of the "lot." They were dark and deserted and as the inspector approached them he saw they were but the fronts of houses, which assisted in forming a moving picture street. A long, low wooden building, with innumerable little doors and frosted windows, which reflected the light within, was doubtless the dressing-rooms of the actors and actresses. Beyond this was the big open-air stage, with its scenery and properties stacked against the rear wall.

As the inspector made his way towards the big interior studio, he concluded if there were any activities about the place at that moment, they must be centered behind the gruesomely green panels just ahead of them. For the court-yard was absolutely deserted and the only sound which broke the oppressing silence was the beating of their own footsteps on the hard, dry ground.

They had reached the door of the main studio, when they suddenly heard someone approaching. The inspector turned and distinguished a short, heavy-set man walking rapidly towards them.

"Is this Inspector Henry?" he inquired as he came up.

"Yes," responded the inspector abruptly.

"Thank God," said the other in trembling tones. "A terrible thing has happened, inspector," he continued. Altho the inspector could not make out his features in the dark shadows, he knew the man was undergoing a severe mental strain.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Mr. Gluckstein," replied the other.

"Oh, yes," said the inspector. The name of Samuel Gluckstein, president of the Victoria Producing Company, was familiar to him.

Then, as the head of the studio stepped up to the door, the official of Scotland Yard added: "Where is Sergeant Claverly?"

"He's inside, sir," replied Gluckstein as he fumbled with a bunch of keys he had taken from his pocket.

"And the rest?"

"They're in there, too," said the other as he unlocked the door and threw it open. "You see, your instructions have been obeyed," he added as the inspector entered, with Letherdale behind him.

A strange scene greeted them as they stepped inside. The building was nothing more than a great big room, with glass walls and ceiling. A number of arc lights dangled from the steel beams, near the top, and were surrounded with pulleys, ropes and various other trappings. Great piles of scenery leaned against the walls, and tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture were piled high in one corner, with various objects and properties.

Almost half the studio was occupied by a big "set," which, as they approached, the inspector noticed was a huge foyer, evidently the home of some rich man. It was smothered in luxury. The highly varnished linoleum, supposed to represent the polished oak floor, was a superb bit of camouflage. But, the big skins, spread about the floor; the full-length French mirror, which stood against the wall, and the handsome upholstered chairs and other bits of furniture, placed along the edges of the room, were of a rare period and doubtless very costly. The small guest table, in the center, with its delicately hand-

carved figures, was of solid mahogany. Everything in the room, from the big, heavy candelabras on the walls, which were covered with finely carved leather, to the large oil paintings, and the luxurious, dark red curtains, hung loosely before the doors on either side of the foyer, harmonized and indicated the care which had been exerted with every detail.

The keen, observing eye of Inspector Henry took quick note of all these things as he stepped into the "set" and glanced about him. It was remarkable, interesting and instructive, to men like the inspector and Letherdale, who had never been inside a studio before.

A moving picture camera rested on its tripod close by, with its lens pointing towards the vast array of splendor. The members of the company were scattered about the foyer, as they had been warned by Sergeant Claverly not to leave the building. Some were clustered in a little group around the guest table in the center of the room, chatting in low tones. Others were strolling impatiently back and forth, muttering words of anger, meanwhile casting furtive glances at the sergeant, who was seated on a luxurious sofa, against the wall, surveying the little gathering with an air of officiousness which was repelling to most of them. One group, consisting of two very attractive girls and two handsome young men, were seated on the steps of the big, broad staircase, at the rear of the room, leading to the second floor. The girls were clothed in gowns of wonderful creation and they had all the grace and poise befitting members of the élite, while the men in the latest fashion evening clothes, were quite as pleasing to look at, and appeared natural and very much at ease.

There was no activity on the part of the company, and it was quite apparent that the tragedy had suddenly checked the order of things here, and completely stopped everything. The cameraman was chatting with the director on a big, silk-covered settee, which stood just outside the "set," while the group of grimy individuals, including electricians, carpenters, light men, property boys, and other members of the stage staff, were idly loafing about.

The sudden appearance of the inspector and Letherdale was the signal for silence, on the part of everyone present, and they all looked up at the official of Scotland Yard, whose distinguished manner, aided by his robust figure and cold, serious countenance, immediately convinced them of his ability to command the situation.

"Inspector Henry?" inquired the police sergeant as he came forward.

"Sergeant," replied the other, by way of greeting. Then, he calmly added: "Where's the body?"

"This way," said the officer as he started across the foyer.

They walked to the rear of the room, and paused before a large screen, at the right of the staircase. This screen was a beautiful piece of Japanese handiwork, and the deft fingers of some ingenious oriental had embroidered a golden dragon on a black silk background. It had appeared in many important dramatic and emotional love scenes in the past, but these were all eclipsed by the tragic rôle it was playing now. For, as the men stepped behind it they were confronted with the body of Arthur Gebhardt.

An opera cloak had been thrown over the lower part of the prostrate figure, and, as the inspector stooped and pulled this aside, there, before them, lay the body of a well proportioned, handsome man, whose silent countenance still bore traces of youth. His dark, glossy hair was brushed back revealing a broad forehead, above features which were almost classic in mould. He was immaculately dressed in evening clothes, and, as Letherdale gazed upon the figure and then glanced at the inspector and the uniformed sergeant, it seemed to him that all this was but a scene in a great moving picture drama, wherein the murdered man was playing an important rôle.

Everything about the dead man proved he had been an individual of refinement. From his neatly trimmed hair, and smooth, clean complexion, to his long, slender hands there was evidence of extreme care and precision, which unquestionably stamped him as a gentleman. His features were wrapped in calm repose, and, if he had suffered much from the ugly wound in his right temple, it was not disclosed in his face, which was disclored with a greenish-blue pallor.

From the position of the body there was nothing to show that the man had resisted an attack and there was no evidence of a struggle having taken place in the room. The inspector leaned over the body for some minutes as he examined the wound. He drew himself up and looked about the floor. The weapon was apparently missing. Then he turned to Sergeant Claverly, who had been silently watching him.

"It was done with a 38-calibre," muttered the inspector. "Probably pierced his skull and entered the brain, resulting in almost instantaneous death."

The sergeant simply nodded.

"What time did this happen?" continued the Scotland Yard official.

"It must have been about three o'clock," replied the sergeant. "The call came to the Hackney Station, and the captain rang me at my patrol box. My beat covers the last six blocks on Victoria Park Road, and it took me, I should say, about fifteen minutes to get here."

"The body was in exactly the same position when you arrived?"

"Yes, sir. It was lying just where it does now."

"It hasn't been touched since it was found?"

"No, sir: at least, not since I arrived."

"Very well, sergeant, you will please phone the coroner."

As the inspector turned around he was confronted by actors, actresses, and members of the stage staff, who had quietly circled about him in morbid curiosity. He studied them momentarily, and then, as he discovered the troubled looks on some of the countenances, he spoke.

"Now then, if you will all be seated, we will proceed," he said calmly.

They silently obeyed, and the majority of them threw themselves on the steps of the staircase and awaited his next move.

"I will start by saying that I realize this is a very unpleasant experience for most of you," he said, as he took his place in front of them and gazed over the little group. "You will all be shown the utmost consideration, and I expect to receive as much from you. I am here to get the facts in this case: to find out who killed Arthur Gebhardt!"

"It was just like this, inspector——," spoke up a nervous little ingénue as she leaned forward excitedly.

But the inspector ignored her as he added: "Interruptions will only result in further delay. It is solely up to you, how much longer you care to remain here." And his cold gaze rested on the actress as he said this.

"I'm so sorry," she said apologetically, as her face flushed.

"We will start with you, Mr. Gluckstein," continued the inspector, as he turned to the studio official, standing beside him. "Were you in the studio when this happened?"

"I was down town. As I understand it, there wasn't anybody here——"

"That will do," interrupted the detective. "I didn't ask you what you understood. There must have been at least two people here," he explained. Then, as he pointed to the man behind the screen: "He and the one who shot him! You have an alibi: you were down town. That eliminates you."

"No employee of the studio was here when the thing happened," spoke up Director Lloyd. He was a nice looking, clean cut young man and was dressed in khaki riding trousers, puttees and a loose-fitting white shirt.

"I am not certain about that," remarked Inspector Henry, somewhat sternly.

"What I mean to say is, none of us were here," the director explained.

"Are you certain?" inquired the detective.

"Absolutely certain," vowed the director.

"Then none of you heard the shot fired?"

"We had been working steadily, since early this morning," said Lloyd, "and about two thirty this afternoon we all knocked off, for a little rest, and, incidentally, to get something to eat."

"Did you all go together?"

"Not exactly. We all came stringing along, one after the other. I was the last one to leave the studio, and, when I reached the restaurant, which is located about three blocks down Victoria Park Road, the others had already arrived and were eating."

"Every one of these people were there?" continued the inspector as he waved his hand in the direction of the group on the stairs.

"Yes, sir."
"Was Mr. Gebhardt here when you left the studio?"
"I hadn't seen him today."
"You knew him, didn't you?"
"Oh, yes."
"You had seen him here before, on other occasions?"
"I had."
"But, the first time you saw him today——"
"He was lying where he is now," interrupted Lloyd.
"Who discovered the body?" inquired the inspector.
"Miss Cartwright, one of the members of our company. It was rather extraordinary, the way that this tragedy fitted into the plot of the production we are now making," mused the director. "The 'heavy,' or the villain, is supposed to have been murdered and his body hidden behind that screen, where it is later discovered by one of the guests. Before 'shooting' this scene we went to eat. We had rehearsed it several times, and so, when we returned I decided we would take it immediately. It is one of the big punches in the picture: in fact the plot hinges on this situation. The action starts from the moment the body is found behind the screen.

"The camera-man started grinding as Miss Cartwright descended the staircase and paused a moment in front of the screen. Then, she slowly made her way to the side of it, where she was supposed to discover the body of the villain. When she reached this point she gazed in horror, emitted a strange cry and fell to the floor. It was an excellent piece of work, and eclipsed anything she had ever done before, in the line of emotional work.

"I called to her that the scene was finished, and we stopped grinding. But, seeing that she didn't rise, I went over to her and discovered that she had actually fainted. Even then I was not suspicious, because I have known of cases where actresses have been under such a severe mental strain during a big scene that they have dropped exhausted when it was all over.

"As Miss Cartwright revived she looked about her in a half-dazed manner, and then her countenance filled with horror again as she pointed to the screen. Then, still pondering over her strange actions, I went over and looked back of the screen, and there discovered the grim inspiration for her remarkable bit of acting. For, there, lying just as it does now, was the body of Arthur Gebhardt!"

The inspector had listened with interest to the strange narrative of the director, who had told his story in a frank manner, leaving no doubt in the mind of his listeners that he was speaking the truth. It was truly a remarkable case. One of the biggest men in the film industry had been murdered in this studio, and up until now, there was not the slightest clue as to who committed the crime. As the inspector mentally reviewed the tragedy he was at a loss to discover any tangible evidence which was sufficient to even suspect who had killed Gebhardt. At first he had been reported missing. Later he had turned up at his hotel, paid his bill and ordered his luggage sent to Euston. The transfer man had evidently been intercepted before he delivered the luggage and probably was instructed to take it to some local address. In order to complicate matters even further, the hat and wallet had been found on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge, and just when it had seemed certain that Gebhardt had left the city and was en route to the continent, Scotland Yard learnt that he had been murdered in a moving picture studio, under the most dramatic conditions. Inspector Henry had solved many important mysteries, during his career, but the case of Arthur Gebhardt was one of the most perplexing that had ever come to his attention.

"Did you know that Arthur Gebhardt had been reported to Scotland Yard as missing?" inquired the inspector.

"I did not," replied the director.

"His hat and wallet were found early this morning on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge," the inspector informed him. "Now then, the question is: Was Gebhardt murdered somewhere, outside the studio, and his body brought here in order to direct suspicion towards some members of this company?" Then, as he turned to Gluckstein he added: "Can you think of any reason Gebhardt might have for coming here?"

"Not in particular," replied that individual thoughtfully. "He frequently visited us, whenever he came to London. He seldom made any appointments with us, but came out whenever he felt like it."

"You wouldn't deny that it's possible his body has been in this studio since late last night or early this morning, would you?"

"I think that is highly improbable," returned Gluckstein. "The night watchman would have discovered it. Furthermore, this 'set' wasn't completed until this morning. Had the body of Gebhardt been behind that screen before the company went to lunch it would have been found during the rehearsals."

"We are absolutely safe in concluding that Arthur Gebhardt did not come to this studio, alone, today," decided the detective. "He came upon the suggestion of someone else. And the one who accompanied him here, shot him down in cold blood. That being so, then it is probably true that some member of this company killed him!"

Just then, one of the "swagger" young actors, who had been pacing nervously about the foyer, as he glanced impatiently at his watch now and then, paused near the inspector.

"I say, inspector, I've a jolly engagement at the Savoy, dontcher know," he remarked as he adjusted his monocle. "And, if you dont mind, I'll be running along."

"You're going to stay right here until I've finished with you," the other informed him as he studied the interesting institution from head to foot. "This is the most important engagement you've got, and I'd advise you not to leave until I'm thru with you! I'm not so certain that you dont know something about this affair!"

"By jove, you're a bit off there, inspector," the actor remarked. "Why, dammit all, I've never seen this chap before!" And with disgust he threw himself into a chair.

At that moment the coroner arrived. He was a small, weazened individual, of about middle age, extremely courteous, and moved about quietly. There was about him an air of zealous solicitation which was quite a relief from the keen, cold, calculating inspector, whose continuous contact with crime and the members of the underworld had hardened him and converted him into a deep, penetrating pessimist.

The coroner first viewed the body of Gebhardt, closely examining it, and after he had finished he consulted the inspector. Then he proceeded to cross-examine those in the studio. But, he gathered no more than what he had already learnt from the Scotland Yard official. When he had finished he directed Sergeant Claverly to send for the ambulance and have the body removed to the London County Morgue.

"You will receive my report on this case in an hour or so," said the coroner as he started to leave. "It is very evident that Gebhardt has been murdered, but, I think you're going to have a difficult time in finding out who did it," he added.

"I will send you the name of the murderer within twenty-four hours or resign," vowed the inspector, with a vehemence which convinced the coroner he meant what he said.

"I dont think you will resign," said the other with a smile as he left.

As the coroner made his way out of the studio, Charles Dunn, the assistant laboratory man, entered and approached Pliny Shorn, the camera-man, who was just then in the act of taking down his camera.

"How's it look?" queried Pliny as Dunn came up to him.

"Very good stuff," the other replied. "That 'exterior' you 'shot' out at Vernon yesterday couldn't be better."

"Ought'er be good," boasted Pliny. "It was taken about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was just right."

"I wanted to ask you about that last roll," continued Dunn. "I've already put it thru and it's now drying on the drum. You wanted that 'iris'—the one you 'shot' just before this foyer scene—tinted crimson, too, didn't you?"

The camera-man pondered a moment. "You mean the 'exterior' we took this morning, out at Campbell's place?"

"No, I remember that 'shot.' It's a dandy, too."

"I only made one 'iris,'" Pliny corrected him.

"You've got a Klieg eye, Pliny: I tell you you made two," persisted the laboratory man.

"The only 'iris' I made in that roll was the one out at Campbell's," insisted Shorn.

"Well, you've got two," added Dunn. "And I tinted them both crimson, as you instructed me."

"If you've balled that stuff up, Beresford'll jump all over you," the camera-man warned him. Then, as he looked up from his camera, which he had just placed in its case, he added: "What's this other 'iris'?"

"Come on in the drying-room and I'll show it to you," said Dunn. "It's ready to take off the drum."

They started for the laboratory, which was located in a small building adjoining the studio. Dunn led the way. They passed thru the developing and printing rooms into the drying-room, where four big drums, with yards of film wound on them, were revolving, as the film was in the process of drying.

Dunn stepped up to one of these drums, turned a wooden lever with his foot and then, with his hand, brought the big wooden disk to a stop. He drew up a big cloth-lined box, unloosened one end of the film from the drum, and then as he turned it slowly backwards, the film unwound and fell into the receptacle. When all the film had been taken from the drum it was taken into the cutting-room and Dunn proceeded to roll it on one of the winders.

As the end approached, Dunn reduced the speed of the winder and closely studied each scene.

"Ah, here it is!" he remarked, as he stopped the machine and looked at some of the "positive." As he held it up before the light, just in front of him, Shorn leaned over his shoulder and studied it. It was a crimson-tinted "iris," and the camera-man took the film from Dunn and held it near his eyes as he looked at it long and carefully.

"By jove, I didn't take that scene!" he finally exclaimed as he lowered the film and turned to Dunn.

"Say, Pliny, you haven't been actin' quite natural since this town went dry," laughed the other.

"I'm tellin' you I didn't take it," repeated the camera-man as he held the film again up to the light and studied it.

"That's all right, we'll let you have the credit for it, anyway," added Dunn. "It was on the roll you just gave me."

But this didn't convince Pliny. He knew every scene of the four hundred feet he handed in at the laboratory a little while before. It was a part of his business to keep a record of every scene, and the number of feet taken, and these were registered in a little note-book, which he kept for his own private use, for just such emergencies. Reaching into his hip-pocket he brought out the book and hastily turned over the pages.

"Here we are," he said as he found the place. " 'Scenes 1 to 10, reel two,' " he read aloud. "Scene 9 is Chilito's boudoir, and scene 10 is where she comes down the staircase and finds Darge's body behind the screen. Now then, the 'iris' is scene 6 at Campbell's home."

"You didn't get scene 10," remarked Dunn.

"What!" asked the camera-man in surprise.

"That's the scene where Miss Cartwright comes down the staircase and finds Darge's body, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you didn't get it," Dunn informed him. "You'll have to 'shoot' that one over again."

"By gad, you dont mean it!" exclaimed Pliny.

"Well, there you are," remarked Dunn confidently as he held up the film. "See for yourself. First comes scene 9 in Chilito's boudoir; then comes this scene, which, apparently is not in the script—the crimson 'iris.' There's no scene here, showing Miss Cartwright finding the body of Darge."

"That's a damn shame!" said Shorn, with a show of anger. "It was the best piece of acting she's done since she joined the Victoria, too."

For some time the camera-man stood there in silence as he pondered over the strange revelation. But he was unable to fathom the mystery and at last gave it up in disgust.

"There's something wrong here, and I might as well go and face Lloyd and get it over with," he mused as he turned to Dunn, who had stood watching him.

With that, the camera-man wound up the film, slipped it off the winder, and taking the entire roll with him left the cutting-room and returned to the studio.

The inspector was still questioning the members of the company, each one individually, and from the haggard looks on their faces, there was little doubt but what the majority of them were tiring of the ordeal.

"I've got some bad news for you, Frank," said the camera-man as he stepped up to the director, who was just then standing aside, quite placidly smoking a cigaret.

"What's the matter, Pliny?" inquired the director.

"I didn't get that last scene," meekly replied Shorn.

"You didn't get it!" exclaimed Lloyd with surprise as he stared at the camera-man.

For reply, the other shook his head. "No, didn't get a foot of it," he admitted.

"Well, I'll be damned!" shouted the director. "And that's the best thing Miss Cartwright's ever done. "Wha—what'n the devil's the matter with you?" he exploded, as he faced the crestfallen youth, who plainly disclosed his discomfiture.

"I dont know," said the other, plainly worried. "But, I've got another scene that I didn't take."

"What's that!" And the director just glared at him.

"Here, see for yourself," went on the camera-man as he led him over to the side of the studio.

They paused near one of the calciums, which the director switched on, and there in the full glow of its rays, they studied the film. As Pliny held the "positive" between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, he unwound it with his right, until he reached the mysterious scene.

"There," he said with a sigh, "is a scene which isn't in the script. And I have no recollection of having taken it."

The director studied it carefully for some moments in silence. Then, suddenly his countenance lighted up.

"Jumpin' jiminy, this is interesting!" he exclaimed. "I've got it!" And he left the camera-man and hurried over to where the inspector was standing.

"Excuse me, inspector," he interrupted, "but, if you will step into the projection-room a moment, I think we'll be able to show you something which will interest you . . . Something which may possibly assist you a great deal in solving this case!"

The inspector turned and faced the director, who had grabbed the film away from Shorn, and in his excitement had left a trail of "positive" dragging along the floor. Before the detective could reply, Lloyd was hurrying thru a door which opened into the projection-room, at the rear of the studio. Gluckstein, Letherdale and the inspector followed him.

"Here; put this on a reel and run it," said the director to Teddy Bean, the operator, as he handed him the film. "Be quick about it."

Then he threw himself into one of the big easy chairs, in the darkened room. The trio followed and sat down in silence beside him and proceeded to wait.

CHAPTER IV

The three men in the projection-room, who had witnessed the crimson "iris," sat in silence for several minutes after the lights had been turned on. Then they looked at each other, with strange, puzzled glances, as they recalled the scene which had been enacted on the screen but a few minutes before. The crimson "iris" had revealed to them the grim, silent truth, and as Inspector Henry pondered over it, he realized it was the most important witness in the Gebhardt mystery.

He had entered the projection-room a bit skeptical; never expecting that what he was to see would prove such a vital link in this strange case, which up until then had disclosed but little evidence of any importance. Moving pictures had never interested him a great deal. He had heard they had played many practical rôles and Superintendent Frost had once told him of a young girl in Brixton who had located her father, whom she had not seen in ten years, with the aid of the movies.

It seemed, according to the superintendent's story, that the girl visited a cinema theater one night in Tottenham Court Road. While the picture was being run off, she was impressed with the strange likeness of a "cabby," who appeared in one scene, to that of her father, who had left his home ten years before and was never heard from again. She was so certain the man in the picture was her father that she wrote the producer requesting information regarding this particular actor. She learnt that the "cabby" was not an actor, but the owner of a small livery stable, in Knutsford, Lancashire, where the picture had been taken, and that he had been employed to appear in this scene. With this information, she journeyed to Knutsford and located the liveryman, who actually proved to be her father.

(*To be continued*)

The Fifty-seven Varieties of Hines

There's Nothing Vinegary About Johnny

By LILLIAN MAY

Johnny Hines longs--yea--yearns to do heavy character parts, but nobody will take him seriously

IF there's a person in the whole world whose name exactly suits his personality, that person is Johnny Hines. He couldn't possibly be "Mr." to anybody, nor sit still longer than five minutes, nor keep his black eyes from dancing, his mouth from smiling, nor from making all manner of funny Johnny Hines' speeches.

And it isn't a pose—he just is that way.

He's not at all satisfied with himself, he confessed, grinning broadly at the inconsistency of him, and guiding his car, the while, in and out the maze of traffic, on the lookout for a fair field and no favors.

And that car, a long, low, yellow Stutz racer, is exactly the kind one would expect Johnny Hines to own and drive. It's great sport—but it's best to close the eyes and trust in Providence, when Johnny's at the wheel—for that car certainly does go.

But to return. The young comedian, while he thoroly enjoys his work, and has the time of his life doing it—(for he *wont* take his work seriously and keeps the studio more or less demoralized by his pranks)—longs—yea—yearns—to do heavy character parts. To be a stern tragedian, a male vampire—to make up fearfully and wonderfully, to stride forth with heavy tread and mirthless expression, and to emote "Villain, unhand that lady," is his greatest ambition.

And that's not the worst of it. He wants to be dignified, sober and staid—to wear a Vandyck beard and live up to it, he says. "To be always jolly and happy-go-lucky is very comfortable, of course. Everybody slaps me on the back, and calls me 'Johnny'—which is fine. It's a splendid social asset to be as I am, but it's not a business asset.

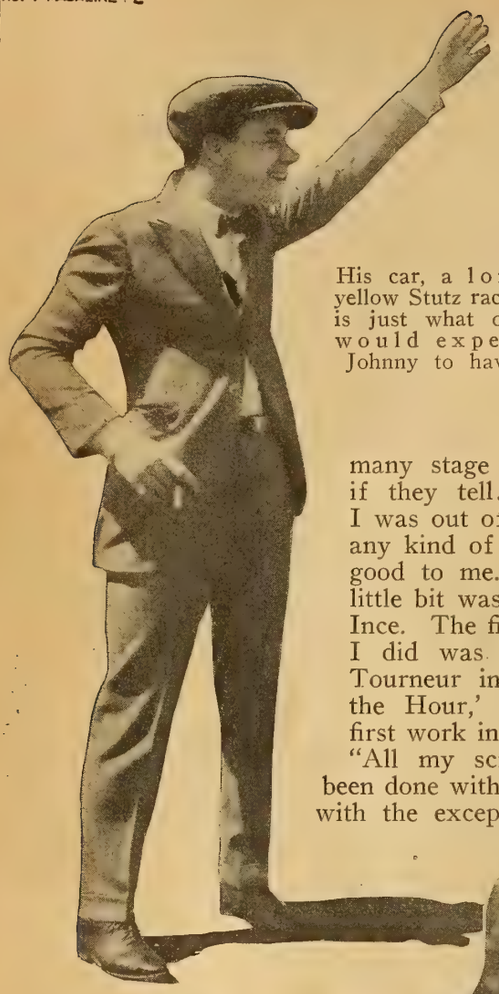
"For instance, if I want to ask for a raise, or for a better part to play, the 'powers that be' look at me good-naturedly, but pityingly, and say, 'Oh, well, *you know* Johnny'—and there you are! While, if I were bristling with dignity, I might get some consideration.

"But, I'll just have to make the most of being 'me as I am,' for if there's anything I cant endure it's affectation. You see I cant pretend to be serious even for an interview. What *can* I talk about anyhow?"

"You might begin with your stage experience," I suggested, "and tell me if it helps you in your work for the screen."

"I was on the stage eight years," he said. "Some ups and downs, too. I went on in a very small part in a fantastic 'Babes in the Woods' production. I was in grammar school at the time and continued getting excused for Wednesday matinées. I earned, or at least, I received, $9 per week, and it meant more to me than anything I have received since. I learnt dancing next, and did specialties in musical comedies. In fact, my work was mostly comedy parts. I think the best thing I did on the stage was the boy part Billy, in 'Sherlock Holmes' with William Gillette.

"About four years ago I went in pictures for the very reason that a great



His car, a long yellow Stutz racer, is just what one would expect Johnny to have

many stage people do, if they tell the truth. I was out of work and any kind of job looked good to me. My first little bit was with Tom Ince. The first real thing I did was with Maurice Tourneur in 'The Man of the Hour,' which was his first work in this country.

"All my screen work has been done with World Film, with the exception of eight months with Paramount, where I did some pictures with Ann Pennington and Constance Talmadge.

"And yes, of course, my stage experience helps me mightily with my picture work. First, you know that the comedian on the stage, as well as on the screen, expresses himself by gestures—little characteristic movements—as well as by words. I was apt in expressing myself with my hands, also apt in quickly changing the expression of my face—and that's the great secret of acting before the camera—the art of being transitional.

"I made it a rule on the stage, and I follow the same rule now, to keep the thought uppermost—'Dont be obvious.' When the people who are standing round watching, begin to laugh and applaud at once, I stop right where I am. 'That's too obvious,' I say, 'they're laughing because it's Johnny Hines doing it. I must study out another way.'

"It's the hardest work in the world to be funny and to not appear as tho you were trying not to be funny—if you know what I mean," he concluded.

"All film people have had a month's enforced vacation," you know. "I just returned from Pittsburg—you should have seen my little old Stutz and I climb the mountains—such gorgeous scenery—and such a delightful trip!

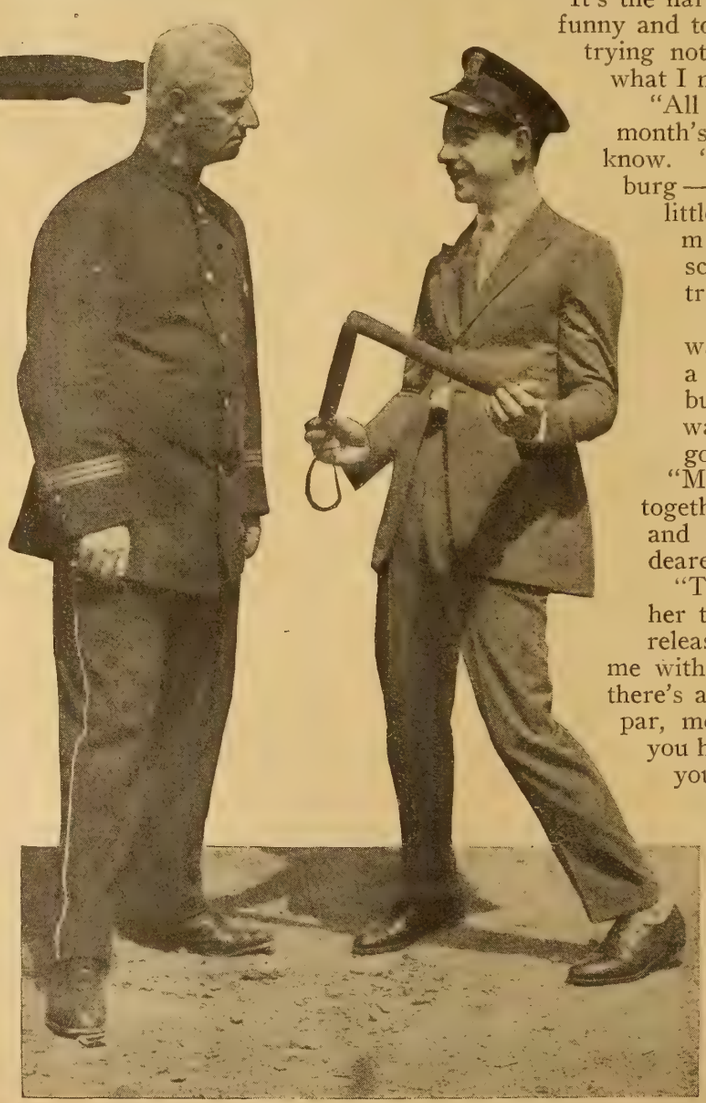
"Why Pittsburg? because it was my home town once upon a time. I was born in Colorado, but came to Pittsburg when I was very young, and I like to go back now and then.

"My mother and I live up-town together, and we're sweethearts and chums. Really, she is the dearest thing that ever lived.

"Tonight I am going to take her to see a picture of mine just released, 'Just Sylvia,' featuring me with Barbara Castleton. And if there's a scene that's not quite up to par, mother will say—'Johnny, if you had stayed at home and gotten your rest the night before that scene was taken, as I wanted you to do, you would have done better work.' She keeps in close touch with my work and is my severest critic.

"Favorite picture? I dont know, unless it's 'Hearts of Gold,' with

(*Continued on page* 110)



Johnny Hines breaks into the policeman's private club

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

HERE'S to friends both near and far;
Here's to woman, man's guiding star;
Here's to friends we've yet to meet,
Here's to those here; all here I greet;
Here's to childhood, youth, old age,
Here's to prophet, bard and sage,
Here's a health to every one,
Peace on earth, and heaven won!

NELLIE M.—Thomas Santschi in "The Garden of Allah." Kenneth Harlan in "Price of a Good Time." Mabel Frenyear in "A Fool There Was." You're welcome. You say past services are not forgotten.

EUGENIA LE R.—So you think I must be a chip of the old block. What old block? Anyway, a chip of the old block is often a blockhead. Last interview with Lillian Walker was July, 1913, and a chat in November 1918 Classic. Fred Malatesta in "The Legion of Death."

BOB B.—It must be my passion for luxury that keeps me poor then. Betty Nansen isn't playing in pictures now.

EDNA L.—No, Edna, I am not married. Balzac says that love is a game at which one always cheats. I never played in that game, but in the game of life, money seems to be trumps, but trumps dont always take the trick. Tom Moore played in "Thirty A Week." He probably spends that on cigarets.

CECILLE.—That was a De Luxe picture. Write to Evelyn Nesbit and see. Yes, we have new lists of manufacturers out now. Your letter was mighty interesting—I had it for dessert.

LEONARD S.—So you say you are always without money. I'm sorry for you, Len. One of the most important things to learn in this world is the value of money; and the quickest way to learn the value of money is to try to borrow some. Romaine Fielding was Ralph in "For Freedom and World." Kitty Galanta was Maryla in "Empty Pockets." Wasn't it Fordham?

WM. HART FAN; ELIZA S.; SADIE A. C.; B. DOG; ETHEL M.; B. V.; ALICE H.; CYNTHIA W.; MOVIE FIEND; S. W. A. K.; M. L. H.; JANIE D.; EVA F.; JESSIE C.; LONA M.; MAR. N. L.; MOLLY O'D.; P. W.; RELIABLE and EVELYN V. B. Alas—alack! Better luck to you next time. Come again.

A CANADIAN.—Jewel Hunt isn't playing now. She is the sister of Commodore Blackton's wife.

MARCELLE.—Catherine Calvert was loaned by Keeney to Famous Players for one picture. Never had a chat with Wanda Hawley. The Lee children played in "Tell It to the Marines."

BETTY FROM OMAHA.—Your calling me "Solomon of the 20th Century" is an improvement on what they called me last year—"Old Rip Van Winkle." John Barrymore is playing in "Here Comes the Bride." "Suspicion" was a Hoffman picture.

ALL ABOUT ANITA.—Jean Sothern is on the stage. No, I dont speak Spanish, other than "Caramba." What, you had the hives in winter? Dont eat honey and you wont have the hives.

H. H. S.—Name please, next time. Ashton Dearholt was the lover. Not Betty Howe, but Florence Vidor. Short i in Vidor. June Elvidge and Frank Mayo in "The Appearance of Evil."

DOROTHY L. F.—What a long letter, Dorothy. But you say I am the pink of courtesy. That makes up for it. Too bad that you missed the Pickford picture. Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today. The motto of the unsuccessful is, Always put off till tomorrow what you dont have to do today.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL FAN.—No, no, Carlyle Blackwell was never married to Pearl White. How you people do twist these marriages. As near as I can find out, about 19,800 soldiers in United States camps died of influenza, more than half as many as the Germans killed abroad. Plague, pestilence and famine are still the worst enemies of the human race after all.

THU JAYS.—I gave your letter to Miss Hall.

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—See below.

MR. REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—The young man above would like your address—command me.

JIJJIE.—Of course I missed you, how could I help it? Sweet is the pleasure after pain. You say two can live as cheap as one. Are you proposing to me? You say no matter how hungry a horse is, he cant eat a bit. That's horse sense for you, all right. Say, how do you pronounce that name of yours? It makes me laugh to look at it.

CORP. ROBERT J. L.—Thanks for the verses. They are splendid. Blanche Sweet and she is with the Garson Company, Los Angeles, Cal. Let me hear from you again.

JESSIE.—Dont be afraid to write me. I'm as gentle as a kitten, and dont scratch. Dont you know that anger is a file that grinds off the joys of repose? A cross temper is a cross-cut saw that cuts both ways. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver. Honest Injun. Write to him.

MILDRED L.—You say you have hundreds of questions to ask me. Well, I expect to be here another year. No, I dont know whether Clara Young was ever in Harrisburg. The pictures for the Mutt and Jeff films are drawn before the camera by the artist on separate pages. Just a little on each page. The camera is then stopped a second for spacing, and then another bit of picture is made, and so on, until the picture is complete.

EX-SOLDIER.—Always glad to welcome you. I'm afraid the player you mention is only an extra, and probably she has acquired an assumed name.

U. R. DIPPY.—Beg pardon. Yes, the Fairbankses are divorced. You say you dont think Rockefeller got his money on the level—having to dig thousands of feet in the earth, and Carnegie got all his out of steel and iron. I may be dippy, but URNT.

JUDY.—Dorothy Gish in "Battling Jane." Arthur Shirley—he is with Paramount. Yes indeed, "She Stoops to Conquer" is just full of bright sayings. I have always admired Goldsmith. For style, read Goldsmith, Addison and Washington Irving.

The Answer Man

U. 53.—You floating around yet? Dont you know the war's over? "Leave it to Jane," a pretty good musical comedy. Virginia Pearson is with Fox. Ned Finley played in "Buchanan's Wife." Alice Joyce was Louise and Maurice Costello was Lawford in "The Captain's Captain." Yes, Costello is back with Vita.

I Will Knott.—I have no quarrel with you. It has taken me seventy-eight years to learn that the soft answer disarms your adversary and makes him captive. The dog bays at the moon, but the moon only smiles. Wise moon. Madge Evans and John Hines in "Neighbors." I'll be careful not to print your name.

Edith H.—You write the names of just 50 players and ask me to give you the addresses. Hire a hall, why don't you? At least, have a heart.

Bandanna.—Say, if you critters dont stop calling me a woman, I'll do something desperate. No, I dont crimp my hair, nor wear silk stockings nor a Japanese kimono. Ye gods, picture me with my bald pate and long beard in a kimono! Avaunt!

Trouble Buster.—So you think I am lazy. I cant say that of you. I put in eight hours every day, from two to six hours in the evening, and eight hours at night. I admit that I put in the eight hours in bed, sleeping, but that's how I dream out some of these answers. Laziness grows not on trees, but on people. Watch out or you will find it sprouting out on you. No, we dont sell pictures here.

Gertrude.—Thanks for your kindness—hope you will always write such cheery letters.

Marjorie.—Ann Little and Elliott Dexter played in "The Squaw Man." I dont agree with you at all. We know the value of a fortune when we have gained it, and that of a friend when we have lost it, and not as you say. Theda Bara played in "The She Devil."

Anxious.—Not giving out any more soldier boys' names.

Vivian.—No, indeed Viola Dana doesn't use Lash Brown. It might be good, but I've never tried it. I've been there. Hamilton Revelle in "Lest We Forget." L. Rogers Lytton was the general. But most of us are easily persuaded of what pleases us.

Frances and Mary.—You refer to Harrison Ford. Some letter-writer, believe me.

Belle of Hillsboro.—Well, Belle, how are the hills? Never sat before a camera in my life—always been afraid to pay the camera bill. You're a great little talker, but if you should leave out of conversation, scandal, gossip, commonplaces, fatuity,—what silence! Oh, oh! Yo, ho!

U. R. A. Prince.—You say, No more pinochle in Germany, because they have no kings. Yes, but they have lots of knaves. And you think I look like David Powell. Ssh!—Not so loud, you might hurt David's feelings.

Cecile.—You ask me where the Garden of Eden was, and what kind of a garden it was. I do not know where nor exactly what kind of a garden it was, but I believe it must have been a beer garden, because Adam saw snakes there. Ann Pennington—just 23. Never heard of the company you mention.

Nazimova Fan.—Great—thanks! Years count for nothing; it is how a person lives and how he feels. Charles Bryant is Nazimova's husband. I understand they are very happy.

Freddie.—No, no, how could I cast you aside in contempt? Run in and let me prove my loyalty. Your little joke is clever. Teacher (to the little boy in the geography class)—Name a town in France. Student—Somewhere.

A Young Vermonter.—Slippery Slim of Essanay fame is not appearing now. Maybe he is getting stout, and in training for the Arbuckle class. Who knows? Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona." Kate Price was there all right.

Ex W. U.—Mary Maurice played in "Womanhood." Oh, I'm very happy with the $9.50. He who loves riches more than his friend does not deserve to be loved. Emile Chautard directed "A Daughter of the Old South."

Hazel H.—Casson Ferguson was the leading man in "How Could You, Jean?" Yes, indeed, coffee is a stimulant. Coffee was introduced into Southern Europe in the sixteenth century, but the Persians received it from Ethiopia as early as the eighth century. Dont get the coffee habit and become a slave. It can do you no good, and it might do you harm.

G. U. R., Sarcastic.—Yes, I met the player you speak of, and I found his strongest point was his breath. Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance in "Carmen." No, no, Theda Bara did not play with Charlie Chaplin. Rod LeRoque is from Essanay. No, I am not a bit cold in my little hall room, and I get plenty of coal for my stove. And a lot of coal comes from Holland. Holland's mines are now producing coal at the rate of about 2,000,000 tons a year.

Eddie.—No, you better not "bawl me out." Didn't you notice that 16 pages were cut out of the magazine?—hence, my department was cut. Violet Radcliffe, why a girl, of course.

Betty of Melrose.—Thanks for your picture.

D. L. D. Bellrose.—W. H. Tooker was the hero and Muriel Ostriche was the heroine in "A Daughter of the Sea." I'm sure the pictures you enclose are not of photoplayers. I was the first Answer Man, and this was the first magazine to have an answer department. All magazines have them now, but, bless your heart, there is only one real Answer man and that is me.

Irene W.—"Hearts of the World" had special music.

General Nuisance.—That's the way with some men, but when a man does not mind his own business he either has no business or no mind, you can make up your mind. I have plenty of business to mind, and I mind it. Violet Mersereau—yes, Universal Co., 1600 Broadway, N. Y. Yes, Anna Nilsson. She is now with the Universal.

Priscilla.—Only those women who are in uniform are expected to salute the flag as it goes by, and then only when the flag is preceded by a military band. So you think I ought to be listed with the seven wonders of the world. Thanks for them kind woids. Margery Wilson in "The Mother Instinct."

Betty, Oakland.—The Latin equivalent of "In union there is strength" is *"In concordia robur."* The verb "est" is understood between the last two words. Francis Ford and Mae Gaston in "The Craving."

Gladys I. C.—Kenneth Casey was touring in vaudeville last I heard. So Crane Wilbur and Thomas Chatterton are playing in stock in Oakland. They could pass as twin brothers. Oh yes, we have a gas trust here in Brooklyn too, but no trust in gas.

Reid.—Wallace Reid's son is about a year and a half old. Well, the Red Cross may have to be permanent. if the red flag keeps working overtime. This living, breathing world is chiefly made up of causes and effects.

M'Liss.—Push on—keep moving. No, I dont remember your first letter. Well, I think you have very sound judgment for a girl of 16. When you are about 21 you will undertake big things.

Dakota Bill.—But the greatest pity is due to the man who has nothing to do. Men work and think, women love. George Baker directed "Revelation," which has never since been excelled. You say you have a five-reel photoplay in "The Frying Pan" now. Well, it might just as well be cooked there as anywhere. All three are married. *Vade in pace.*

Ruth H. O'N.—No, I never was prosperous. Too much prosperity makes most men fools. Gladden James in "The Social Secretary." The Germans took possession of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871.

Frenchy.—*Ab ino pectore.* I greet you. So you think Norma Talmadge is a "real blinger." I dont get you, but I guess she is. I dont mind looking up the bits of information. Every one who does not grow better as he grows older, is a spendthrift of that time which is more precious than gold. But, alas! the older I grow, the less I seem to know, and the more I see that there is to learn.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Before going out, to keep your skin soft, clear and fine-textured, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is absolutely greaseless and vanishes the moment you apply it.

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For the average skin both an oil cream for cleansing and a greaseless cream for daytime use are needed. On the other hand, the famous skin specialist, Dr. William Allen Pusey, says that people with coarse pores and large fat glands should avoid fatty toilet preparations. If your skin is inclined to be coarse-pored, omit the nightly cleansing with cold cream and use only Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it several times daily to soften and freshen the skin. You will find it ideally suited to your type of skin.

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The Making of Photoplay Titles

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

THE importance of the titles and subtitles in motion pictures, while scarcely realized by the layman, is recognized by those in the profession, but probably many of the latter fail to realize that a third of the actual picture is comprised of the words thrown upon the screen and that this phase of the productional work is comparatively as important as any other. Moreover, the quality of the titles, the art with which they are produced, go far toward making the finished picture either a success or a failure, or at least open to serious criticism.

A recent interview with Loren E. Taylor, head of the title department at the Famous Players-Lasky west coast studio, at Hollywood, elicited much of technical as well as general interest on this element in the vast industry of providing screen entertainment.

"We use," said Mr. Taylor, "special inks for both printing and hand-lettering, made according to our own formulas and which would be practically valueless to the ordinary commercial printer or painter. For instance, the tints are not used for their artistic appearance, but for their actinic or non-actinic values for reproduction. Also, their printing quality is a consideration. The same is true of the paper stock, which must possess actinic or non-actinic values also. White, as is ordinarily accepted, or black, are neither white nor black to the camera.

"Our titles must have depth and relief, and to secure these it is necessary to figure color values and reduce them to monochrome, giving the same values that would be gained by the eye in viewing the printed or painted title before it was reproduced for the screen. We use lights with no red rays in them, and the red pigments are an important quality in the paper and inks used.

"The art department has to be alive to the necessity of clever designs and new ideas, which shall combine the art of designing and printing with engraving, photography and the various so-called trick methods which have been applied to the camera, such as double exposure, dissolves, composites, etc. The most artistic titles are those which have a soft and impressionistic background of decorative design, appropriate to the subject, with the lettering standing forth clearly, in a sort of screen stereoscopic effect.

"Everything that is employed in the way of inserts, such as cards, newspaper clippings, telegrams, etc., are turned out by this department.

"In the printing work for titling where register is required it must be more accurate than in the finest colorplate work, because it is enlarged 12,000 areas and the slightest defect is distressingly visible.

"The process is something like this. The title sheets come to us from the scenario editorial department, typewritten, and we are then required to design 'atmospheric' backgrounds, which means that they must be so harmonious as to keep the audience in the atmosphere of the story. In other words, there must be no jarring note which would take the spectator's mind from the story and spoil its continuity for him.

"The lettering is either painted or printed, as the case may be. The background is painted and photographed. A non-actinic color is employed for that part which is to be covered by lettering later on a second exposure. By using actinic shades in certain degrees the exact color values are obtained for the screen, giving results either softly subdued or vivid.

"The use of artistic titles has a great effect upon the spectator. It is a matter of psychology, and the best picture may be marred by imperfectly made titles, or those which are out of harmony. Yet the art of the screen subtitle is really in its developing stage.

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

Dorothy Gish persists in annoying mother and Lillian with her strange comb noises which are music to *her* ears

Captain Richard Travers—better known to movie fans as Dick Travers, of Essanay fame

IT was a notable day in Los Angeles when the flu ban was lifted. Music entered the cafés, motion pictures held sway everywhere, all the theaters were redecorated, fumigated and had expanded their orchestras, and the studios showed awakening from the Rip Van Winkle sleep of nearly two months.

We noticed Monroe Salisbury coming out after the first show of "Hugon the Mighty," which was a first-nighter at the Superba. He looked mighty handsome in a costly velour bonnet and wide, floppy brown coat, belted loosely, and his tall figure swayed over slightly as he got down to the level of a five-foot blonde who was vivaciously asking questions about his picture.

Right next door, Dorothy Gish's "Battling Jane" filled the house, and while the character was overdrawn, nevertheless, peals of laughter showed the approval of the audience, and their delight at seeing a motion picture comedy once more. By the way, Dorothy has been in a sanitarium for weeks and, as she had to sleep six hours daily, besides putting in all night on the hay, she certainly made up for the enforced rest-cure by devilling the life out of everybody during the other waking hours. Her friends smuggled chocolates onto her window-sill, because she was restricted to about three articles of diet and balked rebelliously. When friend nurse turned her back, Dorothy hopped out like a brisk little bird, scooped up the candy-boxes and hid 'em till she got a chance to eat. In spite of all this, she recovered. Her trouble was not serious, just a little nervous breakdown from overwork and society doin's. It was hard to imagine this disciple of *perpetuum mobile* lying on her back for 18 hours daily.

Mary Pickford has her studio on the old Griffith lot, so these friends of early Biograph days are nearby and can hobnob at studio luncheons. Blanche Sweet has been working there also, but just ran off for a little New York trip. Anyway, the whole collection of blondes for once was united.

Snooping around the enclosed stages, we found Lillian Gish dying to the tune of Chopin's Funeral March, played on a wheezy accordeon. She's doing a Chinese play in which Dick Barthelmess plays male lead and Donald Crisp does the heavy. The latter broke a couple of small bones in his one foot during a scene, but as his *active* scenes had all been shot, he's not compelled to walk during the others which follow and can go on with the work. By the time healing is complete they will need him for the shaking of the tootsies in a grand finishing skirmish.

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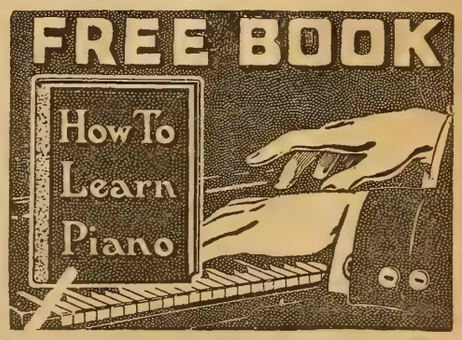

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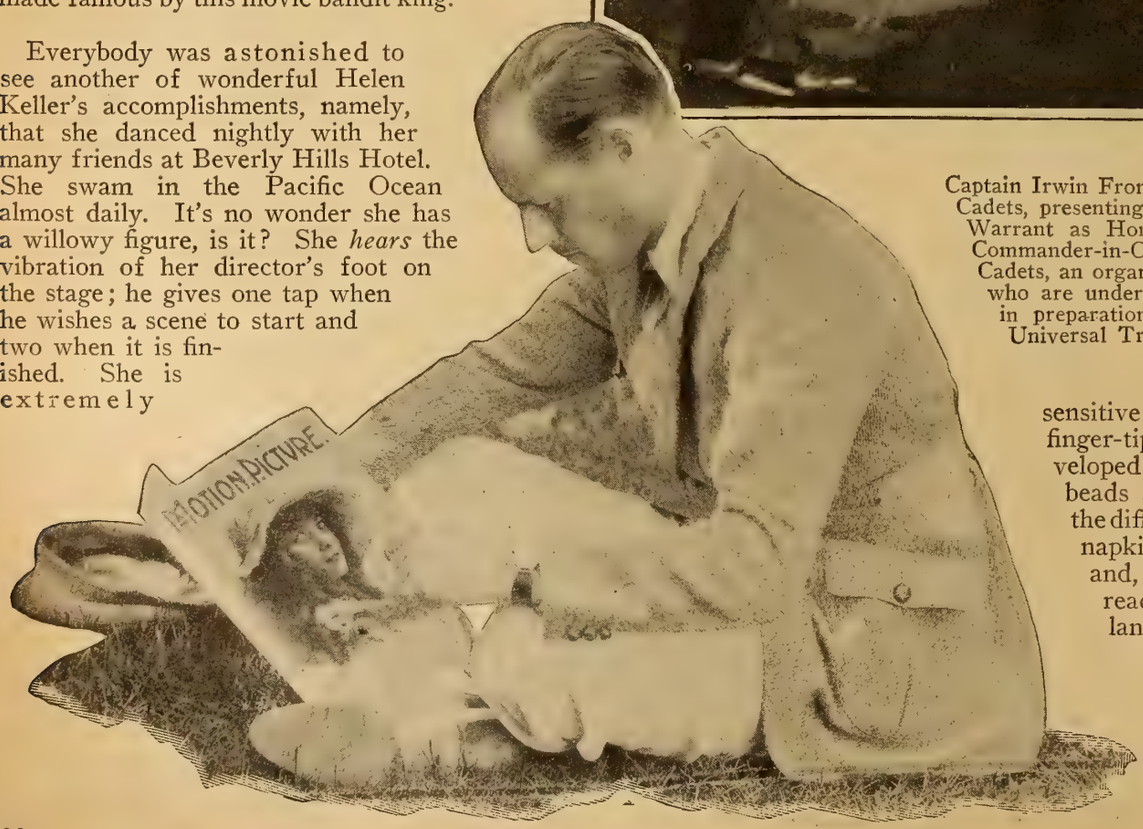
On the William S. Hart set there were great activities. The biggest Western barroom set you 'most ever saw. At the table with Mr. Hart sat Faro Sam, the noted gambler from Tia Juana, Mexico, right off the border and about 18 miles from San Diego. All visitors to that little gambling town have watched this wonderful shuffler of spots. He has the soft, silky hair of the gambler, long, nervy fingers, the peculiarly alert eyes which see everything and yet never seem to move. Since Tia Juana was closed by Government orders, because of its proximity to Camp Kearney, many of the gamblers have been forced to take to the movies.

Leaning against the counter was big Pedro, a well-known Mex cow-puncher. There were about fifty men extras, every one having a reputation for something—good or bad. It's the handsomest, most realistic set ever put on, and an onlooker could hardly persuade himself that it was a motion picture make-believe, because the set was fully roofed and showed the heavy ceiling beams, complete walls on three sides, and had real spirits in the variegated bottles. Mr. Hart has gone back to the old idea of stage-setting, so that his scenery is lifted instead of shifted, and pulleys, wires and scene-shifters make it possible to get ready ten sets and pull them up or down, as the case may be. A good quality of lumber is used instead of the cheap woods stained to look genuine. With a real roof over all the stages, it looks very different from the glass ones so commonly used. It's just the old theater idea used again, and is found practical and time-saving.

In San Francisco they called the flu-masks "Bill Harts," and everybody joshed about it. They surely did resemble the 'kerchiefs made famous by this movie bandit king.

Captain Irwin Fromkess, of the American Cadets, presenting Pearl White with her Warrant as Honorary President and Commander-in-Chief of The American Cadets, an organization of 100,000 boys who are undergoing military training in preparation for the forthcoming Universal Training Law

Everybody was astonished to see another of wonderful Helen Keller's accomplishments, namely, that she danced nightly with her many friends at Beverly Hills Hotel. She swam in the Pacific Ocean almost daily. It's no wonder she has a willowy figure, is it? She *hears* the vibration of her director's foot on the stage; he gives one tap when he wishes a scene to start and two when it is finished. She is extremely sensitive to vibrations, and her finger-tips have been so developed that she can sort beads as to colors, knows the difference in patterns in napkins or tablecloths, and, of course, rapidly reads her teacher's lip-language.



Jack Holt seems absorbed in a certain well known periodical, but we suspect he knows the camera-man's busy

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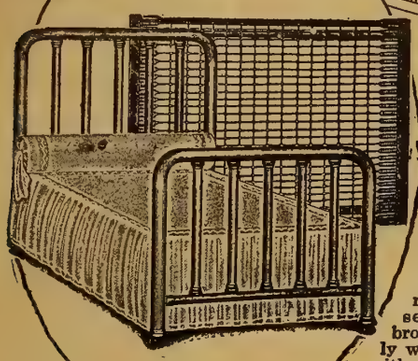

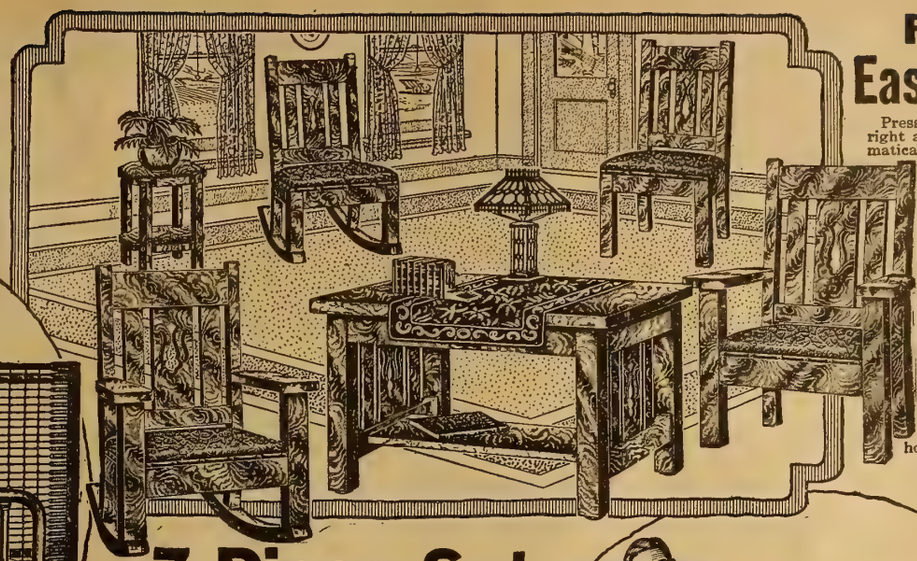

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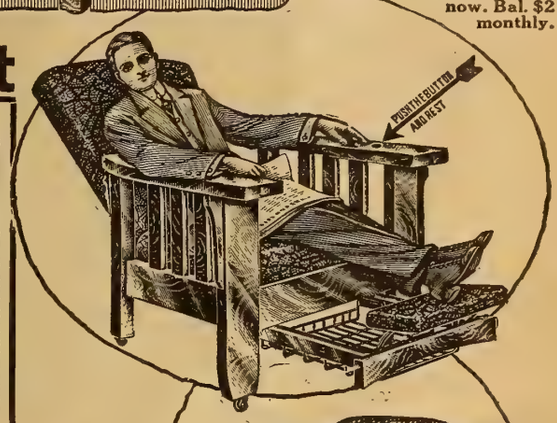

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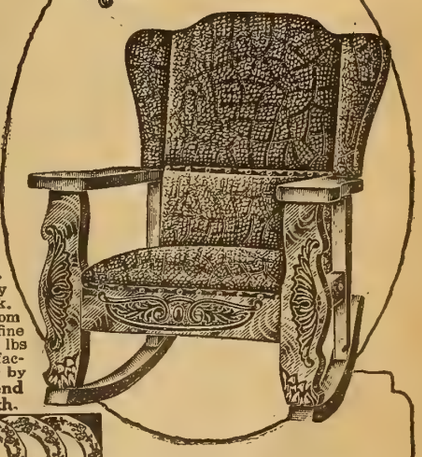

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Douglas Fairbanks is living alone at Beverly Hills, the beautiful home estate which one sees in "He Comes Up Smiling."

Paul Conlon, former publicity man for Roscoe Arbuckle and a great friend of Bill Hart, has just changed from the Arbuckle Comedies over to the Bill Hart studios. Norma Talmadge's husband, Joseph Schenck, wanted Mr. Conlon to do the publicity for the Talmadge sisters and "Fatty" besides, but as it would have entailed endless trips to New York and the absences from the pretty little bride, whom Mr. Conlon has established in a cute Western bungalow, and as it had been Mr. Hart's wish for years to associate Mr. Conlon with his studio, the change was effected to everybody's satisfaction.

Edna Purviance had a smash-up with her machine, but came safely thru the ordeal, and was noticed eating luncheon sociably with a big lieutenant at the L. A. Athletic Club.

Ethel Barrymore, star of Metro's photo-version of W. Somerset Maugham's popular stage play, "Lady Frederick," and George M. Cohan, playwright, manager, actor

Charlie Ray loves kiddies. Here he is playing Santa Claus with one of the studio children

A peculiar peace celebration was held by the Enid Bennett Company, which was shooting scenes on the desert. They got the word of Germany's surrender by supply auto, and that night a wild party hooted and whooped on the silent desert. They had a lot of American Indians along, and they supplied the main part of the noise. A bonfire lit up the sky, and the auto horns honked incessantly. They made a big monument of stones and sand into which was planted an American flag. Then the prop men painted a board with a suitable inscription, telling that even the coyotes and gila monsters on the American desert felt better when the world was made safe for democracy.

Dorothy Dalton has a clever member in her company, Hal Clements, who put on such a perfect make-up as General Pershing that it's pretty hard to believe the leader of our forces hasn't come to Inceville in *persona propria.*

Raymond Cannon is one of the newer young men whom David W. Griffith is using. He had a small part in "The Great Love," that of the young French soldier who walks beside Bobbie Harron, and who would fall and give up if it were not for Harron's whispered words, "It is for France!" The day they started making "Battling Jane," a number of men put on make-up for Mr. Griffith so that he might select the Rube who woos the fighting feminine. Mr. Cannon was among those who had been told to make up for the try-out. He came from the mountains of Virginia, a long way back of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where his dad was a Baptist clergyman sent to preach good-will to the moonshiners. Raymond was sent each winter to Tennessee to school and college, a minister's life being mapped out for him. But fate decreed that the lad should meet the son of a mine-owner who spent his vacations in the mountains where the corporation had big holdings, and so Mr. Cannon became interested in the stage at an early age, and finally ran away from home to a big city, where he got a chance as super. He took

(*Continued on page* 110)

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Hale Hamilton has arrived in Hollywood, Cal., and is at work on his second Metro picture, called "Johnny on the Spot." Mr. Hamilton said this was a case when he was lucky to arrive, for his train was wrecked near Aberdeen, S. Dak.

George Walsh has started a new picture under the direction of Edward Dillon. The working title is "Jinx Jones." The same team have just finished "Luck and Pluck."

Pearl White recently stopped all work on her new serial, "The Lightning Raider," in order to do a special feature for the United States Fuel Administration, called "King Coal."

Baby Marie Osborne has just made her first trip to New York City. She was accompanied by Papa Osborne and was delighted with the reception she received from everybody.

James J. Corbett has signed a contract to appear in Universal film productions. For about twenty-five years he has been featured on the stage in such plays as "Gentleman Jack," "The Naval Cadet" and "The Adventurer."

Seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars is the small and insignificant sum for which **William Farnum** signed a contract to continue acting in William Fox productions for the next year.

After four years of absence from the screen, **Edgar Jones** has returned in Doris Kenyon's "Wild Honey."

May Allison has been taking lessons in boxing from Danny Hogan for the simple reason that her rôle in her new picture, "Peggy Does Her Darndest," requires her to play the part of a hoyden—lovable, to be sure, but still a hoyden.

Leonce Perret had the right hunch when he asked Secretary McAdoo to become czar of *the* industry. Witness what Mr. Mac said to the employees of the Treasury on his way out: "It might be said that I am fading out, as they speak of a moving picture at the end of a scene, but I am not going to *fade out.*"

How does it happen that fish is piscatorial, film is photographic, while success is phenomenal?

FLORENCE TURNER

Charles Ray, the Ince wonder boy, reads the Ince publicity. Why wonder? I wonder.

Florence Turner has been doing a photoplay in Seattle.

Will Rogers, famous star of the Ziegfeld "Follies," who scored a nation-wide triumph in Rex Beach's "Laughing Bill Hyde," has signed a contract to appear in Goldwyn pictures. As soon as Rogers' contract with Flo Ziegfeld expires, Rogers will move his family to Culver City.

An exhibition in Meriden, Conn., recently offered a prize to any one who could sit thru **Charlie Chaplin's** "Shoulder Arms" without laughing. Mrs. Mary Veillette insisted upon winning the prize. She said, "Charlie Chaplin? Pah! He iss not funny. He iss sadt with trouble so much what I should die to have." She sat thru the show twice without cracking a smile.

The will of the late **Harold Lockwood** shows that he left only $45,000, altho he was a very highly paid star.

Ora Carewe is the latest to form her own company. Walter Wright is to direct.

A recent victim of influenza was **Charles Gunn**, who died on December 6 at his home in Hollywood. He was thirty-six years old and had appeared in a number of Thomas Ince films. He was an officer in the Hollywood Officers' Training School. He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Nina Gunn, and his mother, Mrs. Samuel Gunn.

Influenza also was the cause of the death of Mrs. Rose Barham, of Glendale, mother of **Nell Shipman.** Miss Shipman herself was in bed with the dread disease at the time.

Mahlon Hamilton will have the part of the daddy in "Daddy Longlegs," the new Mary Pickford production.

Pauline Starke is being featured in an independent production that is being filmed at Universal City under the direction of Frank Borsage.

Wallace Reid is said to be suffering from golf.

John (it used to be Jack, but 'tis said he wishes to be called John because it sounds more dignified) **Gilbert** is doing the heavy in Charlie (no one has asked us to use Charles) Ray's latest picture.

D. W. Griffith is making a picture called "Limehouse Nights," which, instead of dealing with the late war, is a story with Chinese characters and atmosphere and features Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Donald Crisp.

It is said that **O. P. Trood,** who dopes out publicity for the Brentwood players, has made the suggestion that since the word "audiences" applies to people who congregate for the purpose of listening to things, why should not people who gather together to look at things be called "optinces"? Why not? They have been called a number of things and showed no resentment; it may be they will stand for "optinces."

Juanita Hansen has been loaned to Lois Weber by Universal.

Harry Carr, the well-known writer, recently paid a visit to New York. We were glad to exchange views with Harry, altho his one desire seemed to get back to California. He established a new pedestrian record while here.

Charlie Chaplin's new picture will be one on the simple life. It is called "Sunnyside" and deals with cows and farmerettes and chickens and everything.

The irrepressible **Doug**, he of the pep and personality, was one of the first to adopt the advanced idea of mail service. He recently sent Secretary Tumulty a personal letter by aeroplane. Doug presented lucky pieces to the three aviators who were to take turns piloting the machine from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast.

Bill Farnum's leading lady, Louise Lovely, has the distinction of being the first Australian woman to fly in an airplane. It happened just before the war in Sydney. At that time she was on the speaking stage. Louise is human and admits that her reasons for doing it were for the novelty and the publicity.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Lewis Cody, who has been playing leading parts in Paramount pictures, was called to the colors and was ready to entrain for an army camp when the war ended. This gave him an opportunity to play in Cecil DeMille's latest production.

So far as can be learned at this time, **Bill Hart's** new picture is a story of a land development scheme in Arizona, and the unprincipled methods of a land shark are exhibited in all their bald and heartless details. Bill appears as a bad man who becomes sheriff and finally rounds up the individual who has swindled all kinds of people out of their money.

Of course we all know that screen stars—especially feminine ones—are in the habit of having perfumes and hats and all the little girlish folderols named after them. But have you heard the latest? A young thorobred colt has been named after **Douglas Fairbanks.** Also a snow-capped peak in the Yosemite Valley was recently officially given the name of the "Douglas Fairbanks Peak."

Charles Ray has begun work on a baseball picture which will be released soon and which, it is assured, will help to revive interest in the national sport for the boys who are coming home.

Wallace Reid fans will be glad to know that Ann Little has again been chosen as his leading lady.

Rex Beach evidently thinks the Follies an excellent preliminary training for picture stars. He has already picked Ruby DeRemer and Will Rogers for his pictures, and now he has chosen Kay Laurell to play in his newest picture, "The Brand."

Peggy Pearce, who has been appearing with the Sennett comedies, has become a member of Henry Lehrman's Sunshine Comedies. Peggy will be the fair foil of Jack Cooper and Leo White.

Clara Kimball Young has just finished the famous stage play, "Cheating Cheaters," and, as she is ahead of her schedule, she will take a flying trip East to do a little shopping preparatory to her next picture.

The International Film Service Company, Inc., has sent two expert camera men abroad to take pictures of the President's trip to Europe. This film will have an unusual historic value and every true, loyal-hearted American will watch for it with interest.

Ethel Clayton is doing the *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Private Pettigrew's Girl," and staged several of the scenes at Fort MacArthur. Monte Blue is her leading man.

Dorothy Gish is now working on her next story, which will bear the humble title of "Boots." Now that the moving picture theaters are all open and Dorothy is out of the sanitarium, she and her continual pal, Constance Talmadge, planned on a round of picture shows, but what does Constance do but come down with the "flu" and is now confined to her home, while her director cools his heels at the Morosco studio waiting for her to recover.

Rex Beach has arrived in Los Angeles to start the supervision of one of his pictures which is to be done at the Goldwyn studios, where he will occupy the stage next to that being used by Maurice Tourneur in the filming of one of his special productions.

Mae Marsh has not yet recovered from the "flu" sufficiently to return to work, so little Mabel Normand is practically alone at the Goldwyn end.

Roscoe **"Fatty" Arbuckle** has decided to drop his first name, Roscoe. He says it is simply in the way, and, anyway, everybody calls him Fatty. Altho he has put Roscoe in big type, it is continually ignored. Therefore, in order to Hooverize and conserve, he will henceforth be known as Fatty Arbuckle—that is, providing he keeps his health.

The clever cartoonist, **Bud Fisher** (he is a captain now), has turned his fertile imagination to the screen and makes his début as an author of "The Adventure Shop," in which Corinne Griffith is starred.

The plot of "The Highest Trump" required that **Earle Williams** embark in an airplane several times. Earle made these scenes at San Diego, Cal., and was so enthusiastic about flying that he threatens to buy a tame little flyer in place of one of his many automobiles.

Milton Sills has been engaged to play the lead with Viola Dana in "Diana Ardway" at Metro's West Coast studios.

Both Margery Wilson and Anna Q. Nilsson are cast with **Bryant Washburn** in "Venus in the East." Miss Nilsson writes us that she played the lead.

Pat O'Malley has been engaged to play opposite Marie Walcamp in her next serial, whose story is taken from a book by Douglas Grant, called "The Fifth Ace."

In response to scores of requests from exhibitors for more of the Paula Blackton Country Life stories, **Mrs. Blackton** has decided to make a second series of these delightful pictures. "The Littlest Scout," starring Charles Stuart Blackton, has been completed under the supervision of J. Stuart Blackton.

Mrs. Sidney Drew will be glad to look over original ideas for comedy scenarios for the new series of Drew Paramount Comedies. But they should be original and exceptionally unusual ideas.

THEDA BARA

Charlotte Walker is starring in R. A. Walsh's special production, called "Every Mother's Son." It will be released by Fox.

A Russian star, a French director, an American scenario writer, an Italian camera man and a Chinese story are the chief factors in the **Nazimova** production, "The Red Lantern." Altogether the Metro studio on the coast resembles a Tower of Babel.

Marie Doro intends to go to Europe to do two pictures under the direction of Herbert Brenon.

And speaking of Europe, **Alice Brady** contemplates making pictures independently in Ireland, France, England, Italy and Germany at the completion of her all-season run in her stage-play, "Forever After."

Blanche Sweet paid a flying visit to New York recently in search of clothes, but has again returned to California.

John Bowers is playing the leading part opposite Mabel Normand in "Sis Hopkins."

Kenneth Harlan and **George Cheseboro** returned from Europe on the Baltic, having served at the front. Harlan was Dorothy Dalton's leading man and George Cheseboro was last featured with Ruth Roland in "Hands Up."

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 84)

BOBBY B.—No, I'm not a joker. Wish I were. Death is jealous of a good joke. That beautiful girl was not cast. Sorry. Alfred Hickman and Jere Austen. You ask how long is a fish's nose and does a fish ever get dry while in water? Gaston—take this boy out for air!

W. H. A.—You're too late, you see; but I guess you're not sorry.

PEGGY, 17.—Write to our Circulation Department about the eighty portraits. Yes, Margery Wilson and Wallace MacDonald in "Teddy Breslin." Yes, I guess somebody must like Barney Sherry. You know everybody ought to like Sherry. You think Pauline Stark cries too much. Herbert Hayes was Knowles in "Vixen." You're welcome.

AL KAY HALL.—Brevity is the soul of eloquence. Some book of a letter you sent me. And it's all about Douglas Fairbanks. You picture me with dark brown hair and gray eyes, and you say my teeth are very good, but not perfect. And you dont believe I have whiskers. Oh, my, yes; much—much too much.

MARY W.—You ask if Annette Kellermann in "Queen of the Sea" and the rest of the players appeared nude before the camera-man. No, my child, Annette had on her annettes, and they all wore something—not much, but something.

JUST ESTELLE.—THOMAS W.; CONSTANCE D.; ANITA; NELLIE M.; THEDA BARA ADMIRER; MARGARET C.; BARBARA W.; BOB; KATHLEEN; GARLAND B. and S. B.—See elsewhere for yours.

FLORENCE A.—Bessie Love played in "The Dawn of Understanding." That's what I'm here for, to answer your questions. But, you know, a fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man may answer in seven years. But God bless the phools, for without them I would be without a job.

BOBBIE M. O.—Your letter was very interesting, and I thank you for the comment.

DORA K.—President Wilson is a Presbyterian and General Pershing is a member of the Episcopal Church. I'm—I'm—well, I'm just, that's all. Official ranks in the Engineering Corps are the same as in other branches of the service, and that of second lieutenant is lower than first lieutenant.

BELIEVE ME, XANTHIPPE.—Haven't you heard that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two afterward? Louise Lovely in "The Social Buccaneer." Mabel Taliaferro and Robert Walker in "The Wife by Proxy." Donald Bryan and Adda Gleason in "The Voice in the Fog." Emmanuel Turner opposite Edith Roberts in "The Love Swindle." That will be about all.

R. D.—Where's your name? Tell me that joke, please.

BOBWHITE.—Thanks. You forget that it takes about two weeks to print, bind and distribute these magazines. The covers are made by one concern, the gravure by another and the printing by another, and then it takes some time to gather the material—not like you assume—we can publish news a week after it happens. Certain pages are held open until the last minute for late news, but some pages close a month earlier. Ruth Clifford is not Kathleen's sister.

B. V. D.—Seems to me I have heard of you before, somewhere. Write Louise Huff, care Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. Fritzie Brunnette is playing opposite Henry Walthall in "And a Still Small Voice." You're welcome.

SARAH.—No, Sarah, you're wrong. A woman never watches her husband while he is dancing with a pretty woman; it is time to watch the man with whom she dances. You refer to Jules Rancourt.

M'LL GNOS.—Yes, some people are very good looking off the screen, yet dont screen well, and vice versa. I'm still there. Somebody has said that "it is better to wear out than rust out," and I certainly dont mean to rust out.

MOLLIE KING FAN.—So you like vampires. Every woman is half saint and half vampire. Which half are you? Your better half? So you want to see more about Mollie King. No, indeed, I'm not planning to make known my identity. Perhaps the picture was taken at Forest Hills. Pearl White is playing in "The Lightning Raider."

KALEFORNIA KID.—Thanks for the thrift stamp. You say men never err—only those who are asleep. Better write to all the players you mention. You want a picture of Allen Forrest in the gallery. Your plots sound interesting. Send them to our Service Bureau, and they will take care of them. "Forbidden City" was Thomas Meighan's last.

MARION B.—Yes, Bert Lytell has a ranch in California. Herbert Rawlinson is 34. In 1840 there were, in the United States, 584,000 whites who could not read or write; 5,773 deaf and dumb; 5,024 blind; 14,508 insane or idiots, and 2,487,000 slaves. Compare these figures with those of 1910, and the respective populations.

PHYLLIS.—Thanks. Robert Harron—certain—he is 25 years old, unmarried, and in California.

JACK PICKFORD FAN.—Yes, the old live in the past, as the young do in the future. *A l'ordinaire.* Caillaux is pronounced Ky-yo. Thanks for the fee.

REBECCA L.—You want William Duncan's picture on the cover. It may get there some day, because he is getting there. So you are only four feet tall. Never mind, you stand just as high in my estimation as if you were six feet short.

DOLORES H.—World Pictures Company has organized a film news, to be called "The World News." Billie Rhodes in "The Girl of My Dreams." Of course you are welcome in my department. Come on in, everybody, the answering's fine. Always glad to greet new readers.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL FAN.—No, no, Pearl White was never married to Carlyle Blackwell. I cant understand how these stories get about. Priscilla Dean is playing in "The Wildcat of Paris," (Universal). Lots of these critters about these days—Wildcats, She-cats, Hell-cats, She-devils, etc.

HILTON O.—Thanks for sending me your last cent; it was a shame to take it, but perhaps I need it more than you do. Of course—Bill Hart really does that fancy shooting, it isn't a trick. Bill isn't tricky. She'll come back soon. Short absence quickens love, but a long absence kills it. But the cynic says, "Absence maketh the heart grow fonder—of somebody else." The mirthmaker says, "Absynthe maketh the heart grow fonder.

RUBY.—You take exception?—all right. When I said that we all ate over a peck of dirt a day, you did not understand me. I said we ate *over* it. Virginia Pearson is very obliging with her pictures. She never sent me one, tho I am willing to give her one nice large red apple for one. Dorothy Dalton is playing in "Quicksand." And Mahlon Hamilton is to be Mary Pickford's "Daddy-long-legs."

BERNICE C.—Cheer up—that load appears light which is borne with cheerfulness. Keep the pictures, now that you have them. Ethel Clayton is playing in "The Mystery Girl," and Fatty Arbuckle in "Camping Out."

KID CARTER.—You mustn't play peek-a-boo with my private life. You mustn't look behind the curtain. I am 77, and I'm willing to take an oath on't. Henry Walthall is in Los Angeles; Gladys Hulette is in vaudeville; Davey Powell with Goldwyn and Gladys Brockwell with Fox. Call again, Nick.

AN ORANGE MAID.—Do I believe in clubs for women?—now, just what do you mean? Some women need one once in a while. 'Member the old saying, "A dog, a woman, and a walnut tree, the more you beat 'em the better they be"? I believe in clubs for men. Yes, we had a photo of June Caprice in February, 1918. She is not playing now. Universal produced "The Garden of Lies," with Jane Cowl.

R. ROLAND FAN.—My hobby?—I have several. It's all right as long as you have an emergency brake. What are all these ha-ha's in your letter—laughter? Laugh on! But, alas, laughter is the sister of tears, and her sister is constantly dogging her steps. So Ruth Roland, Tom Mix and George Cheseboro are your favorites.

RACHAEL G.—Greetings yourself. Apparently the flu did some good—it drove a good many of you out of your shell and made you write to me. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. Charles Clary is with Fox. You say, he who knows nothing, doubts nothing. I dont doubt you. As Socrates said to the wise men of Greece, "You dont know anything, but you think you do; I dont know anything, but I dont think I do; hence, I know more than you do. Q. E. D."

EUREKA.—You ask what rank am I. He who boasts of his rank shows himself beneath his rank. If I wanted to make a rank joke, I would say that I am a private in the ranks of the Salvation Army, but I have too much respect for that institution. So you would love to put your hand on my beard. I'd love to have you. No, I never expect to jump into matrimony. Besides, it isn't anything to jump at, or into, or out of, but from.

BLACKY C.—We shall have a chat with Monroe Salisbury soon. You can reach him at Universal Co.

FESTE.—Not very familiar with these things, but you say in "Polly of the Circus" the preacher had the robe of an Episcopal rector, and he was supposed to be in a Methodist church. That apparently signifies that all directors aren't ecclesiastical authorities, no more nor I.

JUNE MAY.—Better get that out of your head. Wallie Reid is married and happy—happy tho married. Theda Bara in "Cleopatra." Next! William Farnum comes along and signs a contract for $780,000 a year. I signed mine last month for a trifle less than that.

J. A., CAMP WADSWORTH.—I will be glad to print your names, but are you sure of being at the camp permanently?

W. B.—Have forwarded your letters.

ESTELLA.—You are like a couple of doves, you say. Reminds me of two minds with but a single thought—awfully empty when they lose that thought. Well, I dont know anything about Irene Castle running away from home to be married. Dont think so. And no, to the Herbert Rawlinson question.

HELEN L. F.—Yes, Helen, I guess there are a good many who feel the same as you do about Harold Lockwood. Lila Lee is about 16 years old.

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must remove the hair from her underarms, to wear the smart, sheer fabrics modestly. X-Bazin, the famous French depilatory, the comfortable, clean way, dissolves hair in five minutes, just as soap and water dissolve soot. The repeated use of this preparation reduces the growth and vitality of the hair instead of stimulating it.

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Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

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BOB M.—Always glad to hear from you. Thanks for the verse. Marion Davies is playing in "The Belle of New York," for Select. Edna May starred in the musical comedy some few years ago, and she played in the picture called "Salvation Anne," a couple of years ago for Vitagraph. Yes, even with the high cost of living, you can get fresh air for nothing.

JANNETTE S.—Thanks for yours, and I want to thank all the members of the Scroll Club for their warm reception.

BABETTE.—Thomas Santschi and Colleen Moore are playing in "Little Orphant Annie." Virginia Pearson has her own company—6 E. 39th St., New York. House Peters is with the Garson Company. "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" has not yet been released by Vitagraph. Thanks for yours.

LUCITA & CHRISTINE.—Very pretty pictures. Thanks. Did you know that there is close on to $6,000,000,000 in circulation in the United States right now, and that is the largest sum in our history? The population of the country is estimated at 106,589,000, and the per capita of money in circulation is $56.23 for every man, woman and child. Have you got yours?

STEVE.—No, I am not back to childhood yet. Shakespeare says, "Old man is twice a child," but I haven't reached my second yet. Jack Holt is to play opposite Anita Stewart under the direction of Lois Weber.

LOCKWOOD MOURNER.—Sorry, but I wont be able to answer you in the magazine. Best wishes to you.

SUBMARINE CHASER.—Clever, my boy. You say, "Women are the third rails of life; if you fool with them you will get hurt, and if you use them rightly they will give you power." Right you be, and well said. Lila Lee is in Los Angeles, Cal., Paramount Co. "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed," was written by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and is published by Charles Scribner and Son. Stop in again.

GUNNER J. L. B.—We owe a lot to you, old man. Your letter was just as interesting as could be, and when you say that the smokes did a lot toward winning the war—well—I guess they did. Let me hear from you again when you come out of the hospital.

MOLLY GALANTE.—No, I didn't have to wear double glasses to read yours. Men's eyes are telescopes; women's microscopes: hence, the former see things which are afar off, while the latter see only those near-by, and even these are exaggerated. My dear child, I wouldn't like to advise you to come to America if you have no friends here. Better times coming by-and-by.

M. I. KNOTTSMART.—True, but a man's greatness is not measured by his height. Nature seems to have bestowed higher power for lack of personal beauty upon the conquerors and military heroes of the world. Take Foch, winner of the biggest war of all, and Joffre, Petain and Diaz—all are men of small stature. Further back we have General Grant, Phil Sheridan, John Paul Jones, and Alexander Hamilton, all small men. Then the conqueror of Continental Europe, Napoleon Bonaparte, and others are Lord Nelson, Louis XIV, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Richard the Third, and centuries earlier, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great and Hannibal. And then there's—no, I cant say it—modesty forbids. Sotto voce: I am only 5 ft. 4!

MISS MONTANA.—Well, you do surprise me! How did you know? Good luck to you.

HUNCH.—You're welcome. Gratitude is the memory of the heart. Always glad to hear from the gang.

(*Continued on page* 112)

The First Honor Roll

(*Continued from page* 49)

to seven, whose portraits are herewith reproduced.

Some facts about the first contestants to win a place in The Fame and Fortune Honor roll will be of decided interest. Ethel Doll lives at No. 422 Scott Street, Youngstown, Ohio. Her experience has been limited to amateur theatricals. She has blue eyes, light brown hair and is an ideal blonde type.

Gertrude M. Crawford's home is at No. 25 Orlando Street, Springfield, Mass. She has had no professional experience. Like Miss Doll, she is a blonde type, altho her eyes are grayish blue. She lacks one inch of being five feet in height.

Little Dorothy Williams, of No. 1225 West 19th Street, Spokane, Wash., has had slight screen experience. She is just four years old and has grayish blue eyes and golden hair.

Pearl Anus is a New York girl, living at 64 East 119th Street. "Brown hair and blue eyes," says Miss Anus in describing herself.

Jeanne Juliette Pere is another New York maid, living at 509 West 160th Street. She is a Belgian, having been born at Antwerp. Exactly five feet three inches in height is Miss Pere, with brown eyes and brown hair.

Mary Helen Guy lives at Fifth and Arlington avenues, Columbus, Ohio. She has played in college theatricals and small rôles in the Keith stock company in that city. Miss Guy is a blonde with blue eyes.

Kathryn Louise Conant has had some slight screen experience. She lives at 1225 West 19th Avenue, Spokane, Wash. She was born in Spokane, her hair is brown and her eyes are gray blue. Oddly, Spokane contributed two winners to the first honor roll from the same address.

So much for the first honor contestants. The most promising contestants entered between December 15 and January 1 will be published in the March issue of The Motion Picture Classic. The Motion Picture Magazine for April will follow with the honor roll for January 1 to 15. This will be continued until the close of the contest.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she (as the contest is now open to men) will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic.

Since the winner will be named from the various honor rolls, it is important that contestants submit their portrait, or portraits, at the earliest possible moment, thus getting, if possible, an early place on these rolls.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Magazine or The Motion Picture Classic, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

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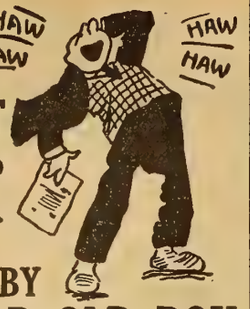

DRAWN BY 14-YEAR-OLD BOY

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PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

The Unpardonable Sin

(*Continued from page* 60)

I know it to be a poisonous weed, rank and evil-smelling."

Noll was eager. "You are not thinking of love at all," he told her; "you are confusing two terribly different things—as different as night is from day," he ended, lame where he would be eloquent.

"It is not I who have confused them," said Dimny, and her lips were stern and bitten with a knowledge that had come too close, too early. And Noll knew what she said to be the truth and did not dare to get down to individuals.

After a while Dimny came to expect Noll Winsor. He did the little things for her. He smoothed her path. He made the way as bearable as such a way could be.

After leaving England, Noll found that the Powers-That-Be had the strange belief that his duties consisted of something more than the surely Heaven-appointed one of escorting, comforting and generally reassuring beautiful Dimny Parcot. It was amazing to Noll that anyone, in his sane mind, could conceive of a more exalted task. Apparently Noll was to be amazed.

Until she reached the Dutch border, Dimny found the red tape unwinding quite readily and simply in her pretty hands. There didn't seem to be any tremendous difficulties—but the Dutch border might have been a wall of granite reared to the very battlements of heaven and then have been more passable, more surmountable. Dimny tried strategy, tried subtlety, tried crass cajolery. She received insult, but no assistance. Desperate, she tried disguise, and found a poor peasant woman who offered to convoy her across when the moon should have hidden that night. When the moon hid the *next* night the poor peasant woman was hid from it—and Dimny was sobbing her story and her relief out on Noll Winsor's saving shoulder.

"I thought I was going to make it," she lamented, "when suddenly a devilish, low gray car swung up the road. Its searchlight was the wickedest *eye* I have ever *seen*. An immense man got out with a voice like a Krupp gun. He walked right up to me and swung me around to him. When he saw my face, his jaw dropped a mile. 'So!' he said; 'it iss you! Hein, your pretty face, I carry it with me, Fräulein, and I find it under the moon. Gott iss goodt!'

was a carnivore and she was its quarry. He knew that he had desecrated those soft lips sometime, somewhere—but she denied it in words that were as incisive as ice. If he had desecrated them—then why did he want more of them? Fresher flowers made fairer spoiling. If he had not—— Whichever way it was, this girl's face had got into his blood. She stood between him and his duty during the day, and at night she troubled his heavy, horrible dreams like a perfume drifting about. Once he *had* dreamed of such as she—but that was long, very long ago. He had had a right to dream, then——

Noll was afraid of him, but Dimny tempered him. "Klemm is a valuable man," she told him; "we must not enrage him. I am going to enlist his help, Noll."

The boy shuddered. "If he—if you—you dont know these devils, Dimny," he finished up, desperately, "nothing is sacred to them—no woman—is pure—why, he—he might—lay hands on you—make you——"

"What my mother and sister are, Noll," she told him, sadly, "a thing to be mended and told to go on."

"I couldn't *bear* it!" he told her, fiercely.

"My father has got to bear it," she reminded him, "for his wife and for his daughter. Thousands, millions will have to bear it, have to help efface it—the mark of the beast."

"But you, Dimny . . ." Noll's eyes were full of tears.

Dimny laid a kind hand on his shoulder. "Dont, Noll," she comforted; "I shall be safe. I know it. And if I am not—if, by any chance you and I should be separated and should not meet again, I want you to know, even in my torture, you have made the mark of the beast—and—and the touch of a *man*—two separate things—again——"

Oberstleutnent Klemm promised Dimny his great official help. He expressed sorrow that her mother and her sister should have been entrapped in "foolish Belgium."

Dimny laughed at him, bitterly. "Was Christ foolish," she asked, "when monsters nailed him to His Cross?"

"I do not understand," said Oberstleutnent Klemm.

"No," assented Dimny, "of course you wouldn't. You are a Boche, and your ears are filled with mud."

Fortunately, Klemm was impervious to all but the contour of her lips, the purity [illegible] mouth.

Mahlon Hamilton
Man of Many Parts

(*Continued from page 65*)

to the screen to play opposite Olga Petrova, and, since that time, he has looked at the 'foots' only from the front.

"Olga Petrova has a wonderful personality," he said, "and the proof of it is that she walked out on a wonderful contract she had with Lasky. There are few women or men in the world that would sacrifice several hundred thousand dollars rather than yield a slight point of difference, but Madame Petrova is one of them. After playing opposite Ethel Barrymore in 'Final Judgment,' Marguerite Clark in 'Molly Make Believe,' and Gail Kane in 'The Red Demon,' Madame Petrova and I played together for two years."

Before I left him it was very clear to me that a star would have to be very capricious, indeed, who failed to get along with Mahlon Hamilton. He has much discretion and gentlemanlike tactfulness. He has managed to play successfully not only with those I have mentioned but with Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady and is now getting along, famously, with Kitty Gordon.

"They are all nice girls—all of them," gathering them all into his smooth, rather quiet tone. "There's a good deal of the ego in all of us; those who lack it never get on; never amount to much—if you dont believe in yourself no one else will and in the battling of the egos for position, sparks will fly at times. The ego, of course, goes wrong if, for instance, it so asserts itself as to want everything in a play or photoplay to be only a background for it, but there is a strong instinct of self-protection in keeping your support down within limits."

His appreciation of the "nice girls" was expressed with judicial discrimination. Among the first of the screen sweethearts he gave Ethel Barrymore a shade or two the best of it by throwing a shade or two of additional warmth into his tone. In speaking of Marguerite Clark his thought lingered rather upon his own part in "Molly Make Believe"—which he seemed to have liked very much. He refused to accept an opportunity I gave him to discuss Kitty Gordon's "million dollar back." I had hoped that he might say something which would indicate the emotion of a lover making love to such a back, but, instead, he moved on to Kitty, herself. "She is full of fun—has a remarkable sense of humor—and keeps you going with it—there is an embracing overflowing quality about it."

The Dollar Princess

(*Continued from page 62*)

England, Emmy Wehlen came with it as its captivating star.

In Metro photoplays such as "The Shell Game," "The House of Gold," "Vanity," "Sowers and Reapers" and many others, she has won for herself a distinctive and loyal screen following.

"Will you go back to Europe some day, and will you return to the stage?" I asked.

"I shall not go back to Europe to stay. I am cosmopolitan—I speak all languages. I know all countries. But—I love America best.

"Shall I go back to the stage?

"Some time, perhaps. But I shall not leave the pictures. Not so long as I can have"—again the Americanism—"my 'job.'"

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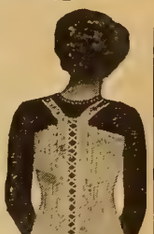

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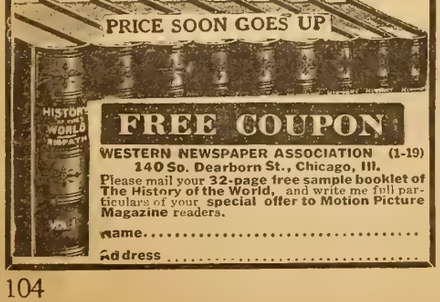

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The Unpardonable Sin

(*Continued from page* 102)

bomb-shelled thoughts, Dimny and Noll and her people were on their voyage home.

On Dimny's return from the ill-fated chateau she found Noll awaiting her. "I have found them!" he told her, "found them—at last."

Dimny sank to her knees. Now that she was to go to them, was to see them, comfort them, assure them, the task seemed to rob her of strength. She felt suddenly weak, futile, inadequate. What could she have to say to such as they? What words could her lips utter that would reach them? Their wound was the gaping wound of Belgium and there was no staunching of the blood? These were not her mother and sister to whom she must go, but women who had waded thru the valleys of red humiliations—who had looked on the raw loins of unutterable shame nor could not look away.

"Noll—I cant——" she sobbed.

But when she saw them, huddled together there in a pitiful drawing-room fearful of her coming, more terrified of her white spotlessness than she of their woeful shame, she ran to them and gathered them against her breaking heart. She wept over them and told them incoherently that she didn't care, that Dad didn't care, that nobody cared, that she loved them and that they were martyrs and saints and God was very good.

After awhile her mother smiled on her, and kist her in return and smoothed her fluffy hair, and Alice's eyes lightened in her stark, young face. "I shall never be the same," she told her sister, grimly, "but oh, Dimny, I am glad you found us."

A few weeks later Mrs. Parcot gave birth to a small daughter, and Alice to a lusty son. "She has no one on all the earth to love her," Mrs. Parcot told Dimny, "and I have been thru the world and know how hard a place it would be if love did not sustain us. I think I must love her, Dimny. She is the least of the offenders."

"Of course," Dimny said, "and wept over the small, inadequate face.

Alice turned away from the small bundle they gave her. Her young, desolated face was grimmer than before. "I hate it," she declared, "I loathe it. Take it away. *I* do not care what becomes of it."

When Stephen Parcot met what remained of his serene and once tranquil family in New York harbor, he found only Dimny, his wife, her baby and Noll Winsor.

The steamer on which the little party had fared forth had been submarined, and when the rescued were taken account of Alice was not there, nor the baby she had loathed.

Mrs. Parcot and Dimny grieved for her, but not so bitterly as they might have done. Life would never have softened for Alice. She had gone, an abortive bride, not to Love, but to bestial Hate, and the bridegroom had branded her. Under the washing, deep green seas, she might find forgetfulness and the cleansing she had craved.

For the babe Mrs. Parcot held to her husband's tear-blind eyes, he had only an infinite compassion. "My other children came as the price of your beautiful love," he told her. "That love is none the less beautiful, none the less holy, my dear, that you have walked over burning ploughshares and suffered hell alone. This child is the price of your pain and it is reverent to me."

In the next room Noll Winsor faced Dimny eagerly. "Can you be less than *he* is?" he was demanding; "your father—why, Dimny, he is splendid! He knows values! He loves your mother—more—much more—he loves her—*anyway*—" He stopped and his long-hungry eyes sought hers. Dimny looked up at him. She felt suddenly surfeit of blood and pain, of horror and of fear. She held out her arms. She smiled as she had smiled that day his music won her back from death.

"I love you, too, you splendid comrade," she told him, then added from the shelter of his breast, *"anyway . . . ."*

The Ages of Young

(*Continued from page* 56)

months then ending she had spent more than $50,000 for dress alone. This figure, tho high, is not beyond the bounds of reason when it is considered that all careful motion picture actresses make it a rule to provide entirely new costumes, including not only gowns, but wraps and furs, for each production.

The selection—and the wearing—of these things so dear to every woman's heart may be said to be one of Miss Young's greatest pleasures. And yet there is another side to this picture, for the well-known star is just fond enough of "roughing" it to have taken great joy in doing not a little of the manual labor incident to the installation of her parents in the beautiful home in Los Angeles which she recently purchased for them. She will always remember that the several coats of paint which were necessary to make the front porch look just as it ought to look and match in with the hue of the semi-tropical flowers that fall over it in endless profusion, were applied by her own hands and that the clothes she wore were overalls and a jumper that could have been easily purchased by the humblest department store girlie spending her vacation in some farmerette community.

Miss Young is intensely human. She likes the contact of life. Not many months ago, returning to New York from Los Angeles, she was pressed into service by the military authorities on the Coast for the purpose of influencing recruits for the United States Navy. In San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane she addressed enthusiastic audiences—and she testifies that she enjoyed every moment of the work.

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How Mary Made Her Eyes Behave

(*Continued from page 39*)

Driving one day in leisurely fashion, enjoying the purr of her Stutz, a terrible accident occurred which put Miss MacLaren in bed for three months with concussion of the brain and a blood-clot. A heedless youth, unaccustomed to driving, was racing along at a 54-mile an hour pace, and bumped broadside into the new star's car. Mary was thrown out on the curb and it almost finished her career.

But now she's back at Universal City, working hard under Director Rupert Julian. When I asked her to tell me a little of her work, she replied, "Just watch, I'm doing the funniest thing, helping carry a dead man around. Really, it is a great tragedy, but it strikes me as being so funny, and Mr. Pryor looks so queer, that it is all I can do to keep from laughing in the scene. And really, I think he must weigh about a ton, for when we three women lift him, I wonder whether we can ever get him out of that door!"

"All ready!" Mary MacLaren jumped back into the tiny cabin set, outside the rainmaker was pouring gallons of water against the window, the electrician was flashing lightning enough to frighten anybody, and clutching hands were thrust thru the doorway as the star of "Dearie" posed for a still. "More tragedy and fear in your eyes, Mary!" shouted Mr. Julian.

Right there was the *ocular* demonstration of what Mary had accomplished by her direction of the subconscious. In the "twinkling of an eye" she had snipt off the laughing expression and allowed her eyes to pop in terror. Another direction, and she registered anguish. It's just like pushing a button—and Mary does the rest with her big gray eyes. She uses facial muscles very little, almost every emotion is expressed thru the windows of her soul. In repose, she has a placid expression, her smile is fleeting, there's sometimes a sad droop to the lip-corners, but the moment Mary begins to talk or act, those eyes tell the entire story.

At home, where her mother and her sister Miriam keep house for her, Mary has all the youngsters in the neighborhood for friends. She likes 'em better than grown-ups. She plays the piano for them, tells fairy-tales, takes them out in her new Buick, likes to dress their dolls. They all call her, briefly, "Mary Mac." For pets the star has her sister's dog (Katherine MacDonald's) and her own, a canary and some white mice which occupy a tenement in the garage.

The ever-ready wit of Arnold Daly, the star of "My Own United States," a Screen Classics, Inc., production, released by Metro, is a by-word among his many friends and was also very much appreciated by his fellow players when scenes for the big picture were being made. This dry wit was noticed when the actor was very young, and many anecdotes are told of him, among them being the following:

Young Daly and John Drew happened to meet in Charles Frohman's office. Mr. Drew, finding that Mr. Frohman was out, inquired if he might wait. "You may," granted the imperturbable Daly. Some two hours passed and Mr. Drew became restless.

"Do you know when Mr. Frohman will return?" he asked.

"I can hardly say," replied Daly; "he sailed for England yesterday."

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Puppy Love

(*Continued from page* 46)

"How did you come?" she faltered, and the winds sighed back.

"I came," a stormy tempest answered her, "because I had to. Because I cant live without you. I wish now I had died on the trip, as I thought of doing many times. You are like all *women*—you are false—you are worse than false—you have—have broken my heart——"

He stumbled over his words. A breeze caught the light stuff of her summer gown and played with it. Her hair stirred at the nape of her throat. Under her lashes her tears began to creep like seed pearls down soft damask. The boy caught hold of her. "Why did you go with him?" he demanded. "You—why, you—are *mine!*"

The instinct of the hunter pushed the quarry from him. "You weren't here," she parried. "I—it was—lonely——"

The boy eyed her sternly. *"Women,"* he bit out, "have said the selfsame thing from time immemorial. *You* should be different. Well"—an air of settled gloom shrouded his speech like a cloak—"well, this, then, is the end. I have read somewhere that all great writers write from a broken heart. I shall be even as they. I should kill you for this—but I wont. You may live, and may you—I mean may you *not* suffer as you have caused me to do!"

The girl sobbed herself to sleep. She sobbed first like a tragedienne, then like a sulky little girl, finally like a baby. When she slept she dreamed a horrible dream. She dreamed that she died and that they put lilies at her feet and roses at her head and buried her in a tomb with an angel over it holding a blowing scarf. But when she got to heaven, which she recognized because it had pearly gates and a general air of Luna Park about it, St. Peter forbade her entrance. "You are an *old maid,"* he told her, sternly. "Such as they are not admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven." And, even as she had fallen asleep, so did she awaken, sobbing, this time more in fright than in grief.

After breakfast, while her Aunt Mercy was sweeping the front porch she confided her dream. Aunt Mercy, who was banking very much on heaven for what she had not had on earth, did not take the dream amicably. She called Gloria a bad, sacrilegious brat, full of sick wishy-washiness, and that she'd be glad to see the last of her idling dressed-up feet.

Gloria felt that the world was painted indigo-blue and there was no more happiness anywhere. It is always so delicious to find out that a new and most overwhelming happiness is just about the corner.

As there *was* no more happiness to be found on earth it seemed to Gloria that to insure heaven would be the most practical and most worthy-of-her-father act she could commit. She sought out Hippo Harger and proposed matrimony to him. Hippo, from looking elephantine, immediately resembled a gossoon and, scarcely believing in the gifts that the gods bestow, planned to invade paradise the following week. "I must have a week," Gloria told him, solemnly, "in which to lay away the memory of my One Love. For, of course, you know, Hippo, you are not, nor can ever be, anything more than just my *husband.* My *love* is dead."

Hippo was inarticulate.

Two days after the dissolution of love into contemplated matrimony James Oliver's broken heart appeared in the first print. It was a most descriptive tale of the two hundred odd old maids inhabiting Ardendale, and by no means a subtle plea for a suspension of their dire sentences. Love was all, reasoned James Oliver—marriage the definition of "all"—he exhorted relief for the two hundred odd. To make a good tale better, Gloria returned to him, along with the keepsakes which were to immortalize the outer seeming of their love, an album containing various snapshots of Aunt Mercy and her contemporaries, taken at intervals of the past twenty years. They made extraordinary illustrative matter. When the article appeared in print James Oliver had his salary raised by his paper.

But Fame brought no crown of laurel for James Oliver. Simultaneously with its appearance in print came a pink-tinted, carnation-scented note from Gloria saying that, love being dead, she was about to achieve matrimony. She bade him a Shakespearean farewell.

James Oliver ran ahead of Shakespeare and cribbed his mother's car to make a record trip to Ardendale, where he sought to kill the willing bridegroom and die, himself, avenged, at Gloria's feet. It seemed the only fitting thing. He had suffered enough. Hippo Harger should suffer now. In fact, they should *all* suffer. Life had been too much for them.

Unfortunately, even murder is not always permitted an open sweep. The primitive emotions are more and more misunderstood and misinterpreted. Even the sheriff, to whom James confided his lustful intent, shook a philosophical head and advised him not to do "no killin' over a womin." "They likes a live one," he advised the melancholy James; "dead ones dont get more'n a wreath or two."

James shook his head. The sheriff had not been comforting, not even encouraging. He set forth to further incense himself by the sight of the perfidious Harger. En route he was beset by various irate, very modern-looking ladies, who gave him to understand that *they* were the "old maids" for whom he had so very, very kindly opened a matrimonial agency, and *did* he think they were in need of help, now *did* he?

At the end of the wooded lane he met the girl. She had just left Hippo, who had bought her a new car to honeymoon in.

He felt, at the sudden sight of her, that it was all impossible, this misunderstanding, this separation, this suffering. He felt as tho many mists which had been tangled about his feet were separating themselves and clearing away. He groped toward her. He found her in his arms. What had they been thinking of? Why had they suffered? As if she *could* have married any one—*any one* but him?

"Sweetheart," he whispered into her banded hair, "my sweetheart, my little sweetheart . . ."

Gloria tightened her arms. She closed her eyes till her eyelids pressed and made star-fringes deep within her cheeks. "Kiss me," she said; "oh, I love you so!"

An hour later Gloria's father and James Oliver's mother, who had found quite a bond together, beheld their errant children riding past them out of town.

"They have made up again," smiled James Oliver's mother.

"Till the next time," smiled Gloria O'Connell's father.

"They are so young," sighed the woman.

"And so wise," sighed the man.

Then, because of them, the man and the woman laughed.

The Philosophy of Stardom

(*Continued from page* 51)

star," Pearl White told me seriously. "It all depends upon how long she can retain her youth of looks, of emotion and enthusiasms—her youthful feeling, in fact. For the ideal motion picture is essentially a thing of feeling."

The subject interested Francis X. Bushman very much, and he went very deeply into the subject. Among other things he said: "The wonderful industry of picture producing is still, figuratively speaking, in a muddy condition. The water has never settled. It has attracted a lot of unscrupulous men who do not belong, who not only want to get rich quick but want to do it in the pleasantest (?) way possible, by surrounding themselves with pretty young things whom they will star —providing—— None of these young things have survived. Only the actor who has that God-given talent will survive, who has something more than a pretty face and figure.

"I am convinced that such an actor can remain popular indefinitely. His producer is to blame if he does not.

"Nearly all the manufacturers are alike. It is always the *new* arrival on whom all blessings are bestowed. They forget the older ones, who, perhaps, are the very reason for their company's being.

"The new arrival is given the best of everything—dressing-room, stories, director, camera-man, advertising—and in nine cases out of ten they have never even proven themselves.

"This same dashing at each new possibility is one of the weaknesses of the industry, the reason why it is still crawling, is not able to stand firmly on its own two feet, but must fly hither and thither, always following some leader, and each flight eliminates some new group who were not plentifully supplied with gullible angels.

"The Paramount is the only company that has employed real showmen policies, and their success is an assured thing.

"Is there any reason to believe that Mary Pickford, if given proper vehicles, will not surpass her former triumphs? She still has that divine something. She is still Mary Pickford. Marguerite Clark has proven one can remain popular from sixteen to twenty-five and beyond, and many others we both know. *But* let their firms neglect them, give them indifferent stories, directors, advertising, and they would slowly but surely drift into the discard.

"Good stories, a good director, a good actor with adequate advertising, and there is no limit to the actor's popularity."

Which we think sums up the case pretty well.

A LONGING

By L. M. Thornton

I like old scenes, old songs, remembered faces,
And dear, familiar, unforgotten places;
I'd even like to see, for various reasons,
Some film, the pride of bygone festal seasons,
Some scene, some actress, that, long years ago,
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CHESTER MUSIC CO. 538 So. Dearborn St. Suite 293 Chicago, Ill.

What Motion Pictures Have Done for the Navy

(*Continued from page* 36)

and enjoy the "pictures" of their favorite players.

Some years ago — in 1910 — the writer made a cruise to South America. While our ship was lying in Panama, Canal Zone, a gentleman traveling in that part of the country came aboard and showed pictures to the crew of the vessel. Five months later, after we had made our trip to Buenos Ayres, A. R., and were returning home we dropped the "hook" in Valparaiso, Chile, and here we enjoyed a show by the same man we had met in Panama. One of the pictures shown was the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield, Nevada, and as many of our men were athletically inclined, this picture made a great hit. And it was probably due to this fact that our Welfare Fund officer purchased a machine for us upon our arrival in San Francisco.

Several ships of the Navy have been the background for some very popular scenes, and helped to round out many celebrated productions. Once in San Diego, California, a company came on board our ship and took scenes for a naval picture called "Jackie of the Navy." Another one, while it did not enjoy the popularity of the first named, was "The Love of Ora San," and many men of our vessel took minor parts in this play.

During the Mexican trouble in 1914, a moving picture man came on board our ship just before we sailed for Mazatlan, and brought with him a complete outfit for taking pictures of any engagements we might encounter. He was from the Universal Company, and, while he did not get any "action pictures," he nevertheless secured some very interesting views on shore. Many scenes on our vessel were "canned" and our mascots — dogs, monkeys, goats, cats and an ant bear—helped to make things realistic.

In March, 1912, my ship happened to be in Honolulu, T. H. As we stayed at the "Cross Roads of the Pacific" for some few months on this occasion, the commanders of each vessel in the fleet took turns in taking their vessels to Hilo, Island of Hawaii—the largest in the Hawaiian group. The purpose of visiting this port was to give the ship's company an opportunity to see the active volcano of Kilauea, about forty miles from Hilo.

Our men went in sections, that is to say two sections would go at a time. To make this plain to the layman it is necessary to state that there are four sections in a ship's complement. Therefore two sections would comprise one-half of the crew. At the time we visited Kilauea the lava was about forty feet from the top of the crater, much higher than it generally is. On this trip our own moving picture man "canned" the volcano, not, however, until after he had made three attempts and after destroying thousands of feet of film. The face of the camera got so hot in many instances that the films were blistered and his glasses cracked.

Hundreds of similar instances could be cited where extremely interesting films were secured in a like manner, and in each case these pictures were shown to the folks "back home," which helped to educate the public that a sailor's life is not the very worst existence one could imagine.

Flirtation is attention without intention.

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 92)

with him as a keepsake one of the suits he'd worn for *dress up,* a suit and hat he thought quite wonderful and *ne plus ultra.*

When Mr. Griffith asked for the Rube type, Raymond Cannon thought of these old clothes, rushed home and got into them, didn't put on a bit of extra frills, but presented himself in the funny plaid store-clothes which had awed the mountaineers five years ago. The director-general didn't hesitate a moment and when you see "Battling Jane," you'll know that you are looking at the real thing in country types, not prop clothes.

Anita Stewart is occupying a lovely suite at the Hotel Alexandria. Sunshine Mary Anderson called there on her old chum and the girls had a beautiful time tea-visiting and comparing notes of time spent the past six months.

Beatrice Joy has been down in San Diego, playing ingénue rôles with the Virginia Brissac Stock Company. She's back in the movies now. Forrest Stanley, of whom we've heard almost nothing for two years, is also returning to the camera's grind. Winifred Westover was in Los Angeles with her ma for the opening of the theaters, but we noticed she window-shopt quite a while before entering the hospitable doors of the Orpheum where Eva Tanguay is once more making life miserable for us.

Franklin Farnum told a funny story about a restaurant he visited in San Francisco. It was one of those out-of-the-way downtown places, to which he'd gone to study types. On the wall hung a hand-painted motto, thusly:

"If your wife cant cook,
Dont get a *divorce.*
Keep her for a *pet*—
And eat your *meals here.*"

Mr. Farnum added that judging by the number of men who were spearing beans at the hospitable "joint," cooks must be going out of style.

Is there anything on earth the Motion Picture folk have *not* done? Yes, we're starting something new. There is to be a Moving Picture People's Prayerhouse, called "St. Mary of the Angels." and to be located in East Hollywood. Plans are already drawn, and contributions are coming in rapidly. The church will be a beautiful house of worship, surrounded by a typical Los Angeles flower-garden.

The Fifty-seven Varieties of Hines

(*Continued from page* 82)

Louise Huff—and my last with her, 'The Little Intruder.'"

Home, and nothing had happened. The Stutz stopped and its owner helped me to the pavement, and stood, hat in hand.

"Some time," he said, "when I have attained my ambition and have become a personage with Vandyck beard and dignified demeanor and am playing the wily rouè with a sneering smile and wicked eye, you can get a real interview."

"Dont do it," I implored. "You're much nicer as you are."

To which he replied with a truly Johnny Hines-ish grin, and a wave of his hat, as the Stutz bounded madly off, a yellow streak in the sunlight.

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After Dark Photography

(*Continued from page 67*)

to be concentrated on single objects and groups of objects, leaving the surroundings in darkness. The pictures themselves are taken during the day in a specially darkened room with only such light as is offered by the mobile arc lamps. Sometimes these are concealed in fireplaces, giving the effect of cheery fire glow. Sometimes they are overhead or at one side of the picture, coming supposedly from a lamp which is shown lighted, but whose feeble glow is not, of course, nearly sufficient for picture taking.

A candle held in a child's hand seems to cast sprawling shadows over the ceiling, tho in reality the light comes from an arc lamp with a reflector which cunningly places the rays and shadows exactly where they would naturally come. A lantern held in a farmer's hand seemingly casts its glow on a circle of neighbor faces gathered around; a burglar sprays the darkness with his flashlight; an explosion sends showers of blinding glare across a pitchy sky.

When pictures demand the atmosphere of some underground place, a tunnel or cave, portable mercury tubes are set up in the actual surroundings, sometimes at great risk of explosions. Pathé in a recent picture equipped a coal mine with naked arc lights, in spite of the danger of igniting the volatile gases.

The lifelikeness and artistry of the effect depends on the cleverness of the arrangements of lamps and reflectors so that one sees a well-balanced ensemble of high lights on faces, shirt bosoms, light colored gowns, etc., offset by the proper amount of shadows. The director needs a knowledge of the laws of physics, as well as an eye for striking camera effects.

In recent war pictures some spectacular night scenes of bursting bombs, blinding rocket flashes and the dots and dashes of artillery fire were produced by an explosive flashlight powder set off from a switchboard. Burning smoke bombs and fire pots added to the lurid display, but the resulting thickening of the air was almost unbearable for the players. Some way will doubtless be found to film screen warfare at night with a maximum of pyrotechnic effect and a minimum of asphyxiation.

In the Tennessee mountain picture, "Her Man," nearly the entire action transpires at night, and the photography with its moonlight coming from a powerful lamp hidden in a tree beside the cabin is amazingly clear-cut.

In the charming fantasy, "Prunella," a futurist moon of cardboard naively affixed to a black background and painted property stars gives a quaint faery book atmosphere entirely in keeping with the dainty artificiality and story-book quality of the play.

Night is the time par excellence for romance, adventure, mystery and love. It is the time when marauders stalk abroad, when unknown dangers move thru the shadows, when crimes are committed. It is the time when fires are lighted on the hearths at home, when pleasure seekers fare forth to the dance or theater. It is the time when love, always shy and elusive in the garish daylight, comes into its wondrous kingdom. And now, thanks to the ingenuity of the modern motion picture director, we may see what goes on in the lives of our picture friends after dark, as well as in the light of day.

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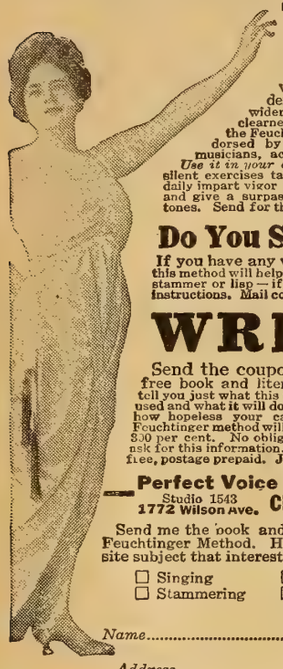

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 74*)

sister. The fight which results is all that could be desired in realism. Never, we can truthfully say, has there been such realistic rain and such a depth of mud as we recollect in this. Mitchell Lewis is assuredly a vigorous star.

"TOO MANY MILLIONS" (PARAMOUNT)

Wallace Reid is making a decided hit as a comedian. Personally, we prefer him when he is interpreting the pangs and joys of romance, but as a just and upright judge we cannot help but admit that he is a joyous comedian. This present farce is built around the peculiar adventures of a poor, but handsome, book agent who suddenly falls heir to forty million dollars. It isn't the plot so much as the personalities of the players that gets this across with a bang. Wally and Ora Carewe make the most of the many amusing situations.

"MICKEY" (GOLDWYN)

An entertaining comedy with Mabel Normand in the lead. Excellently played and photographed. Some of the western scenes were artistic in the extreme and the types and rural characters are excellent. There is something in this play to please everybody. While the story is not very strong, it is done so well and the acting is so fine that the story does not make much difference. It is remarked that this play was started two years ago and was widely advertised at that time. They took about 20,000 feet of film in the making and finally cut it down to 5,000 or 6,000 feet, and there are places where the story does not run quite as smoothly as it might. However, this is all lost sight of in the wonderful atmosphere and cleverness of the character types. Miss Normand is seen in a new rôle. At first she is a simple rollicking unsophisticated country girl; second, she is dressed up in society clothes; third, she returns to her former life and fourth she marries her rich sweetheart. There are many fine human types in this play as well as several notable scenes. Miss Normand was once a famous diving girl away back in the old Biograph days, some six or seven years ago, and later in the Keystone comedies. In this play she again shows her shapely form and graceful diving stunts, but alas, at such a distance, that we are not sure that it is Mabel herself. This may be due to modesty on the part of the director or Miss Normand—or it may be due to the fact that Miss Normand was apparently without bathing clothes—being a poor miner's daughter living in a rough hut. That being the case, the public will probably excuse the director from keeping Miss Normand in the dim and distant background. In our judgment, this play is a winner. J.

"A PERFECT LADY" (GOLDWYN)

There is something distinctly human about this tale of a chorus girl who educates her sister in a fashionable boarding school and in the belief that she is a great Shakesperian actress instead of a chorus girl. While on tour, however, her burlesque show is stranded in a narrow little town. Here Madge Kennedy—or rather Lucille Le Jambon—decides to give up the stage and become a perfect lady. But her attempt to earn her living at serving sodas with dancing lessons, shocks the inhabitants and she is denounced. However, the minister comes to her aid and she becomes the "ministress." Madge Kennedy is a little lady who can be relied upon to inject a certain refinement and delicacy of treatment into whatever theme she is given. In her support Jere Austin and Rod La Rock are interesting.

"TOO FAT TO FIGHT" (GOLDWYN)

There is a certain distinction about a Rex Beach picture. Here he has taken a war plot, which unfortunately did not reach the public before peace was declared, and shown how the war slowly, but surely, dissolved our littlenesses. His cast is nothing to rave about, but his story holds the interest in spite of the lack of beautiful clothes, girls, scenery or setting. The subtitles are little less than a positive joy.

"THE HELL CAT" (GOLDWYN)

In spite of the fact that Geraldine Farrar stages the biggest fight of her career since "Carmen" in this picture, the most important element seems to be that the story lacks vitality. As for Miss Farrar, her gestures are not in keeping with her character. The photoplay abounds in really magnificent western scenery. Tom Santschi does the most virile bit of acting in the piece.

"THE SHE-DEVIL" (FOX)

If one had not previously seen Nazimova in "Revelation" one would undoubtedly admire this play more. The story and general environment of "The She-Devil" constantly remind one of "Revelation," and Theda Bara not only looks, but acts so much like Nazimova, that we can almost imagine, at times, that the one is the other. We do not wish to insinuate that Fox has copied Metro, that the director took his cue from Mr. Baker, or that Theda Bara tried to imitate Nazimova, for probably none of these suspicions is founded in fact; nevertheless, if Mr. Fox and Miss Bara and their writers and directors had kept just a little farther away from the general scope and scheme of the Metro masterpiece, it would have been wiser and better all around. Nazimova created a type that was absolutely new and unlike any character that she or anybody else had ever done before. Miss Bara's conception of the She-Devil was also unlike any character ever done before by her or by anybody else—except Nazimova. Here Bara depicts every emotion and shade of emotion with fidelity and skill. Her make-up, too, was a decided improvement over some of her earlier performances. Her lips were not as if carved out of ebony, and her facial muscles were more flexible and responsive.

The cast was also strong. The story is a romantic one and unfolds entertainingly, and, with the exception of two or three inconsistencies, it is convincing—anything is possible in a province of Spain. But in Paris the big theatrical managers do not draw up and sign contracts quite as quickly as they do in "The She-Devil," nor hand out money quite so lavishly and without counting it. And there is something wrong with the villain—we do not hate him as we should; in fact, we sometimes sympathize with him and not with the She-Devil.

The play starts out like a race horse, and keeps speeding up, but it ends like a horse car. Toward the end it begins to look like merely a series of adventures or episodes. J.

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Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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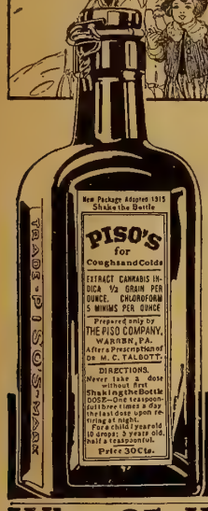

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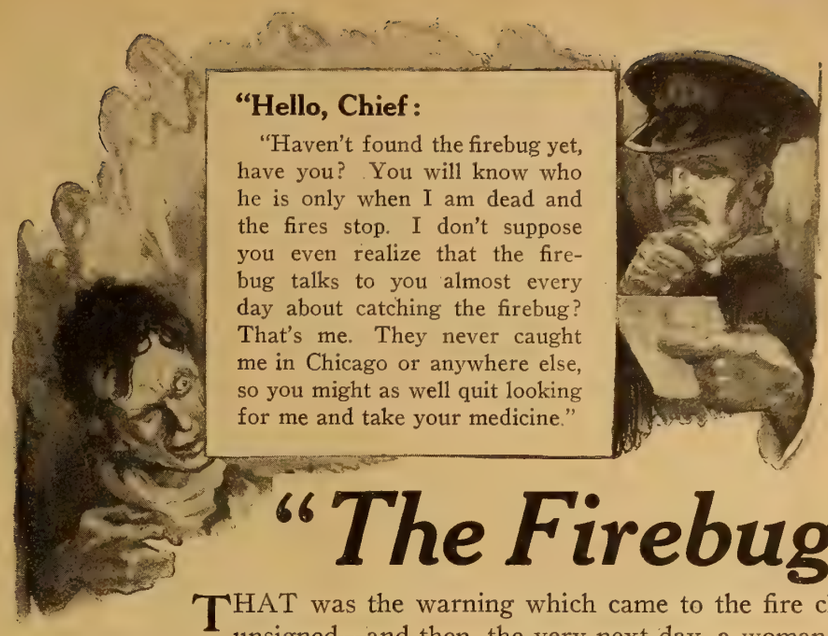

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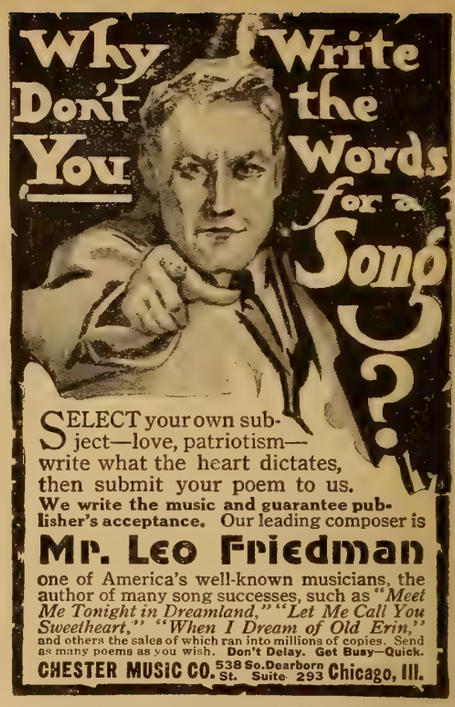

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Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplay-wrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Comedy.—"The Climax." A comedy with incidental music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who lost her voice—and heart. Eleanor Painter is convincing but, if she were a more finished singer, the play would have a stronger appeal.

48th St.—"The Big Chance." A comedy drama that starts in New York and ends in the trenches. It has its laughs and its thrills and is replete with clever characterizations, particularly that of Willard Mack, who outshines the star.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play.

Republic.—Channing Pollock has devised an odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

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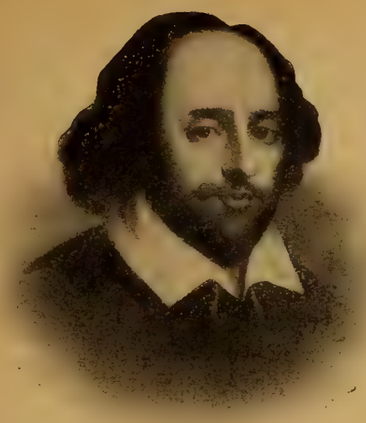

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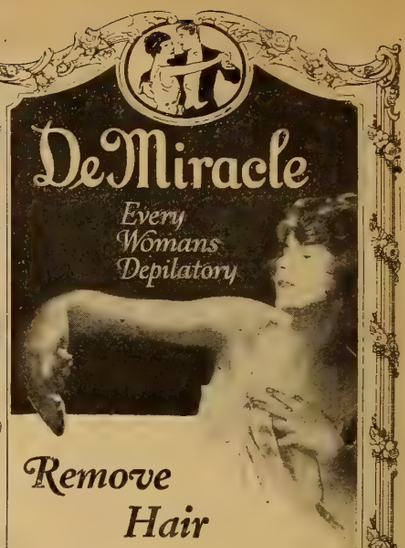

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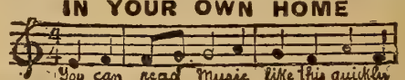

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The Mrs.—Well yeronner, my husband absolutely ignores his family. He spends his wages on nut sundaes and I can't keep him away from those accursed ice cream parlors.

Judge.—Petition granted.

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APRIL, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Anita Stewart came to the public's attention in "The Wood Violet." Since then she has been first in everything. Anita played in Vitagraph's first serial, "The Goddess," her "Million Bid" was the first picture chosen to appear in Vitagraph's Broadway Theater, and Anita was chosen to star in Vitagraph's $1,000 prize scenario. Now she is head of the Anita Stewart Productions and will shortly give us "In Old Kentucky."

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HOW TO CHOOSE SUMMER FABRICS

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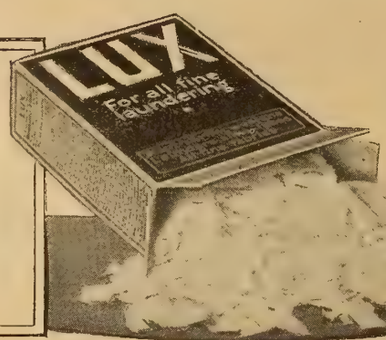

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SHIRLEY MASON

Need we repeat that Shirley is the youngest of three sisters famous in screen land; Edna Flugrath, now in South Africa, and Viola Dana being just a bit older? Like her sister she played on the stage as a child and finally, along with the other Flugraths, joined the old Edison forces. Shirley was then known as Leonie Flugrath. Fame came and a change of name. Shirley is now a Paramount star.

CARMEL MYERS

Carmel is a D. W. Griffith discovery. D. W., when he was producing "Intolerance," went to Carmel's father, the Rabbi Isadore Myers, of Los Angeles, for Chaldean details. And he saw Carmel! That settled it. She quickly found herself doing small parts at the Fine Arts studios. Now she's a star of Universal.

VIVIAN MARTIN

Unusual significance is attached to the way Vivian decided to go upon the stage. At the age of six she gazed into a mirror, threw her dolls aside and dedicated herself to Art. She began by playing a kiddie with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Other juvenile work finally led up to playing Maude Adams' rôle in "Peter Pan" on the road. Vivian soon became a favorite ingénue and, of course, the screen and Paramount finally won her.

EDITH ROBERTS

Four years ago Edith was playing extra parts at Universal City. In one play she was called upon to do a little dance. That dance won Miss Roberts a permanent position. Not so long after that Edith decided to desert the screen and join the Ziegfield Midnight Frolic. But the "U" forces made her a star and she stayed. Most of her work has been done in comedies.

MARY THURMAN

What's the use of writing a caption for a Mary Thurman picture? Nobody ever looks at it. Mary, you know, has just burst into the drama at the Paramount studios. Miss Thurman has decided that Art is everything and she's quit Mack Sennett's sea-going farces cold. Mary came to the screen from Salt Lake City. What on earth else do you want to know?

E. K. LINCOLN

E. K. comes pretty near being the richest actor in the fil-ems. He owns estates in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and several other states and works just for the joy of it. He loves dogs and raises breeded ones very successfully. Lincoln has been a screen star since the good old days of Vitagraph. Somehow or other we remember him best there as the hero of Anita Stewart's very first picture, "The Wood Violet."

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

Dorothy was born in Baltimore and made her stage début there with the Fawcett Stock Company. Other rôles, including Modesty in "Everywoman," finally led to the screen and the Essanay Company. Next came a brief return to the stage and then a contract with Universal, which still continues. Miss Phillips has just scored in "The Heart of Humanity."

CONRAD NAGEL

Conrad came to the stage and screen quite naturally. His father is dean of the Aborn School of Opera. After graduating from the Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa, Conrad managed to get small parts on the stage. All of which finally led up to his remarkable hit this season opposite Alice Brady in the stage play, "Forever After." Now the screen has won Nagel, at least partially.

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To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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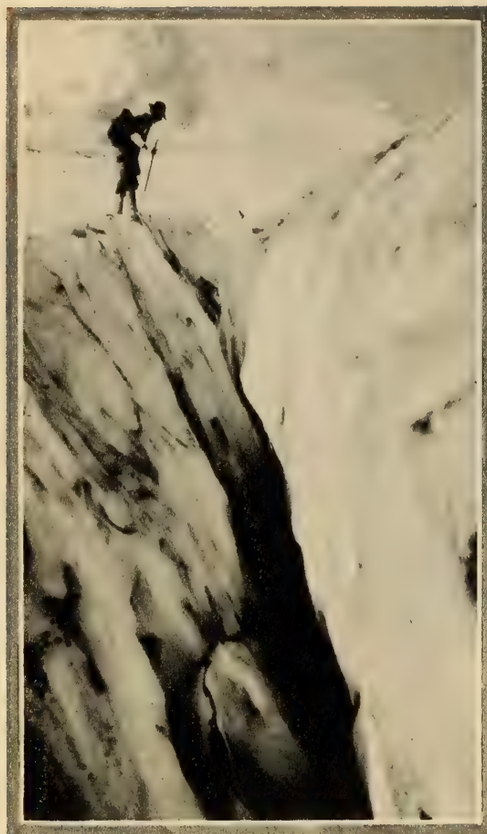


Scaling the North Side of Mt. Hood

Mt. Ranier

Making Mother Nature

Robert C. Bruce

By FREDERICK

FIVE years ago his ranch in the State of Washington a failure, financial troubles pressing him, his health broken, Robert C. Bruce had just one thing—an idea. Beyond his ranch stretched the mighty Cascade Mountains, rearing their snow-capped heads into the clouds. And there lay Bruce's inspiration—to transfer the lure, the tang of adventure, the spirit of the outdoors to the screen.

There, in the lonely spots far up beyond the snow-line, Bruce found his success. But it was a long and hard struggle. Today the Bruce scenics possess a distinct place of their own in the screen world.

"I had been in the lumber business and finally I bought a ranch in Washington. Like all green ranch-owners, I ultimately failed. It was just a question of time. Then it was that the idea of my present pictures came to me.

"Scenic pictures at that time were wholly of foreign making, filmed purely for their footage. The outdoor pictures were mere panoramas, with no effort to introduce physical action into them. I felt that these missed the adventure of the outdoors and I decided to try my hand.

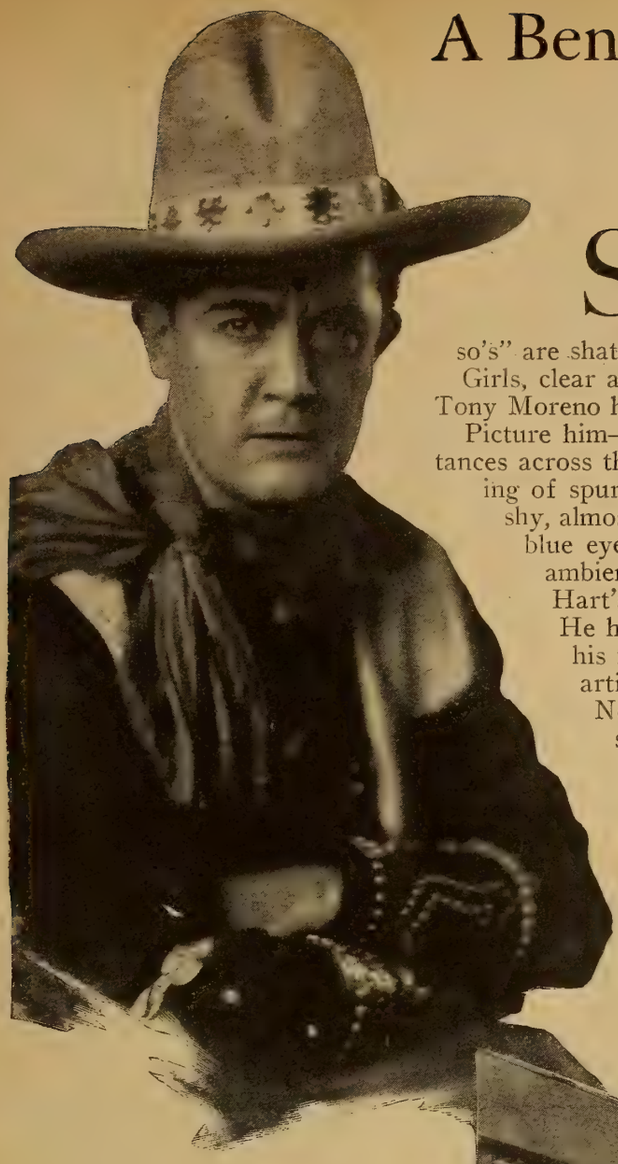
"Every night for nearly a year I used to attend a little movie theater out in Washington, studying pictures. I would count the scenes in a reel, measuring the scenes by tapping the seconds with my foot. I often think how I must have annoyed the poor movie fans interested in the screen stories. But, at the end of the year, I had a fairly good idea of picture-making. So I hired a camera-man, a packer, a cook and some horses, and we went up Mount Adams, north of the Columbia River. Landing back in Portland, Oregon, some weeks later, I found myself with just fifty dollars and my picture. But I wired Pathé about my plans and started for New York.

"I have often laughed since when I think of that, for I didn't arrive in New

Robert C. Bruce, his clever Dane, "Love II," and "Buddy," the "Whozitt"

A Bennison Be Upon the Screen

By RUSSELL E. SMITH



Louis Bennison is a new aspirant for screen honors in Western rôles

SCREEN astronomers who congratulate themselves at being the first to spot the ascending of a new star in the cinema constellation are reaping their reward for keeping their binoculars firmly fixed upon the film horizon. Their "I told you so's" are shattering the air, for Louis Bennison is among us!

Girls, clear a space on your mantle-shelves—even if Francis X. Bushman and Tony Moreno have to take second and third position of vantage!

Picture him—with eyes faintly blue from long gazing away off into dim distances across the purpling mesas. He walks with a slight limp, from long wearing of spurs, and his hair is long, to protect his neck from sunburn. He is shy, almost innocent, and quiet in manner, but oh, boy! when he's mad those blue eyes squint sparks of steely fire. Wild Bill's "steely eyes" are the ambient orbs of "Sweet William" compared with Bennison's, and Bill Hart's well-known glance is harmless in comparison.

He has had actual experience on the range also, which aids greatly in his film work, but so genuine an actor is he that he does not need the artificial aids of experience.

No actor in recent years has made more of a personal hit on the stage than Bennison has in "Johnny Get Your Gun," in which play he starred for two seasons past in New York and "en tour." His vivid performances as the doctor in "Damaged Goods" and the socialist in "The Unchastened Woman" are also widely recalled.

Distinctly a Western personality, Louis Bennison is predestined to become one of the leading exponents of Western comedy-drama on the silversheet.

Bennison was born in California. People have often wondered why so many prominent Broadway stars of late years have been products of California stock companies. I asked Bennison about it the other day. He laughed at my question. "Why, the word California starts you," he said, emphatically. "All the managers know that players who have had experience at the Alcazar or Morosco's can play any part; that they are actors, not types. Do you know what Eastern actors call us now? 'The Yellow Peril.' And rightly, too. The West has given Broadway Fay Bainter, Jeanne Eagels, Marjorie Rambeau."

'And you." I couldn't resist the temptation.

Bennison fidgeted. "I know I'm going to like this movie game," he said, irrelevantly, "it's so *very* different from the stage—so much time is spent in the open."

This new type of cowboy seemed to think it strange that any one should care to know about his life before he became a star. Yet I gleaned he joined the Anchor-J outfit, a big Californian ranch, as a boy. This ranch was located where Modoc and Lassen counties and the State of Nevada meet. For five years he rode the range on that 55,000-acre ranch, and was so light in the saddle that he could outride any other man on the place. His largest salary was $25 a month. On this ranch he learnt the life of the cowboys and acquired their dialect—the peculiar, careless, slurring way in which they speak.

Bennison's venture into Filmland *will* be successful; he has built a firm foundation. Some players have risen overnight on the screen—and vanished with the spotlight. Bennison is not of this material. He will last. He has built for this time.

Louis Bennison's first picture to be released thru Goldwyn is "Oh Johnny." His second at which he is now working is "Sandy Burke, of the U-Bar-U"

The Glad Girl

BROOKLYN was all bound up in the icy embrace of King Winter. *I* was all balled up in Brooklyn. But with head bowed to the fates—and the winds—I blundered on, chanting "five blocks to the right, two to the left, to Twenty-second Street."

Somehow the counted five blocks down and two blocks over failed to bring me to Twenty-second Street, but after several attempts, my addition came out correctly, and the Leslie street, number and home loomed up out of the cold.

Now that I had found the place, *would* Miss Leslie keep me waiting? Would she be like the weather, frigid and hard to get along with? Fortunately, my mind had little opportunity to flounder in the pessimistic sea of what might be.

Before I had reached the porch the door was flung open wide. I caught a glimpse of a slender pink-and-lace clad figure. A warm little hand just jumped into mine and pulled me in, while a voice that sang with the joy of living said:

"Golly, you poor dear, you must be frozen."

And somehow, King Winter, with his grouchy troupe of physical discomforts, vanished as if by magic. Here were warmth, youth, joy and summer, daisy fields and new-mown hay.

Thus Gladys Leslie.

I almost expected her to slip a pink sunbonnet over her gold-kist locks and invite me out into the garden. Not that Gladys is pastoral. But her aura is.

Matter-of-factly, she appeared very much as any other young girl would in a silken negligée. Prettier than most, perhaps, but supremely unconscious of that fact.

"My, I'm *glad* you got here safely," she said.

Thus I discovered the keynote of the little Leslie's character.

Gladys Leslie reminds one of a sunkist buttercup, whom vagrant chance has blown into a hothouse bouquet of screen roses

By Hazel Simpson Naylor

"Some day," says Gladys Leslie, "I want to own a farm, a husband and babies of my very own"

"How," I asked, dutifully, "did you happen to go into the pictures?"

The Glad Girl smiled just as cordially as if I hadn't asked the most bromidic question in the interviewer's vocabulary.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't *happen*. I went. I was just crazy about the movies. Made up my mind I was going to get into them when I was graduated from the Washington Irving High School. Where there's a will there's a way, you know, and I just had good, plain Irish nerve. I applied for a place as an extra at the Edison studio, and when they asked me if I had had any experience, I said, bold as brass, 'Yes, indeed; played in about eight pictures.' They believed me! I was given a small part and got away with it.

"Mother is one of those dear 'yesing' mothers. Everything has always been 'yes' with her. But when she heard about the pictures she said, 'Nothing doing.' You see, there never had been an actress in the family. But when I want anything badly enough I generally get it. I wanted to be in pictures. I was tired of not being self-supporting and I went ahead. And now the family is pleased as Punch.

"Gee, I'm *glad* I got into pictures when I did. They've been mighty good to me. Altho I only played small parts at Edison, I was soon playing leads at Thanhouser. From the time I played Sophia in 'The Vicar of Wakefield' the critics have been kind to me. When Thanhouser went out of business, Mr. Smith offered me this starring contract with Vitagraph.

"No success I might have could make me big-headed. I shall always remember how those leading ladies at Edison used

(*Continued on page* 101)

That Unclouded Ray

By ELEANOR BREWSTER

THE first time I saw Charles Ray in the flesh he was in the air. It's literally true. Just as I arrived on the set at the studio where Ray was working, he came hurtling headfirst down a stairway. Most of the journey was made in the air. Its terminus was an old-fashioned hair-cloth sofa that a kind providence or property man had placed there. Charlie landed on it. The next minute he was charging like a mad bull up the stairway again. I didn't know he could be so irascible.

Of course, it was all acting. But such acting! If you think those Ray-McKim fights are faked in the movies, you ought to visit the Ince studio some sunshiny day when they begin to put punch in a picture. They fight all over the place, fast and furious, with a total disregard of science, the Marquis of Queensbury rules and the surrounding bric-à-brac. It's a case of jab and tussle and tumble and wallop and jab and tussle again.

This one was full of pep. Charlie smashed three chairs, a statue of Psyche at the Fountain, a glass bowl full of goldfish and two fingers of his left hand. Then he called it a day and came over to talk to me.

"I'm sorry you couldn't have seen some of the psychological bits," he said, while the blood ran from a scratch on his forehead. "This is all action. Any one can do this."

Any one, maybe. Not me!

"I'm in overalls again in this picture." Charlie's smile was apologetic. "You see, when an actor makes a success in a certain line of work, producer and public conspire to keep him in it. Weaklings and boobs have been my portion ever since the critics took kindly to me in 'The Coward,' when I supported Frank Keenan."

"And ran away with the picture," I interposed encouragingly. "That was a great piece of work. Almost as good as your 'Claws of the Hun.'"

"The part afforded opportunities," he put in, deprecatingly. "And then I worked so hard over that 'Coward' that he just couldn't help being real. I dreamed him and lived him and, for the time being, I was not Charles Ray—I was that boy."

"And he made you a star overnight, which must be highly gratifying."

"Yes, and I am happy and grateful over it. But I'm eager to prove that I can do other parts just as well. Of course, the cowards always turn out to be heroes in the end," Charlie smiled. "But I'd like a chance to do that fellow in 'Turn to the Right,' for instance, and a big comedy of some kind. Look at Wally Reid, for instance. They thought he was only a romantic hero, and now he's having the time of his life playing comedies, and playing them to perfection."

By this time it was nearly noon, the players' lunch-time, and Mr. Ray, still mussed up and in rube clothes, lunched unnoticed in a little restaurant near the studio. The players at the various studios never find time to take off make-up or change clothes when they go to lunch, but the people of Hollywood and Los Angeles are so used to seeing strange

If you think those Ray-McKim fights are faked, you ought to visit the studio some sunshiny day when they begin to put punch in a picture

Can Make Tomorrow Cheerful As Today

sights that even if President Wilson walked down the street they'd think it was an extra man made up for a photodrama.

Charlie didn't like to talk about himself at lunch. I learnt later that he doesn't like to talk about himself at any time. He is engagingly frank and unaffected and unsophisticated, young in years, young in the social graces.

I insisted on digging up the past and learnt that he came from Jacksonville, Illinois, as a schoolboy. There was a story that Charles' father gave him two years to make good on the stage or go into the bank. He makes more money than the bank holds nowadays—but I couldn't get Charlie to talk about it.

Before I went into pictures five years ago I played small-time on the coast here—the smallest of time—as many as six shows a day. I did everything to make myself appear older and to give me more dignity—I was very young then. But I guess I didn't succeed. They seem to look on me as a boy even now.

"Do you know," he confided, ingenuously, "I've never been east of Chicago. New York's a wonderland I'd like to explore some day."

"And do you know," I rejoined, suggestively, "I've never been on location. There's a wonderland I'd like to explore."

"Say no more. Be at the studio in the morning at eight, and we'll shoot out small-town stuff in the streets of Artesia tomorrow."

And so it happened that eight o'clock the next morning found me waiting at the studio. There were others waiting, too—hordes of them, in the quaint garb of remote country places.

"There must have been an early train in," I thought, and then hastily revised my opinion, for it dawned upon me that these were not real country folk, but that they represented "atmosphere" for the "small-town stuff" to be shot that day. Later Mr. Ray's director confirmed this impression.

"The fake rube is much more natural than the real thing on the screen," he said; "he at least knows enough not to stare and grimace into the camera."

"Weaklings and boobs have been my portion ever since the critics took kindly to me in 'The Coward,'" says Charlie Ray

While we had been talking the "atmosphere" was disposing itself, with much noise and bustle, in the great sight-seeing buses lined up in front of the studio. The assistant director and the property men also packed stacks of "props" and luncheon into the buses.

The director and assistants had a car

(*Continued on page* 107)

The Sa

By GLADYS

"O Beauty, I have wandered far;
Peace, I have suffered seeking thee;
Life, I have sought to see thy star,
That other men might see.

And after wandering nights and days,
A gleam in a beloved soul
Shows how life's elemental blaze
Goes wandering thru the whole,

Bearing the discipline of earth,
That earth, controlled, may bring forth flowers
Oh, may our labors help the birth
Of nobler souls than ours."

"MY dear man, God's *good* man, you are the ever-recurring ascetic. In reality, you are a gambler."

"A gambler?" The minister shook his head.

"A gambler. You are throwing all your little, sacerdotal dice on the great tomorrow. Perhaps . . . tomorrow may not dawn. Night may be all. Oblivion. Then where will you be?"

"At peace," said John Sterling, gently, "at rest—after strife——"

The beautiful Helen Rowland gave a light laugh. It flicked like a slender whip-cord. "Peace," she scoffed; "rest—corpses you use for your assuagement. Sops to your chill belief. Embalming. My friend, you *are* the incurable—or aren't you incurable?—ascetic. There are red roses growing around your feet. You strain your eyes that you may see the lilies in a stained glass window. There is life pulsing up to you. You stand away and yearn to some pale death. You discount beauty. You—are starving . . ."

She spoke the last words in a whisper. Her jeweled fingers moved ever so slightly. The man at her side sat unmoved. Outside the conservatory, where she had taken him after her husband's introduction, her guests were still dancing. Much wine had given them a bacchanalian tendency. Hawaiian music sobbed fitfully. Flowers breathed heavily, and a moon, like a monstrous lily, bludgeoned its way into the still place. Helen Rowland gave a nervous laugh. She gave a quick glance at the pale ascetic. She was not used to such a comrade of flower-scent and moon-pollen. He was infinitely the priest, slender, black, remote. She shuddered as with premonition.

John Sterling roused himself. "You are a hedonist, Mrs. Rowland," he said; "you deny your soul." He looked at her. "It might be," he said, with deliberation, "more beautiful than—the flesh."

"I have never thought of that," said Helen Rowland, then she laughed. "Did my husband introduce you to me for purposes of conversion?" she asked.

John Sterling looked down on her. Her face was a magnificent flower. Her hair was a maddening trap. Her eyes were jewels unnamable glowing in alabastine. She assailed him and he drew into his sacramental

"THE SACRIFICE"

Narrated by permission from the United Pictures production based upon the story by Wm. Anthony McGuire, scenario by Jack Cunningham, and staged with the following cast:

Helen Rowland.....Kitty Gordon
Henry Rowland.....Mahlon Hamilton
John Sterling.....W. Lawson Butt
Spiffy.....Dick Rosson

crifice

HALL

When he left her at the door that night she gave him her hand. "God's man," she said, "God's man . . ."

robes. "If I might help . . ." he said, very gently.

Helen Rowland straightened. "Let me tell you something of myself," she said. "When I was very tiny I was beautiful. My father saw it. He did not see much else. You must not blame him. 'According to his lights' —isn't that—*your* book——?"

"God's Book."

"*Bien* . . . then . . . my mother helped him, foolish-fond. Not wise. Few parents are. They inevitably lose perspective. A fundamental lack. Well, they made a fetich of my beauty. My father, poor dad, outdid himself. He got into a mess. A horrid mess. Trying to keep me like—like an unholy thing. What ideals we have! What rot we break our hearts for. What gods we kneel to. He took his life, dad did, and snapped it across its spine for me. Then this mess. Henry Rowland, millionaire, was the one man who could save him. I had been well trained—dad and my mirror. I went to Henry Rowland. 'If I *am* beautiful,' I thought. 'If I am . . .' I was. Dad was saved. He never knew. Dad had a moral sense. Perverted, but sincere. He cultivated my beauty. Gave it to me as my one weapon. My only weapon. Forbade me to use it. Thus our strange conception of duty. After a while I married Henry Rowland. In your house—church. There were lilies . . . that's about all I remember . . . masses and masses of lilies. And there was music. Some young boys sang. Their voices were like angels . . . angels newly dead. High and clear and piercing-sweet. Too sweet. Unutterable. They sang 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.' Isn't there something horrible to you in that, God's man? Shouldn't they—have *jazzed* it?"

"But"—John Sterling was obviously in search of grasp —"you cared for him?"

Helen Rowland sat forward. The moonlight made living copper of her hair. Her mouth was a fragrant blur. John Sterling, sitting close beside her, thought of God's inimitable handiwork and gave reverent thanks. In this exquisite body must be lodged as exquisite a soul. If, thru the silly, futile wadding, he might find it . . . he drew a deep breath. "You cared for him?" he repeated. He added, "Of course."

Helen Rowland turned to him, and her jewelled eyes were dimmed. "Not 'of course,'" she said; "how come you to be so ingenuous? You, a man, with the heart of a little child. Of course—*not*. I had beauty, youth, charm. He had gold, gold, gold. It was an even buy. Give and take. Barter. Exchange."

John Sterling rose and stood, very black, very stern, in the samite of the moon. "I want you to come with me," he said, "down into the slums. Down beneath all the considerations of which you have spoken tonight. You are touching life—only on rouged lips. Back of the paint there is tissue and blood—and pain."

"Why dwell so on the pain?" asked Helen Rowland.

"That we may win thru it to pleasure," smiled John Sterling.

"What could you know of pleasure?" scoffed Helen.

"The Kingdom of Heaven within me," said John Sterling.

"Heaven is a very chill place," she said, and shrugged.

"Hell is a very hot one," he said, and they both laughed.

Ten minutes later they were spinning slumward in the Rowland limousine.

"Henry Rowland is a good man," said Sterling, in an interlude.

"A commercial man," corrected Helen, and the watching priest saw her delicate lips draw together like the shrinkage of flower petals.

"A big man, nevertheless," said the minister.

Then they stepped out into the narrow backwash of an alley, where John Sterling, hampered by want of funds, ran his "Club."

Helen Rowland had never in her hothouse life seen such a place. She had never gone "slumming" even in the most fastidious sense. Something within her which tempered the dross with gold, warned her to keep her skirts clear of earth's miserable refuse. Warned her, if she would keep her mode of living "icily regular, splendidly null." Was this man to break thru? To play the vandal to the delicate, shimmering structure?

The "Club" was in session. John Sterling's protégées were dancing.

"They are horrible," said Helen Rowland, and shuddered and drew nearer to the priestly broadcloth. The minister laid a reassuring hand on her cloaked arm. He sensed the shrinkage. He did not condemn it. His sad mouth smiled.

"They are souls," he minded her, gently.

"Souls . . .?" she repeated after him.

"They suffer," the minister said, "suffer, feel pain, feel joy. They live, give birth and die. Common clay. You—and I—and them. Equal—in the sight of God."

"Equal . . ." Helen Rowland was groping, was puzzled. God had been an immense but a very inchoate figure. Tonight, this man, with the zealot's burning eyes, the reformist's burning tongue, tonight this man had become God. "Equal," she repeated after him, "to you?"

He would often come upon her in her dressing-room, at her private 'phone, with that sense of listening, of waiting, upon her

"Souls," he said, and smiled. She sensed his appeal to the soul in her under the fleshly swathings that had won her the prestige she had. But these fleshly swathings—these perfumed, red and white veilings of her spirit—these roses red and roses white—she had them to thank for all that life had given her. For money, liberator of the soul. For worship. For power. For triumph. Dead Sea fruit . . . then where was fruit that was luscious? Where was sustenance? How should she live? How?

Some nameless thing caught at her heart, there in that bleak, ill-lighted hall. Something tore at her as she watched them dance and giggle oafishly; lanky, undernourished, gaunt-eyed girls; loutish, sallow, desperately facetious youths. A pity too vast for her throat tore at her. Her heart swelled till it burst long bondages, long confines. Humanity batted down reserves. She felt the terrific waste of it, of the flame of life, so bitterly paid for, so carelessly sustained. She felt a greater thing than her beauty. She felt a deeper thing than herself. Pain . . . birth . . . common clay . . . that was it, the whole of it, *common clay. Humanity.* To suffer . . .

to grow . . . to die . . . together. To *help. Service*—there she had it. The greater thing than Beauty. The essence of all beauty. *Service* . . . oh, there was such need for it, such an aching, tremendous need. What if one made mistakes? What if one stumbled and fell down? What if one never succeeded? To try . . . to feel . . . to know . . . to give . . .

She turned to John Sterling, and he saw the pale flame of her stunted, flaccid spirit lifting its head. When she spoke her voice was lovely because its was choked. "I——" she said, then she spread forth her hands, "let me bring flowers," she said, "fresh fruits . . . books . . . games . . . let me . . ."

John Sterling smiled. It was on his mouth to say, "We do not need these things so much as we need the warming fire of your heart, your sympathy." But he was too wise. He knew not to disdain the gifts of the giver.

When he left her at her door that night, she gave him her hand. "God's man," she said, then with a catch in her deep, soft voice, "God's man . . ."

Henry Rowland had married Helen Burton because his phenomenal success, his staggering wealth had taught him to expect, to demand and to get, the last word in everything. Helen Burton seemed to him the last word in everything feminine. The most flawlessly beautiful. The most finished. The most exquisite. She had the poise of a calla-lily. The warmth of the rose. The distance of the orchid. He married her perfection. After he married her he found her perfection not enough. Her arms not enough. Nor her mouth. He wanted the spirit he didn't have to warm these things to vitality. Only her vitality could slake him. He was parched for her—not for her presence, not for her immediacy—for the inner spirit denied to him. He believed in that inner self. He knew that he would rather have the width of the continent between them, the spaces of the world, and know her his in truth, than hold her against his heart and be chilled by a sense of distance.

Henry Rowland had fought a gruelling bout for his ranking as one of the foremost millionaires. Fighting scars. The heat and fervor of his youth were still with him, but they were shut up. They were congealed. One dare not meet the world with youth and fervor. The world tramples such growths under mailed feet. He did not know how to show his heart to Helen. He had bought her. The bargain was not enough.

The night on which John Sterling came to ask funds for his charities Henry Rowland was alone in his study, and he was lonely. Bitterly lonely. He had won the fights he had vowed to win—but they had pinned him to a cross and not a cross to him. They had made a cross of his deep desire and nailed him to it. John Sterling seemed to hold forth an assuaging sponge. He felt like talking to some one, telling some one "all about it." He had not broken thru reserve in many a year. "It is not good for man to live alone." He thought, wretchedly, that there was no man so alone as he. He had got by the joy of all bought things. Purchase sickened him. Purchased love . . . the taint of it! . . . the stench!

The man groped for the whiskey bottle that stood, half emptied, before him

He told John Sterling of his belief in the beautiful woman he had married. He waved a deprecating hand to the ballroom, where Helen was making tragical the hearts of other wives and sweethearts. "All that," he said, "it doesn't suffice her. I know it. Her beauty . . . but there is more, Mr. Sterling. There is more. If you, with your vision, your burning beliefs in things beyond, if you might quicken her spirit in her . . ."

That had been two months ago. John Sterling had quickened her spirit. Henry Rowland admitted that. He had quickened her spirit till it glowed from her beautiful flesh like a beautiful flame and burned up the chaff of her frivolities like so much straw and grass. But in the quickening there was no place for him, for Henry Rowland. Less, even, than there had been when her ballroom had been throbbing with bacchanalia and her cheeks had been roses red. Far less. Then there had been the vague fear of many things, which allows of rest, permits hope. Now there was the fear of one thing, one person, one, to Henry Rowland, *terrible* person. The fear of John Sterling, priest, who was yet a man, man who was essentially priest. Flesh with the Voice of God made manifest.

There were times when Helen reminded him of some wondering, worldly novice standing, with half-hesitant feet, on the threshold of her holy novitiate. He would often come upon her in her dressing-room, at her private 'phone, with that sense of listening, of waiting, upon her. He grew desperate. Hope had been too long deferred. He had been a fool, an arrant fool, to trust the conversion of the seductive Helen to man, mere man, be his vestments ever so holy, his calling ever so high. He thought of little things—that time he had come upon them—alone—in his Westchester home. What had they been doing there—alone? Was such solitude, such remoteness, necessary for conversion? He had stopped to listen.

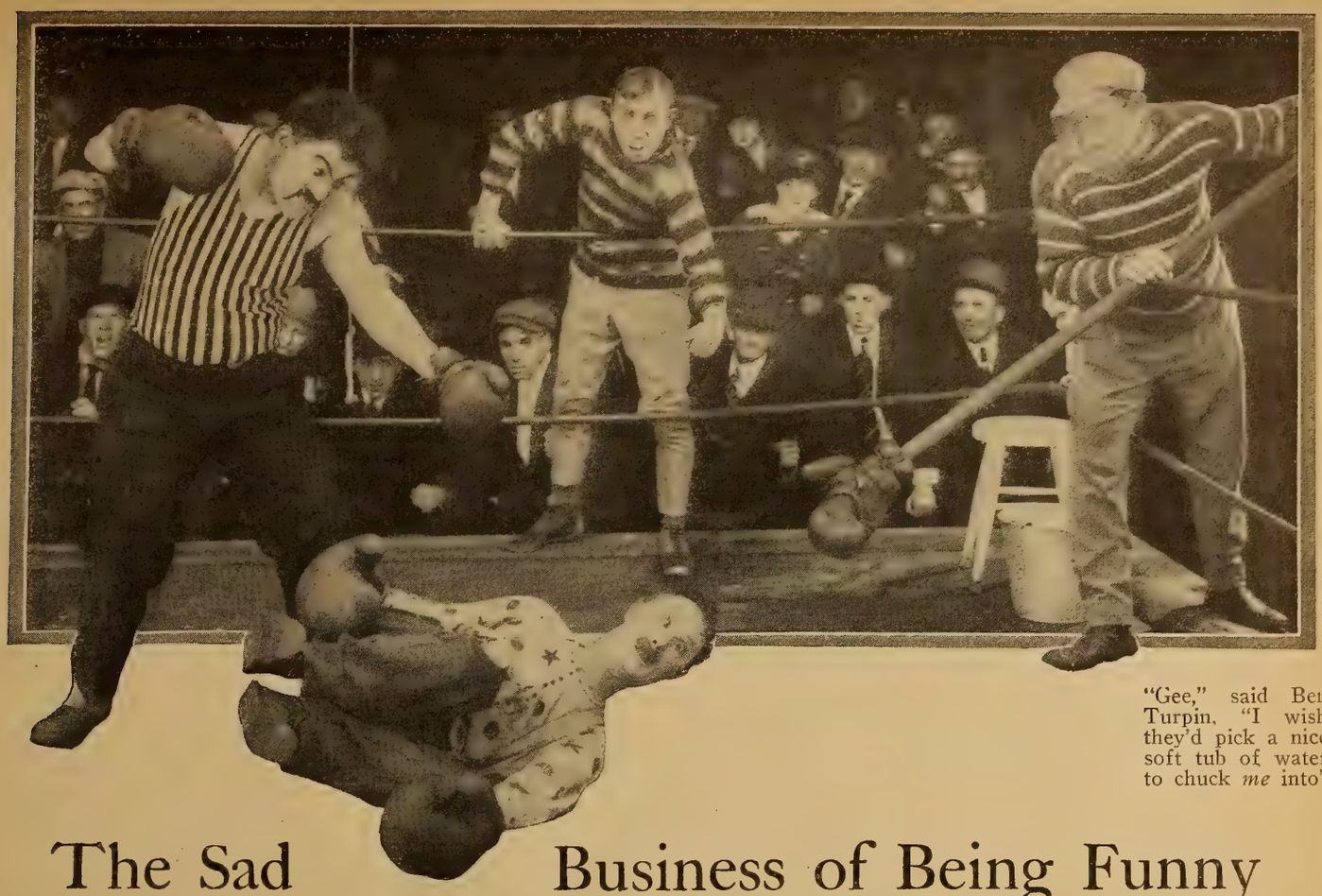
"The moon riding up into the heavens is enough for me," Helen's voice had come to him. "The moon is like a flower, soft, expansive . . . ."

"Back of the moon," John Sterling's voice had said, "is the moon's Creator. If you must worship beauty, Mrs. Rowland, you must come at last to the Creator of all beauty—to God."

Helen had turned to him swiftly,

(*Continued on page* 104)

"It is from the Bishop," she said. "You are reinstated"



"Gee," said Ben Turpin, "I wish they'd pick a nice soft tub of water to chuck *me* into"

The Sad Business of Being Funny

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER

A LONG country road, filled with California dust and scorched by a California sun; a little man, toes turned out, bamboo cane swinging, walking with the jerky gait of a mechanical toy soldier, ambles down the stretch, while a camera grinds. A pig, set loose from a pen and shooed by energetic directors and assistants, takes a short cut to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and dashes between the legs of the innocent pedestrian. There is a general mix-up of pork, hat, cane and turned-up-at-the-toes shoes, a series of startled squeals from the animal, a cloud of dust rising thickly and chokingly, and a camera-man calls, "We'll have to do that over, Mr. Chaplin; the film buckled."

"This makes the fourth time," the little man complains mildly, getting up and spitting out some of the ubiquitous dust. "First the pig gets outside the camera line, then I do, then we both do—and now the camera gets temperamental."

A valet comes up with a make-up box, the Chaplin countenance is wiped free of dust and perspiration, more grease-paint is applied, and a relay of camera-men capture the pig, who is brought back, protesting, to his narrow pen.

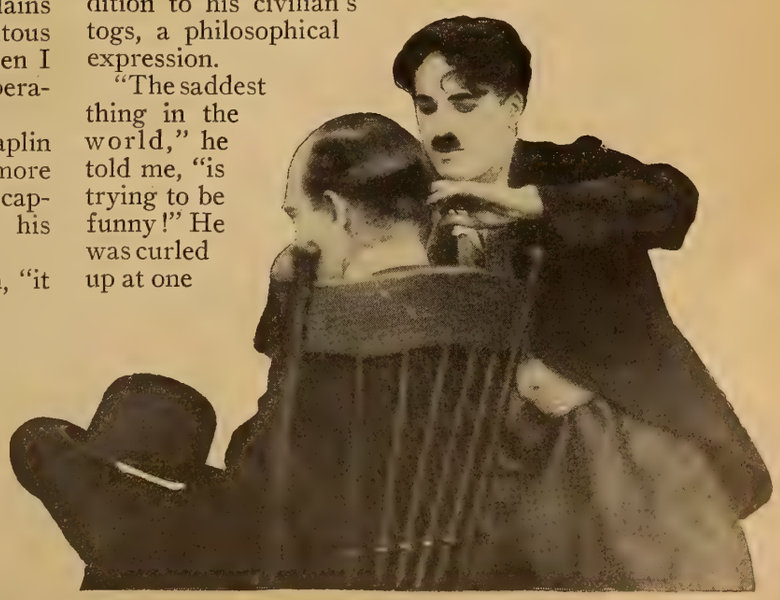
"Well, anyway," I console the perspiring comedian, "it looks awfully funny!"

"It does now," he replies, pessimistically, "but wait until you see it in the projection-room; it may look like a Bolshevik tragedy, and be too awful to use!"

I tactfully say nothing, and very little of that, and the scene is done over some three times, the porker continuously protesting in a weird and unearthly squeal, the dust filling the mouths, ears and eyes of the comedian and his assistants, the sun gleefully searching out uncovered spots of flesh from which to peel the skin.

Following this scene from "Sunnyside," a rural comedy which is Chaplin's latest and as yet unreleased production, I talked with the master of mirth in his bungalow dressing-room, which is decorated in tones of mulberry and gray, and has, among other things, a victrola, a fireplace and a couch. He had changed from his dusty clothes, had removed the make-up and the little mustache, and was wearing, in addition to his civilian's togs, a philosophical expression.

"The saddest thing in the world," he told me, "is trying to be funny!" He was curled up at one



Charlie Chaplin liked this man who applied for work in "Sunnyside," but he didn't like his hair-cut. "I'll have it attended to," said the man. "No time," replied Charlie; "I'll do it myself." And he did

The Bishop of Birmingham visited Chaplin's studio

end of the roomy couch, looking quite un-Chaplinesque.

"Sad?" I echoed, blithely. "I should think that making people laugh would be a very joyful business."

He looked at me contemplatively, a trifle pityingly. "'If I could a tale unfold,'" he quoted lugubriously. "In 'A Dog's Life' I got stuck in a sewer-pipe and they had to cut it open to get me out; a dog that we trained died just when the picture was half thru and we had to get another one and begin all over; I had to eat a couple of dozen 'cream puffs' one after the other, and they were made of papier-mâché and not very nicely flavored. In 'Shoulder Arms' we worked for several days in a tank half filled with water to simulate a trench. I had to submerge about sixteen times before we got the right effect; a ruined house 'set' collapsed before its time, with me in it—and they had to repair both me and the set before the picture could go on. In this picture, 'Sunnyside,' we work with animals, and animals get temperamental; a cow even had a pretty little calf just as we'd gotten out on location, forty miles from town, with a dray-load of props. That spoiled work for the day, and then some of the scenes we thought funniest had to be cut out.

"After all," he went on, thoughtfully, "the hardest part of making comedies isn't in the falls you take or the knocks you get—it isn't in the annoyance of doing a scene over a dozen times to get the right effect. The worst tumble I take is when I've made a scene that's the pride of my heart, and I'm all puffed up thinking about it, and then I see it run thru in the projecting-room, in cold blood—'the morning after,' as it were—and it drags along like a crippled cow, and I think, 'Great heavens, is that supposed to be *funny!*"

Before I left the studio, Charlie took me over to the narrow walk between the projecting-room and the cutting-room, where the million-dollar feet in the turned-up shoes had made a permanent impression of the famous Chaplin gait when the concrete was new and in a soft and yielding mood. I would have called it "The Laughter Trail," but he has a different name for it.

"That's the 'Path of Sighs,'" he told me. "Sometimes I spend twelve hours a day trotting back and forth from projecting-room to cutting-room, trying to doctor up a strip of film. When a comedy is finally released, I'm afraid to go and see it. Something is *always* wrong, and the public always picks on just that thing. Take it from one who knows, making comedies is the hardest business in the world, and being a comedian is the next hardest. That's why I'm serious about my work—I have to be!"

Personally, I thought he was more than serious—I was inclined to rate him as a misanthrope, but when I struck the Mack Sennett studio——

The master funmaker himself was on the lot directing a country school scene, in which Chester Conklin played the schoolmaster and Louise Fazenda the recalcitrant pupil.

As I approached the set, Chester was arguing with Louise in a helpless, tho heated, fashion, and Sennett was egging on the disagreement by megaphone instructions.

"Talk to her, Chester—stick out your tongue at him, Louise—try to get out the door—stop her, Chester—get

(*Continued on page* 110)

Private Peat was just that fond of Charlie he even permitted the little master of mirth to come between him and his wife

The Story-Book Girl

Marjorie Daw See-Sawed Into Fame

By MARGUERITE SHERIDAN

YOU all know how it happened. It was such good press stuff. Marjorie Daw's "great chance," I mean. Farrar was making her first picture, "Carmen," at the Lasky studio—the tiny, brown-eyed extra-girl who gazed with school-girl worship at the magnificent diva as she immortalized her art in the celluloid—Marjorie, a member of the Pall Mall chorus in the factory scene where Geraldine staged that mighty battle with Jeannie MacPherson—the great singer's interest in the little girl—her request that Cecil De Mille give her a contract—it all reads like a fairy tale, press-agenty in the extreme.

I can just see the cynical and world-weary as they shrugged their thin shoulders on reading this story and sniffed, "Pooh, more hot air!" But being neither cynical nor world-weary, I gloated over it. Personally, if I couldn't be discovered by Mary Pickford, I'd choose Geraldine Farrar as my fairy godmother. And it's ever so much more pleasant to rise to fame by the "discovery" route than to arrive there after a heart-breaking siege with hall bedrooms and the usual Café L'Enfant sustenance.

But be all this as it may, the little discovery drama between Geraldine Farrar and Marjorie Daw really happened.

The Marjorie of the summer of 1915 was a doll-like child of fourteen, with long brown curls and appealing dark eyes. During vacation, she had played extra parts in some Universal films, and the crowd drifted over to the Lasky studio for some picture or other. She photographed well and proved adaptable, so almost every morning found her waiting for a chance to depict a maid answering a telephone or darting in to hand Leading-Lady Blanche Sweet or Cleo Ridgely her evening coat.

"I was going thru a severe attack of 'admiration' in those days," admits Marjorie, "and it was a great privilege for me to be allowed to serve the feminine stars at the studio. One week I was certain Blanche Sweet was the most wonderful emotional star in the world, and the next I had succumbed to the charms of that lovely woman, Charlotte Walker. The fact that I was acting in motion pictures myself almost escaped my mind.

"While Miss Sweet reigned supreme in my heart, I draped my hair across my forehead and imagined myself beautifully pensive, and

Marjorie Daw as she appeared in 1915, when Geraldine Farrar first saw her, and two glimpses of her with Douglas Fairbanks in 1918

the days when I worshipped at Mary Pickford's shrine I spent hours in developing corkscrew curls. Truly, imitation was sincere flattery in my case."

A few words from Geraldine Farrar, who had every one, from Mr. Lasky himself to the lowliest "extra," hypnotized by her magnetic personality, changed the tide in Marjorie's fortune, and from then on she was waited on by one of her French-heeled, white-capped, envious school chums.

Her first appearance in a real part was in the child rôle made famous by Mary Pickford in Belasco's original production of "The Warrens of Virginia." In dainty flowered ruffles, her curls in a snood, she made an adorable little sister to Blanche Sweet, who had the leading rôle.

Followed then "The Unafraid," starring Rita Jolivet; "The Secret Orchard," with Blanche Sweet; "The Puppet Crown," with Ina Claire and Carlyle Blackwell; "Out of the Darkness," with Charlotte Walker, and "The Chorus Lady," with Cleo Ridgely, in which Marjorie Daw played her first dramatic part as the silly younger sister.

What a galaxy of stars! Marjorie Daw lacked nothing in the way of talent to imitate in her kindergarten days.

After this auspicious beginning, she retired and nothing more was heard from her for a year. During that time she absorbed the finishing touches to her education, and overcame a certain amount of awkwardness peculiar to all young ladies and gentlemen of fifteen and thereabout.

Lasky heralded her return in Sessue Hayakawa's "The Jaguar's Claw," presenting a young-lady-Marjorie with a poise and dignity worthy of a grande dame.

Her chestnut hair curls softly around her round, youthful face, no longer a tangled mass of curls, but pulled softly up on her head with a cloud of little ringlets escaping at the knot. Her laughing brown eyes assure you that she finds the world a wonderful place in which to work and play; her smile is particularly infectious.

"The very first thing I did after growing up was to revert back to my kid days in Mary Pickford's 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' I was her chum, you will remember, and her obedient slave."

Shortly after "Rebecca," Marjorie had a great honor conferred upon her. She was given the much-desired position of Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman, following in the footsteps of Eileen Percy. With Mr. Fairbanks she has played in "The Modern Musketeer," "Mr. Fix-It," "Say, Young Fellow" and "He Comes Up Smiling."

During the filming of "The Modern Musketeer" in Arizona, Miss Daw fell off her horse, sustaining several broken bones and painful injuries that kept her in the Los Angeles Hospital for a number of weeks, causing him to hunt for another star for "Doug's girl" in "Bound in Morocco," but she "came up smiling" with Douglas in the play of that name, proving a very fitting "opposite" for this effervescent gentleman.

The whimsical nursery rhyme name, "Marjorie Daw," was bestowed upon her by friends at the Lasky studio, her real name being the more dignified one of Marguerite House. She has a little brother, Chandler House, an enterprising young person, who aspires to be a lawyer and scorns a motion picture career. They lost their mother a short time ago, and big sister is doing her best to take her place in the little fellow's life.

They have a charming apartment in Hollywood, in which the Gish girls and Mildred Harris love to congregate for real "girl parties." Notwithstanding the fact that she is leading woman to one of the most prominent male stars in the cinema world and the charming chatelaine of her own home, Marjorie forgets this occasionally, and devotes herself to the business of having, in the vernacular of girlhood, "lots of fun."

She shares the inevitable feminine adoration for pretty clothes, but she admits that she neither designs her own nor spends all her leisure time bothering with things to wear. The things in the shops suit her usually, and she'd so much rather go to see "Hearts of the World" again than shop.

Marjorie Daw returned to the films a grown-up young lady

As Ivy Is Twined—
So Will She Grow

TWO years ago, Baby Ivy was just one of countless other little children who found herself an orphan because of the European struggle. Ivy's daddy was killed in one of the first big battles, and her mother died when Ivy came into the world. Ivy was a pretty, rollicking little baby, happy and mischievous, not particularly interested in her own pitiful plight. But a Miss Agnes Allen was. She adopted Ivy and brought her to New York.

Soon after their arrival, Ivy appeared as a doll in a Metro production. Her part stood out so vividly that she was used with Bushman and Bayne, in Metro's serial, "The Great Secret." She has played with many screen celebrities since then—Ethel Barrymore, Mabel Taliaferro, May Allison and Nat Goodwin.

This little girl has reached the place where people look for her. She is natural, unspoiled, promising. With a carefully continued training, she will undoubtedly develop into a great actress, for she has great possibilities.

Convalescing

By KENNETH

THE rotund Mr. Irving Cobb wrote vividly and humorously of his surgical afflictions in "Speaking on Operations," but this physiological chronicle pales into insignificance as compared with the battle of wits between Constance Talmadge and the Spanish influenza.

Much has been, and much will be, written about this scourge, and the folks of filmland have lost some of their best beloved companions, but this haughty and devastating don suffered defeat before this most brilliant of comédiennes and was literally laughed into submission, had to throw his seraph about him, fold his castanets and quietly steal out of the Talmadge hiagalo.

It all happened because Dorothy Gish packed up her nerves and hied herself to a sanitarium. This was a most unclubby thing to do to your bosom friend. Here all of the motion picture theaters in town were closed—neither she nor Constance working—Dorothy having just finished "The Hope Chest" and Constance just finishing "Romance and Arabella"—nothing to do but visit each other, drive around the countryside and otherwise relax their histrionic natures from their respective conflicts with the silent art—and Dorothy goes and finds she has nerves.

Of course, there are those who will say that these two beautiful and clever comédiennes had their respective maladies coming to them, and there are doubtless certain former residents of Iowa who will write long letters back home denouncing movie folk when, should they become abandoned enough to spend twenty cents for a magazine, they may read the revelation that is to be revealed in the following paragraphs.

Constance and Dorothy haven't any more sense of humor than the late Mark Twain, Bill Nye and the present Cobb, Wilson, etc., rolled into one. They would no more think of playing a practical joke than they would think of eating at mealtime. Consequently, with the arrival of the flu, their problem of getting choice seats in the crowded theaters was solved. The two innocents had merely to go into the theater and stand behind the occupants of the seats in the back row they desired, "ca-choo!" a few times, and the seats were theirs. Sometimes they had the whole row to themselves.

Constance Talmadge loves to tease. *Above,* she is trying to plague her director, Walter Edwards. *Below,* Constance as she appeared when she leaped into fame as the mountain girl in "Intolerance"

with Constance

McGAFFEY

Constance wanted to emote, but now loves comedy work

If the back seats weren't desirable, they would gradually sneeze themselves forward from row to row until they arrived at the desired location. Very simple.

Of course, the closing of the theaters stopped these sneezing debauches. Dorothy departed for the sanitarium and could only be seen twice a week, so there was really nothing else for Constance to do but try and catch the flu, and, lo and behold! one night the wily Spaniard snuck into the house, and Constance had to admit to her mother that she was far from being a well young lady.

Now Mother Talmadge had not raised Norma and Constance to be the wonderful persons they are, and was not bringing up little sister Natalie, who will probably be equally as clever as her sisters as soon as mother deems her old enough to start out, without learning a lot of what is written in the pharmacopœia, and the invalid was promptly dosed with certain nostrums that made both Constance and the flu yell for help. The doctor walked right in and walked right out again, muttering something about Mother Talmadge trying to take the bread from his mouth.

Barred from direct contact with the outside world and even denied the pleasure of going down and seeing Lillian Gish and Bobbie Harron make their hit in Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life," is pretty hard luck, but there was still the telephone, and, believe me, the operator at the other end of the Talmadge wire knew that she had done a day's work when the whistle blew. Constance organized film companies, hired actresses and directors at fabulous salaries and got old, dignified Charlie Fuhr into such a mess of trouble that he will never get himself square with his friends, and raised hob in general.

But you cant get mad at Constance. You may be going around trying to bite somebody one minute, and the next you are trying to echo her good, wholesome laugh. There is none of the prissy, diffident, languid, spoilt child in her hearty handshake, and in ten minutes you are as much at home as if you had known her

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GERALDINE FARRAR IN AN ESPECIALLY POSED HOME PICTURE

From the Inside Looking Out

Geraldine Farrar Discloses Some Studio and Stage Secrets

By SUE ROBERTS

THE public likes to pry, and it being my duty to play servant to the public's fancy, I not only tell them all the news about finished picture projects, but at certain intervals turn the industry inside out in order to give them a glimpse of the whyfore of the why.

The question came up recently, "What is the secret of motion picture art? Why is it some people get across and others dont? What are some of the secrets behind real characterizations?"

Geraldine Farrar is one of the few stars who, in addition to being a popular prima donna and picture player, has also time to give a writer material for a story. When I called upon her she received me cordially in her apartment.

"Certainly," she said, in her brisk, businesslike manner, "I'll tell you some of my studio secrets and experiences and whatever I can of the art of characterization. I received a letter the other day, signed 'Ardent Admirer,' in which the writer wanted to know how I managed to look so different in each of my movie characterizations and yet remain so wholly myself. I must admit that it is a rather baffling question, since the 'difference' which I assume in the movies, (as well as in the opera), with each of my varying rôles is something which so far has evaded analysis; the essence of it is as intangible to me as it is to the 'ardent admirer.' It may be a form of unconscious self-hypnotism. I do not know. Of course, there is the conscious, intelligent conception of a part—the careful study of costuming, local expressions and pantomimic idiom. Having become imbued with all of these, the actress must trust to an unerring instinct. To be guided in acting only by one's intelligence, (by the mechanics of the art), is to sound the death-knell of real accomplishment in this field.

"The great actress is not a mimic. She is a thing of plastic fire and spirit that can truly suffer Marguerite's prison anguish and Carmen's mercurial passions, and run the entire gamut of human emotions.

"Make-up is always an important factor in any phase of the dramatic profession, not only in giving the desired illusion to the public, but in helping an actress in the metamorphosis from her own private self to the character she is to interpret to the public. It is true that clothes neither make the woman nor the actress, but I confess it would be rather hard, and perhaps impossible, to sing and act 'Butterfly' in an Occidental street dress. Nor could I have fought the villain with all the elemental fierceness of the Western prairie girl of Irish-Spanish descent in 'The Hell Cat,' one of my latest Goldwyn pictures, in a Broadway hobble-skirt.

"Aside from the costumes and head-dresses, which are essentially distinctive in every rôle, I never use the same set of pastes or cosmetics for any two rôles. In 'Butterfly' I use a facial make-up that is suggestive of the delicately yellow lotus-flower of Japan, and I have a lipstick, especially made for me in Paris, that is the color of ripe pomegranates. As Carmen, my skin takes on a smooth olive, with the radiant colorings that are associated in one's mind with the high spirits of the flirt of sunny Spain. To give my eyes, which are gray-blue, the intensity belonging to the portrait of the character, I rub a brilliant green over my eyes and underline them with as deep a blue as I can procure. This little trick in make-up I have acquired since my experiences in the films. From a seat in the immense Metropolitan Opera

House, under the strong lights of the stage, the green and blue blend as soft, dark shadows.

"As Marguerite in 'Faust,' on the other hand, my coloring is all in the tones of pink and white and gold. To make the natural blueness of my eyes carry away across the footlights, I apply a very light blue shading to my eyelids, and my lips, instead of a vivid carmine, are a soft, deep rose.

"As Tosca I am an auburn-haired beauty, and I am careful to make the most of the delicately brilliant tintings that are requisite to accompany that crowning glory.

"In the movies one is naturally restricted in accomplishing such a variety of color effects; one must work on the principle of black-and-white. I use very little color make-up. On the contrary, any natural roses that one may possess are obliterated by a heavy, creamish paste, uniformly applied. Since red, as a color, photographs black, rouge on one's cheek would give the appearance of deep hollows on the screen. The powdered rouge, instead of being applied to one's cheeks, is worked in very carefully under one's eyebrows, for that is where the shadows are desired.

"But what one loses in color vividness on the screen one makes up in a hundred intimate expressions of the eyes, the mouth, the hands, expressions that can only be transmitted thru the camera and the strong and sometimes merciless light of the projecting machine. And this is what the motion picture actress must clearly and everlastingly hold in mind—that she is acting for an audience that is quick to detect any insincerity of feeling or any exaggeration in make-up.

"The drooping mouth and the lifeless eyes which can be hidden under colorful make-up on the speaking stage, the faint lines that one gets around one's eyes from fatigue or dissipation—all these things are accentuated and magnified on the screen.

"It may be that when the invention for projecting colored photography is perfected we will have the same opportunity of enhancing motion picture impressions as we have in opera, or on the dramatic stage.

"Failing this colorful attribute, one must depend entirely on head-dress, costuming and facial expressiveness to look 'different' in movie rôles that require that distinction. The way of arranging one's hair makes a great deal of difference.

"The clever actress uses shoes, collars, combs, ear-rings and a hundred other little dress accessories to get the effect called for in the part.

"In 'The Hell Cat,' for instance, the low-heeled shoes essential to the free, easy walking movement of the prairie girl, deducted several inches from my height. (Actually, I am not more than five-feet-five, but I sometimes achieve the illusion of tallness by long-trained dresses.) To gain back the height lost by wearing low heels, I had the happy thought of wearing a tall, Spanish comb in my hair, which was perfectly in keeping with the character.

"I wear no collars of any description, ever. I confess I am rather proud of my throat, strong and supple, as every singer's should be, and I give thanks as well to nature for the straightness of my back and shoulders, having a horror of the

(*Continued on page* 94)

Geraldine Farrar in her famous picture version of "Carmen" and as "La Tosca" in the opera of that name

It began when my pretty young mother brought me up here to Uncle Ebau on the Green Mountain farm

You Never Saw Such a Girl

Fictionized from the Paramount Photoplay

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

I, MARTY MACKENZIE . . . I started to write it down very *formal* because it's all so very important, and I want to remember it all when I am very old and maybe out of the way of remembering, but somehow that "I, Marty Mackenzie," sounds sort of like a will or some other musty, fusty thing, and I am not writing anything at all like that—oh, not at *all*. I am writing a *beginning*. A beautiful beginning of . . . of . . . well, just *everything!*

It all happened ever so long ago, before I had *begun* remembering. That's why I want to write down what I *do* in between the not-having-begun time and the sort of out-of-the-way part. It began when my pretty, very young mother brought me up here to Uncle Ebau on the Green Mountain farm. Of course, she didn't know she was bringing me to *him*. She didn't know we'd *love* each other so. She just came because he had put it in the paper that he wanted some one to keep his house for him, and she read the paper and hoped that that some one was *her*. It was. It was her. Her and me. I may not always be grammatical in this, but hearts do talk so fast and skippy over themselves, not stopping at all for commas and tenses. Mine doesn't.

We hadn't been with Uncle Ebau very long before my mother caught a cold in her bronchial tubes and died. Aunt Fanny, who came right after to help take care of me, told me later on that she hadn't really died of the tubes at all, but of a lonely heart. "Your mother was the flower kind," she said, "that had to have love to live. She didn't have enough of love, she didn't."

I just grew up with the field-flowers and the sheep and cows and chickens. Somehow I've always been happy. I was glad every morning when the sun threw off his pink blankets and got up, and I was glad when the moon, like a very lovely lady, distant and cold, rode in her chains of stars. Of course, there were other things. I've read things and I knew, even before . . . there were other worlds, other ways of living, other sorts of peoples. I knew and I wanted to see them. I wanted to know all about them. I wanted to love them and I wanted them to love me. But of course we hadn't much money, Uncle Ebau, Aunt Fanny and I.

It worried Uncle Ebau. "The old farm's 'most worked out, Fan," he used to say to Aunt Fanny; "like its owner —'most worked out."

And Aunt Fanny would say, in her sort of fried voice, so crispy and pleasant, "Now, now, Ebau, I wouldn't say that if I were you!" And then I'd peek at her, and there'd be tears as big as eggs dropping on my old brown stockings.

I guess, tho, that all along Aunt Fanny suspected that Uncle Ebau was right, because the day . . . the d— . . . the . . . oh, I cant *say* it even now, when I am so heaven-happy . . . but anyway, when he was—was *going* she, Aunt Fanny, didn't seem the least surprised. After he had gone and after I had cried all over his darling hairy old hand, Aunt Fanny pulled me into the other room. "W-why d-didn't you t-tell me?" I was blubbering, forgetting, like a selfish little brute of a thing, that Uncle Ebau was her own brother and that she must have a heart even more full of sorrowfulness than mine.

"You were so young," Aunt Fanny said; "youth has a right to just a little bit of living . . . the other things crowd in so soon . . . death . . . and fear . . . and . . . love." I am *sure* she said "and love," altho *now* I cant imagine what she can have meant by hitching love up with fear and death. Dear me, I hope I never do!

After Uncle Ebau was laid to rest beside my mother we were very poor and very sad. The farm didn't seem to go at all without his hand at the plow, and we had very little money. "In the spring," I told Aunt Fanny, "we'll take in some boarders."

"Yes," said Aunt Fanny, but she sighed.

It was in the summer that the crammed-full day came. It seemed just like the stockings I used to find when I woke up before daybreak Xmas mornings in the days before Uncle Ebau and the farm were worked out . . . just bursting with goodies.

I felt happy when I went down to breakfast. The honey tasted good, and Aunt Fanny had squandered some of the last of the white flour on some flaky biscuit, and there was bacon. "It's awful good to be alive, Aunt Fanny," I said, and sang a little hymn.

"Until we learn a reason for *being,*" said Aunt Fanny, "then we generally dont like it."

"Well," I said, happily, "there's no reason at all that I can see for *my* being. My father died before I was born and my mother died as soon as she conveniently could afterward and . . . "

"Marty!" protested Aunt Fanny, worriedly.

"I'm just *I,* Marty Mackenzie," I finished up.

Youth is always heartless. I'm a whole year older now by the calendar than I was then, and so very much older than that by a deeper thing than a calendar, and so I know that youth is heartless until love comes along and says, "Look, behold your heart!" And youth looks at love, and love says "I am Life."

I was sitting on our fence, fanning myself with Uncle Ebau's old straw hat, when the first of the great events took place. There was a huge humming at first. Then the buzzing stopped and some one walked toward me. "Have you some water?" asked a voice. It seemed to me, before I turned my sleepy head around, that I had heard that voice before. It had echoed in my dreams. When I was very lonely and life and color and roses and music seemed most far away, it echoed thru my heart. I almost felt I didn't need to answer. "I know," I whispered to my heart, "what kind of a face I am going to see when I turn around. I know . . . I know . . ."

I turned . . . and there he was . . . complete. The face that belonged to the voice . . . the voice that belonged to the face . . . the dream person of my dreams . . . the heart person of my heart.

Still, it *did* take away my breath.

"Oh!" I said.

He seemed sort of—well, short of speech, too. He stared at me. "This . . . ." he said, in sort of a gaspy way, "is . . . unexpected . . ."

"I've been sittin' here all along," I said, "and you're not the least bit unexpected. I thought you were a bee."

"A——"

"Bee. You—I mean your—your *flivver* buzzed so."

He laughed, very long and very loud. Down the road in his flivver, which I know now is his Rolls-nice, I saw a very grand lady indeed beckon him with a long arm. *He* didn't notice.

"I never saw such a girl!" he said.

"Didn't you," I asked, "not even in . . . dreams?"

"Well, I've seen girls . . . in dreams . . . but . . . ah . . . rather different . . ."

I felt sad. As tho I'd fallen short. "How . . . different?" I asked.

He waved his hand as tho in dismissal. "You were just born today," he said; "how *could* I have dreamed of you?"

"How could you?" I repeated, and somehow I did not want to tell him that I had dreamed of him—of his voice and his eyes and his restless-looking hands.

"What do you *do?*" I asked him.

"I fly."

"You . . . a birdman?"

"With such wings . . . ."

"Shining in the sun . . . oh, beautiful . . ."

"'To right a wrong . . .'"

"'Else wherefore born . . .?'" I quoted after him.

Some one called from the great big car. It was like a rude hand shattering a web, gossamer fine. He thanked me for the water.

"Passers-by," he said, and paused. I thought his eyes looked tired. "If I dont come back . . ." he said, and

Aunt Fanny was bending over me, waiting, so I opened the little trunk

he doffed his little cap, "the best o' luck!"

I couldn't look at him. I felt all choked up. Yet I felt, too, as tho I were having a very beautiful moment. "You . . ." I began bravely enough, and finished. "You . . ." I said again, then shook my head very hard and closed my eyes very tight. "I . . . cant . . ." I said.

When I opened my eyes he was gone.

"I've been dreaming this!" I decided, after a little moment, and got down from the fence. It was the first thing I didn't feel like telling to Aunt Fanny. I couldn't have told it *right*. It was a *feel* thing, not a *talk* thing.

I started to walk to the house, when I saw a big, white-looking thing where the flivver that wasn't really a flivver at all had been. I ran to it. "It's to-day's paper," I thought, but it wasn't. It was a copy of *Vogue*. That was the second goody thing. I knew Aunt Fanny would be tickled. She loves the styles. She's never had any of them, but she loves them just the same. Aunt Fanny's like the most of us. We've often wished we could have magazines. They're like little keys, or sort of little doors to the whole world. We want to see the world, Aunt Fanny and I. We like the little corner of it we have seen and we cant help wondering a whole lot about the other corners.

I keep thinking of wonder-places. Jade-green seas and little sudden islands like japonica-flowers and perfumes that are distilled from the living dreams of the living dead, and memories that burn like jewels against one's flesh where one's flesh is whitest. Lakes like lapis-lazuli . . .

Aunt Fanny says she knows I could write poetry if I could have gone to college. She says it all depends on that.

Aunt Fanny 'most had a fit over *Vogue*. She felt nicer about it than anything since Uncle Ebau's insurance was paid in. We pranced around in front of the mirror and tried to look like the "Voguish" ladies. Aunt Fanny wasn't very successful. It must be awful to be old.

I told her about the people who had dropped it. "They were very rich," I said. "They had an automobile like a hotel. And—they buy *Vogue*." I added, irrelevantly, "*He* flies."

All of a sudden I exclaimed, excitedly, "Why-ee! Here they *are!* In *Vogue*." And there they were. The self-same car. In the self-same car *he* sat, looking just the same except that his eyes were tireder than when he talked to me. And I could tell that it was *her* by the long white arms in their long white gloves. "Their names are Burgess," I read, "and they have a villa at Newport . . . imagine, Aunt Fanny—and a town-house and a mountain-lodge. How *do* you suppose, Aunt Fanny, they live in so many places at once?"

"They probably dont," said Aunt Fanny. That's one thing about Aunt Fanny. She is so practical.

The next day I came across the Idea. I was still reading *Vogue*. I kept reading it very slowly, just a little bit now and a little bit then, so it would *last* longer, you see.

About the middle of the book I came to a page all about "Antiques Found in Attics." It told about the loads and loads of money the antiques made for the people whose attics they were in. I told Aunt Fanny about it, all red in my face, as she afterward described to me. "We've a spinning-wheel older'n *this*," I categoried, "and a funny little old organ and mahogany things and candlesticks queer as—as Noah. Let's go and look!"

Aunt Fanny didn't take so much to the notion. That is, she thought it *was* a notion. Young folks get 'em, she told me. I was firm, tho, very firm and decided. "If we sell the attic," I said, "I mean the antiques, we're going to see the world with the money. We're going a-traveling, Miss Fanny Mehitabel Perkins!"

We rummaged about a lot. I got excited more and more. Seemed to me I never *had* seen such antiques. "Our fortunes are made!" I decided, and leaned up against the rafters to let the decision sink into Aunt Fanny. She was pulling absently at her front hair. "You've just reminded me," she said, "your dear young mother had a little trunk with her when she came. Uncle Ebau put it away almost as tho it had life after we laid her away. It must be about."

That night we went out and sat on the edge of the fountain and talked

I almost didn't want to see it when Aunt Fanny dragged it out from where Uncle Ebau had covered it up careful as careful with a wonderful Paisley shawl. I felt afraid to open it. My mother had never really lived to me. I didn't want her to. I felt afraid of the pain she might bring to me with her so long still hands. But Aunt Fanny was bending over me, waiting, so I opened the little trunk.

There wasn't so very much in it, but the things that were in it were beautiful things. The sort of things a beautiful person—a beautiful *young* person—would wear. Soft dresses and ruffly petticoats and tiny slippers that seemed to want to dance long after her feet had stopped wanting, and a few of my tiniest baby-things laid away so carefully in tissue-paper. She must have loved me *some,* my mother!

On top of everything there was a letter. It was addressed to "Mrs. Burgess, The Pillars, Newport." Aunt Fanny had a stitch in her side, and I felt as dizzy as a windmill. It was like an Aladdin lamp-thing, or a shivery fairy tale. "She's my grandmother," I got out first, while Aunt Fanny just looked sort of *greenly* at me and waved her arms that had got all limp and soft.

I made my plans that night. We would fix up the old "fliv" like a gypsy caravan, go to the next town, sell the antiques and go from there to Grandmother Burgess' at Newport. When we got to grandmother's we would decide, or we might let *her* decide, the next step. Either we might spend the rest of the summer at The Pillars or I might, being a Burgess, draw some more money and go right on seeing the world. Aunt Fanny inclines to the stoppage. *I* like change. Aunt Fanny says it's the difference in our ages.

It wont take us long to fix up the caravan. The word caravan has such an adventurous sound. Almost *any* thing might happen.

Somehow the caravan part wont make such pearl-perfect remembering. Still, years bring a sense of humor, as I, Marty Mackenzie, am finding out. So I might as well jot down details. Aunt Fanny says the very word caravan makes her ill and faint. Aunt Fanny *did* have sort of a bad time of it.

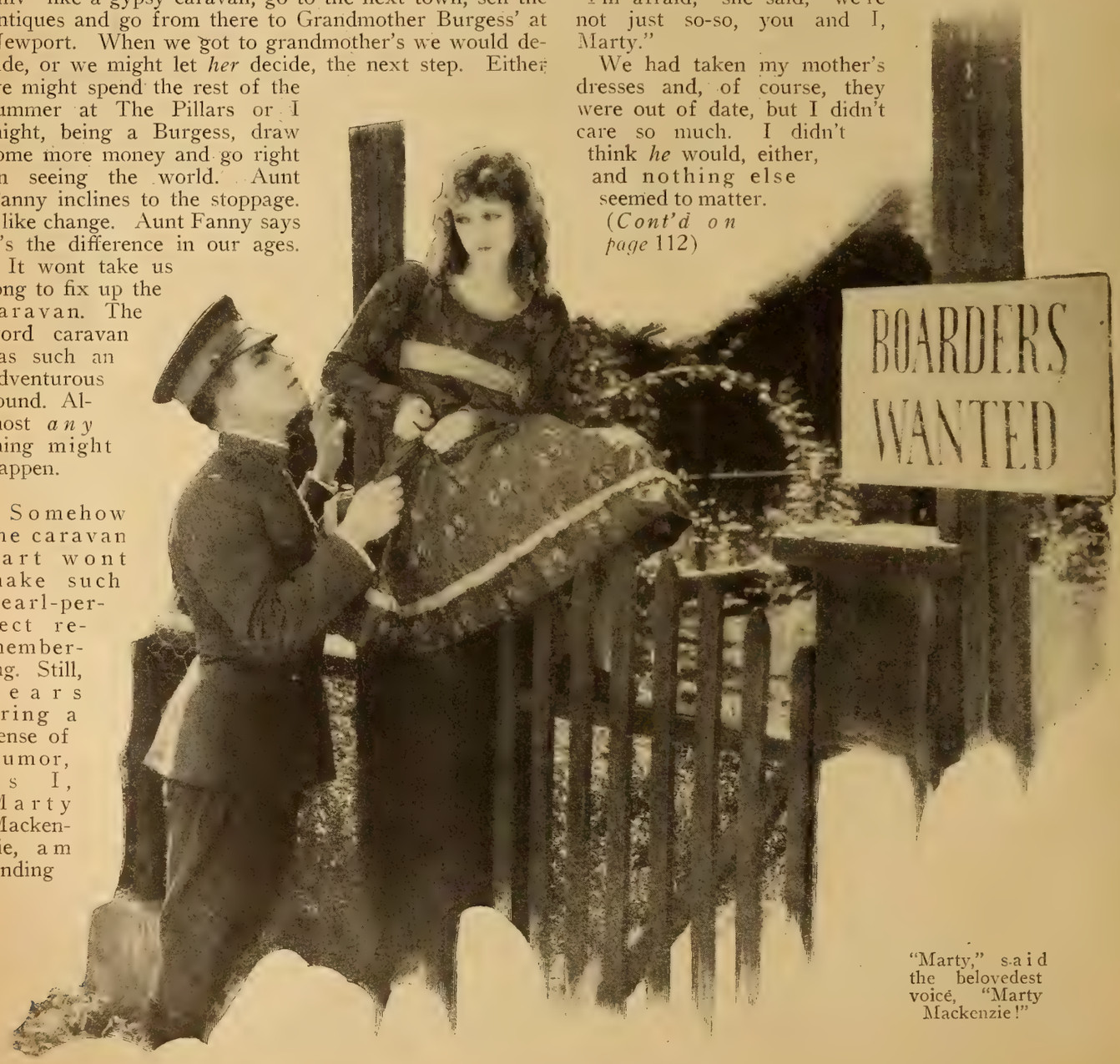
In the first place, when we got to the shop that buys antiques we found it fairly overflowing. All our neighbors had copied my idea. They had carted in their musty, fusty antiques and, as Eric says now, *"beat me to it."* Which I think low-down. *I* couldn't have. It must make God feel so sort of headachy to think He invented such people.

We were short of gasoline, short of 'most everything, and Newport seemed a long way off. Then, too, learning human nature the way Aunt Fanny and I did from the antique experience made us sort of wonder about Grandmother Burgess. I had sort of a memory of her long white-gloved arm beckoning. The memory didn't sit well on my heart. The worst of all was about *him.* It came to me that, if grandmother was my mother's mother, *he* must have been my mother's brother and—my uncle. People dont—dont *love* uncles—that is, not the way—I—well, I do! I love him! Now it's out!

We had a terrible time, but we got to Newport at last. When Aunt Fanny saw Newport she began having qualms . . . about style again. "I'm afraid," she said, "we're not just so-so, you and I, Marty."

We had taken my mother's dresses and, of course, they were out of date, but I didn't care so much. I didn't think *he* would, either, and nothing else seemed to matter.

(*Cont'd on page* 112)



"Marty," said the belovedest voice, "Marty Mackenzie!"

From Plain Bill Smith to Franklin Farnum

By DORIS DELVIGNE

ANYBODY want to put up a bet? There's just one safe bet in this wide world, and that is that you cant keep a straight face while visiting with Franklin Farnum.

He's done miles and miles of smiles on the celluloid. His creed of "Laugh and the world laughs with you" was the outcome of early disappointments and deprivations. He's a fatalist, if you will, but he says, grinfully, "It really doesn't *matter!*" Nothing has quenched the ardor, enthusiasm or faith of Franklin Farnum in the fatalistic doctrine that all things work together for good in the end.

But dont imagine for a tick o' th' clock that Franklin Farnum smiles because life has been a hand-out of posies to a successful actor! Why, no; he started off with a terrific handicap, for, being a posthumous infant, with a mother left penniless and a little sister just about big enough to pick up her own old rag doll, little William Smith wasn't even on speaking terms with the ordinary necessities of life.

His mother worked mighty hard to keep the boy in school until his twelfth year. Little Billy Smith had been doing a lot of thinking and, after studying bill-boards in Beantown—yes, he's a little Boston *bean*—he firmly decided to be "a actor." No matter what discouragements arose, he built his air castles on that frothy foundation. You see, it was in the good old days when bacon wasn't weighed by apothecaries' scales and folks believed in Santa Claus and good fairies.

The boy was singing one day as he shoveled snowy pavements, utilizing after-school hours to earn enough money for shoes and other things which were to make mother's life easier. The rector of a Protestant-Episcopal church heard him, asked his name, if he'd like to join a surpliced choir—and the upshot of it all was that Billy Smith began to take music lessons under a first-rate teacher and choirmaster.

He sang at entertainments, at smokers, began to earn money at night to help out the meagre day-time salary which a clerkship afforded, and finally got his opportunity to enter the chorus of a musical-comedy. His rise was rapid, for producers were always on the *qui vive* to discover a promising male singer and, with Mr. Farnum's facility in dancing and his inborn histrionic talent, coupled with a voice that took a high C as easily as any other note in the tenor's register, he was soon "discovered" and made a leading man for the old Nixon-Zimmerman combination, which sent out road companies and had theaters in New York and Philadelphia.

Seventeen years ago William Smith hadn't thought about the earning capacity of a name. A small-town cub christened him Franklin Farnum, a name "easy to remember and with *some* style"

While traveling thru Pennsylvania with a well-paying road show, Mr. William Smith, whose name appeared in heavy type on the programs, was accosted by an interviewing reporter of a small-town paper. With more good will than tact, the cub said, "Say, your name is enough to leave anybody *cold*. Why doncha change it? Looks perfectly awful on the boards and posters!"

William Smith was quite young and hadn't thought anything about the earning capacity of a name. This was seventeen years ago, to be exact. Pondering a moment, he said, "What would you suggest, for instance?"

The reporter smiled pityingly. "Got a middle name?"

"Certainly I have. It's Franklin—what about it?"

The small-town cub said, with a wink, "I christen thee Franklin Farnum, easy to remember, euphonious, and has some style to it."

Since then, lots of folks have either believed Franklin Farnum to be a brother of the famous twain, Dustin and William, or that he had traded on their surname to gain fame for himself, once he entered pictures. But if you'll hunt up your old programs of the comic operas, you'll see that William Smith faded out of sight almost as soon as he'd gained a following on the stage.

After that, Franklin Farnum had a call to St. Louis for the summer. He'd been told that audiences there were very discriminating, that you either "made good or

were canned" on first-night impressions. Therefore it was with a fit of real stage fever that he essayed the lead in "The Belle of New York."

Having carefully studied the rôle of a misguided young gentleman from the country who imbibes too freely when left to his own devices in the Bowery, Mr. Farnum went on the stage nervously wondering whether chilly silence or feverish applause would be his portion. He leaned against a table as he sang and hiccoughed, when suddenly a huge moth flew in *from* the wings, no pun intended.

Quickwitted Franklin Farnum had always been. He saw his cue. Lurching forward tipsily, he snatched at the dusty miller, caught it and, smiling guilelessly, went on, "Hic—hic—didja—hic—shee what I shaw—hic—hic?"

That brought down the house, for audiences are always appreciative of presence of mind and impromptu lines.

There followed the much-coveted opportunity to work under Charles Frohman, and as every one banks on the Frohman patronage for future success, Mr. Farnum wasn't disappointed, but rose from one good part to the other, later switching over to Henry Savage and other big producers.

His last stage appearance was in that tuneful musical-comedy, "The Only Girl." When the season closed in New York, a call came from the local offices of Universal Film Company, inquiring Mr. Farnum's price for a film appearance. He mentioned a large sum, so corpulent, in fact, that the official laughed disdainfully and said, "Impossible! All we want to do is to give you a try-out. Would you like to go to Los Angeles this summer?"

"Will I play leads there?" queried Mr. Farnum, anxiously.

"Not on your life. Why, you've got to get camera-wise first of all. We dont plant people in the front rank who haven't had screen experience," retorted the unfeeling gentleman.

As there would be nothing but a good loaf ahead of him without salary, musical-comedy being at a standstill during the summer, and as expenses to the coast would be forthcoming in addition to a livable salary, Franklin Farnum rapidly decided that this combination of coast trip and vacation would

(*Continued on page 108*)

Franklin Farnum's brand of smiles made him a star at Universal City. Recently Anna Q. Nilsson has been the recipient of his picture smiles

By

TAMAR LANE

The war is over, the boys are home, and every one is happy. Happy because the awful carnage and slaughter has ceased. Happy for the sake of humanity, democracy and civilization. We're happy, too. But no one has considered the terrible trials and suffering the movie fans have been forced to go thru. Here's some of the reasons they're glad war is over:

The movie spy can now be laid on the shelf.

The producers will have to stop making "Kaiser" films.

Griffith will have to give us something new instead of palming off his old war stuff under new titles.

Frances Marion can now come back and write more scenarios for "Mary."

Press-agents will now cease bombarding us with wild tales of "million-dollar Liberty Bond sales," "adopted regiments," "letters from Over There," etc.

Robert Warwick will again grace the screen.

And Tom Forman.

Latest "goat" for caustic photoplay critics—Marion Davies, with Fred Stone running a close second.

"Did you know," asks the Universal publicity department, "that Violet Mersereau was a society girl, and Crane Wilbur a butcher?" That explains everything perfectly. It had been rumored that they were actors.

What Could Be Sweeter?

Than Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest"?

Than Bill Hart in a hard-boiled shirt and full dress suit?

Than the straw hat Charlie Ray wears in "String Beans"?

Than the way he ties Jane Novak's shoe-lace?

Than magazine "interviews" written by the star's press agent?

According to report, Earle Williams is being sued by a New York girl for $160,000 for breach of promise. If Earle's affections are worth that much, he must be some Lothario. Shows you never can judge a movie idol from his screen shadow.

Why is it that critics of the silent drama expect every photoplay to be a masterpiece, when out of the hundred stage productions presented every year there are only a handful of successes, and tho there are hundreds of novels written each year, only a few become "best sellers"?

The month's prize for extreme modesty and reserve in publicity goes to the exploiters of "The Tidal Wave," which is "the most stupendous screen drama in the annals of the motion picture." "The Tidal Wave" is "not a war story, yet gripping with international conflict! Not a love story, yet with romance quivering in every scene! Not a detective story, yet with mystery and suspense in every situation!" But wait. "Every reel detonates with substance for a superpicture!" Now we know what it's all about.

Wanted

By Fox, a scenario department.

By Doug, Anita Loos and John Emerson.

By W. S. Hart, badly, something new in the way of a Western story.

By Metro, a decent lighting system.

By Francis Ford, a barber.

Six Things We Would Like to Know

Why D. W. Griffith writes his scenarios under an assumed name.

Who will play opposite Charlie Chaplin in future.

Why "The Midnight Patrol" was presented by Select instead of Paramount.

Why Director R. A. Walsh sticks with Fox instead of doing bigger things.

How much interest Adolph Zukor will have in the new company to be formed by his ex-aides, Messrs. Abrams and Schulberg.

Who is the main factor behind the First National Co.

We're glad to hear that a man like Henry Ford has entered the movie game, but he'll find that there are more "flivvers" in the film business than the auto industry has ever seen.

Spare Us

These days of universal peace and happiness, from Jack Holt in goody-goody rôles, and Marin Sais in any other, Lillian Walker in "A Grain of Dust," Doug in adaptations like "Arizona" and "He Comes Up Smiling," Toto's comedy, Edith Storey knocking Theda Bara's acting, from magazine covers by Haskell Coffin, Mary Minter's pervading innocence, actresses with names like Tallulah Bankhead, from soaps indorsed by movie stars, photoplays done in natural colors and Elsie Ferguson in vehicles such as "Under the Greenwood Tree," and rich will be the blessing poured upon thee, O Monarchs of the Movies.

Best news of the month: Marshall Neilan is again directing Mary Pickford.

Best laugh of the month: Exhibitor up in Farmingdale, Vermont, says that he cant show big pictures like "Hearts of the World" because the screen isn't large enough.

Best joke of the month: Maxine Elliott sues Goldwyn for $50,000 salary she believes she earned as a movie actress.

A well-known director, a Frenchman, says that screen acting and pantomime are the same. Screen expression and pantomime are about as much alike as horseshoeing and hand-painting. The pantomimist exaggerates and overacts. Everything he does is unlifelike. The screen actor seeks to repress outward signs of emotion and subdue his gestures and facial expressions. The failure of foreign producers and actors to realize this radical difference is largely responsible for the great loss in prestige their films have suffered in the past few years. Screen expression is moving forward, while pantomime is standing still.

Now that we have been told by all the big men of the films "how the motion picture saved the world," it seems a pity that they didn't end the thing quicker by sending more films and less soldiers to the war zone.

LOST, S. OR S.

Jack Pickford's naval uniform.

Some of Clara Kimball Young's popularity.

Some of Marguerite Clark's girlishness.

Stuart Holmes' villainy.

Henry Walthall's prestige.

And a girl named June Caprice.

Do they ever come back? See Blanche Sweet in "The Unpardonable Sin" and Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives," and settle it for yourselves.

Motion Picture Director: You shouldn't have the principals kissing in the middle of the picture.

New Scenario Writer (who is trying to learn the game): Why not?

Director: An audience would think that was the end and would walk out.

Envious Edward

With loud complaints,
Little Edward had been dragged
From the Motion Picture theater,
(After having seen the show
Three times),
To make a call upon
His grandmother.
When he asked after her health,
She replied:
"I'm pretty well, dear,
Except my eyes,
There is a constant film
Before them."
At which Edward exclaimed:
"Gee, you're lucky!"

HARVEY PEAKE.

Miss Democracy Triumphant

Now that Samuel Goldfish, president of the Goldwyn Company, has had his name lawfully changed to Samuel Goldwyn in order to derive personal benefit of the fame and publicity the company has gained thruout the world, we may expect a wholesale following of suit by other producers and presidents. Why not Adolph Paramount, Lewis J. Select, Carl Universal and Richard Metro?

The height of greatness: Organizing your own company and electing yourself president.

The height of art: Close-up of hero and shero in last-minute embrace, setting sun in background, fade slo-owly out.

For some reason or other many directors are always picking on the close-up. They believe it shouldn't be used, but advance no sensible argument. One director, last month, made the brilliant statement that the close-up bears the same relation in the photoplay that the opera-glass does in the theater. "The opera-glass," he says, "is used but rarely in the theater, and then only when the individual wishes to get a close glimpse of the players." We thought that theatergoers liked to get as close to the players as possible and that opera-glasses were used, as a rule, only by persons who were seated so far from the footlights that they were unable to get a real, intimate glimpse of the players.

If theatergoers dislike close-ups of the players, why do the seats nearest the footlights bring the most money? Why not do away with them?

"Gaby Deslys is a wonderful bird in her latest picture," chirps Pathé publicity. Why not be more explicit about the species? She's a high-flyer, all right, but no chicken. Perhaps she's a kingfisher.

MOVIE NON-ESSENTIALS

Most re-issues.

Most scenario departments.

The sheriff with the flowing mustache.

Advice by would-be stars.

Narrow-escape press stories.

If you see Mae Marsh in public with Arms about her, dont get excited. It's all right. She has just married a gentleman by that name.

Fade-out.

Film Flashes As You See Them

The principals of every movie are always the beautiful heroine, the bounding hero and the slinking villain. Here you have the regulation story told by hero, Carlyle Blackwell; heroine, Evelyn Greeley; and villain, Escamillo Fernandez. No. 1. The hero meets the girl

No. 2. In which the hero meets the villain

No. 3. You dont have to wait long before it is very apparent that the girl does love the hero

No. 4. In which the hero foils the villain

No. 5. He wins the girl and they are happy ever after, right up to the start of the next picture

A Potential Madame Butterfly

"I SUPPOSE everybody has a film favorite," said Vola Vale, "and I must confess Mr. Hayakawa is mine. I want to learn how to act *inside* the way he does. When I'm allowed to do 'Madame Butterfly' with a real Japanese company, and the necessary Americans for the other principal rôles, I will have achieved one of my big ambitions.

Considering her love of the Oriental, it seems appropriate that Vola should always be getting Japanese magazines, newspapers and letters from fans. She has the greatest assortment of foreign "mash notes" and, after some coaxing, consented to part with a few of her secrets.

Skimming thru piles of letters in pink, lavender, blue, decorated rice-paper and imitation of wood-pulp, two especially quaint specimens attracted attention. One read:

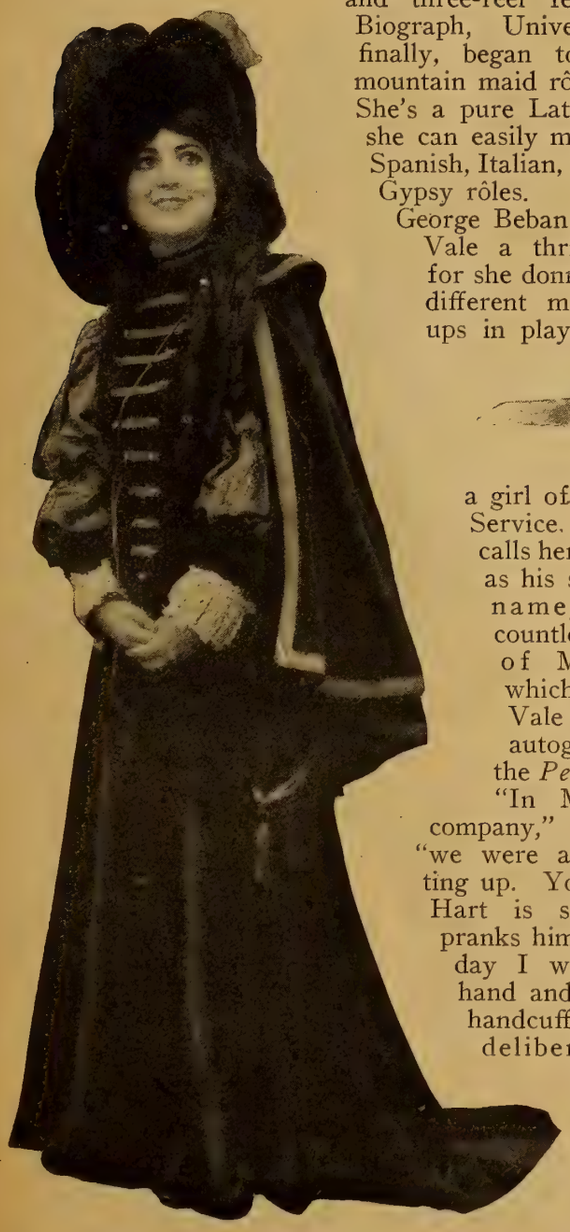
"My dear Vola Vale, I have no doubt that you will permit me to take this liberty to write you a letter, but as I am understood English a letter, I am afraid if you can hardly read poor my letter, perhaps you would be greatly pained when you have received this which was sent from a really stranger to you.

"But please excuse me Madam. Hereafter I beg you my acknowledge me forever I have well known your glorious name, because I have often heard 'Vola Vale' among our student who talk of you. I am also belongs to the party of sympathize with you as soon as I had seen your appearance in many film. Then I became at once one of your admirers. Now Madam, I was so oblighed as to desire a request to you because recently I am collecting many famous player photo in U. S. A, but it is sorry to think that I have none yours in my album until now, so that I have been longed to put your photograph in it as well as another actors one. Lastly, I am waiting in anticipation when your coming in hands of a unknown Japanese admirer of yours."

Vola Vale recently did a half-caste Japanese girl rôle, and the

Vola Vale has played in photoplays with Hart and Hayakawa, but her ambition is to do "Madame Butterfly" and "Lorna Doone"

By ALLISON ROGERS



Vola Vale, who used to be known as Vola Smith in the good old Biograph days in such plays as "Captain Fracasse"

little Jap maid who always dresses Tsuru Aoki's hair was called in by Sessue Hayakawa to transform the very beautiful shiny brown curls of Miss Vale into the stiff and uncomfortable head-dress of Cherry-blossom Land.

Vola has become accustomed to doing character leads. Her first experience was in the old Biograph days, and without encountering any difficulty, Vola *Smith* was admitted to David W. Griffith's sanctum and immediately engaged for atmosphere parts. After a month of this, Mr. Griffith gave her a real rôle, and she appeared in "Celeste" and a swashbuckling drama called "Captain Fracasse," which gave her an opportunity to appear in a trained velvet gown and Rembrandt hat with feathers, and, incidentally, made the little girl feel very important, for, you see, she was in her very early 'teens and hadn't expected rapid advancement or dropped the *Smith* for the more euphonious "Vale."

Since then Vola played two- and three-reel features for Biograph, Universal, and, finally, began to interpret mountain maid rôles. She's a pure Latin type, so she can easily make up for Spanish, Italian, French and Gypsy rôles.

George Beban gave Miss Vale a thrilling part, for she donned three different make-ups in playing a girl of the Secret Service. Bill Hart calls her "the Pest" as his special pet-name, and the countless pictures of Mr. Hart which adorn the Vale home are autographed to the *Pest*, too.

"In Mr. Hart's company," said Vola, "we were always cutting up. You see, Mr. Hart is so full of pranks himself. One day I was chained hand and foot with handcuffs, and they deliberately lost the keys, so I had to be sawed loose. I used to play lots of practical jokes on Mr. Hart; so did Jane Novak, and he sent us our Christmas gifts last year with the prettiest cards, one inscribed to the 'Nuisance'—Jane, and the other to the 'Pest'—myself."

"Have you done a part which you particularly fancied, Miss Vale?"

"Yes, I loved the last Hayakawa picture. There was an entire Japanese company—I was the only white person in it. They all conversed in Japanese and used to teach me short phrases.

"Henry, the Japanese school-boy who works for us, has taught me to read some Japanese. He is studying dentistry, but he does all our housework, finds time to make beautiful lampshades, can repair anything from the gas-range to the automobile, and always seems to have time left to study or to paint pictures. See, isn't this beautiful?"

This happened to be a glass tray for table service. The young Japanese had pressed milkweed, grasses and pink flowers into a lovely meadow scene between double glass, mounted it in a carved wood frame, and was planning it for a birthday gift for Vola Vale, whom he adores, not only as a motion picture beauty, but as a home-maker.

"Besides doing 'Madame Butterfly,' there's one other thing I want to do over. In my early experiences I played 'Lorna Doone,' which I think is one of the most beautiful stories ever given to the world. It was pitifully done, for in those early days they chopped things up and made two or three reels of them, with little

(*Continued on page* 108)

He's Still When

By RUTH

"WHEN does Jack Pickford sleep?" Ask the doorman and he'll shrug his shoulders, his manager is equally ignorant of his drowsy hours, and young Jack himself admits—but we're ahead of our story.

The vivacious male offshoot of the illustrious house of Pickford is the surest thing in the way of perpetual motion in the City of Auto-Dodging Pedestrians.

The information clerk wearily directs you to Mr. Pickford's suite in the big Brunton dressing-room building. Of course, you dont find Mr. Pickford there, and the doorman doesn't expect you to—he's merely making room for the next inquirer. A polite individual near the door labeled "Pickford" advises you to try the dark stage, as Jack *just* went there. Arriving there, you are promptly shipped to the glass stages, and when you've made the rounds, climbed over piles of building material—for the Brunton studios are still in the building process—and hunted for Mr. Pickford in bosky dells and Japanese tea-gardens, you pantfully beg everybody about the place to *please* hold the star of "A Mile-a-Minute Kendall" until you get there on the second round.

A "perfect thirty-six," purchased by the valet, was the cause of my finally catching up with him. Jack Pickford really had gone back to his dresser and was proudly eyeing a store-suit of the funniest ready-made fit, which was to be inspected by his director, Jim Kirkwood.

"Good-morning," cheerfully nodded the Pickford heir. "Sorry you couldn't find me, but I always have so *many* places to go. Do you know, mother was terribly shocked on our trip out West. Jim Kirkwood and I played bridge all night and slept in the day, missed the beautiful scenery and did everything that mother thinks ought *not* to be done at night. But there's something so fascinating about defying all conventions and turning one's duties as well as pleasures about.

Jack Pickford in scenes from his first picture for First National release, which he is producing under the direction of James, better known as Jim, Kirkwood

He's Asleep

KINGSTON

I love to take a little nap during a spare moment when it's daylight, but night makes me feel lively and ready to go anywhere."

"So you really *do* sleep at times?" We hated to be sarcastic, but our experience had taught us that Mr. Pickford seemed to be always awake and always away.

"Oh, mother needn't talk; she's the liveliest one of us all. Perhaps that doesn't answer your question, but I must tell you how Mary and I keep mother busy. You see, she signs all checks and attends to the business end of our productions, and as Mary and I are both heading our own companies and getting lots of new things, mother says she is sure to have writer's paralysis from check-signing. The minute she is over here with me, Mary 'phones frantically, 'Is mother over there? I *must* have her at once. Send her right over.'

"The other day I saw a little shaver acting on this lot, and I asked mother if I were as little as that when I first began to act. She told me a story about myself I didn't know before," chuckled Jack, reminiscently.

"It was back East, and mother says I was much smaller than the little boy I'd asked her about. Mary and Lottie were in a production, and as I had to be taken care of, I was lugged all around and finally given a very tiny part—just because I happened to be on the spot. It was that of a little chap who was supposed to be ill, and who had to stay quietly in bed on the stage, and at a certain cue, cough twice.

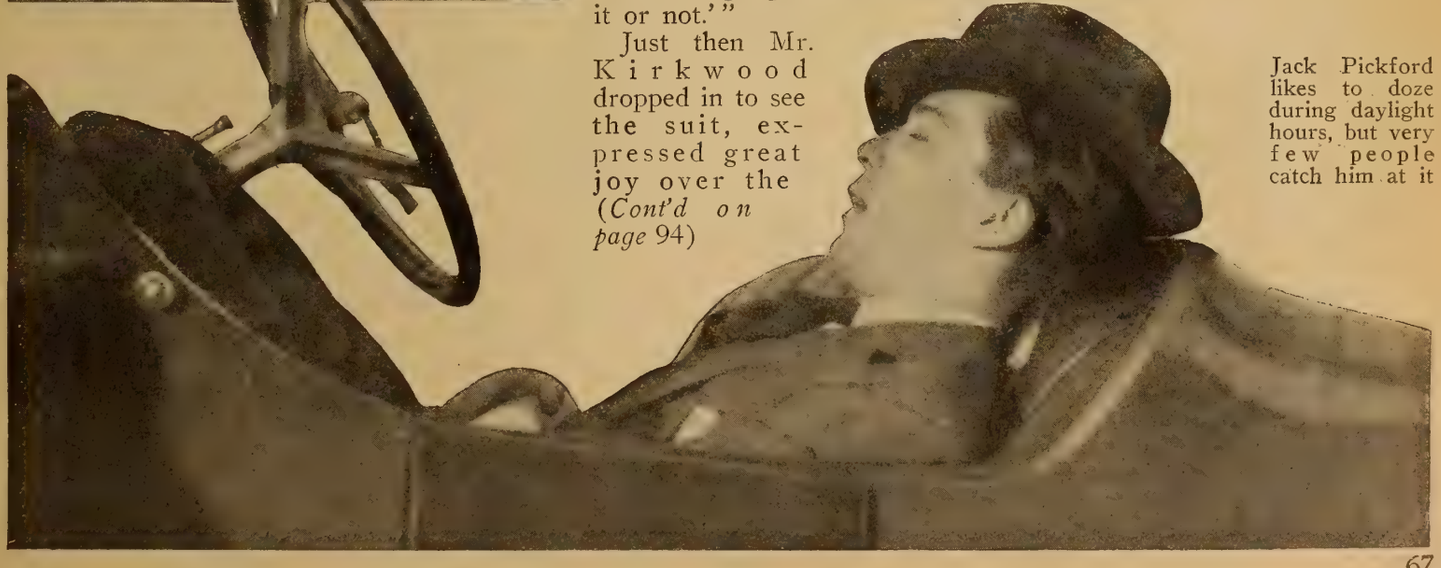
"One night, after the show—I was but four years old—I said to mother, 'Do I get paid for doing this?' She laughed and said, 'Why, no, of course not. We just want to know you're in a safe place, and you haven't anything to do, really.'

"I bristled right up, she says, and answered, 'Well, if I dont get paid, I am not going to *act* again. You can get somebody else.' They did need somebody in that bed, and the next night they got a little chap in from the street, and I stood in the wings and watched him.

"He lay very quietly, and at the cue he coughed so loud, such a fine, long, double cough, that it made me mad all thru. At least, that is the way mother tells it. I got jealous about it, for I never had coughed like that. You could hear it anywhere in the house. So I said, after the show, 'You can send that kid home. I'll do the coughing tomorrow night, whether I get paid for it or not.'"

Just then Mr. Kirkwood dropped in to see the suit, expressed great joy over the

(*Cont'd on page* 94)



Jack Pickford likes to doze during daylight hours, but very few people catch him at it

The Fame and

Some of the

THE daily mail of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC's Fame and Fortune Contest is reaching tremendous proportions, testifying vividly to the remarkable interest manifested in the contest from coast to coast. Not a State in the Union but has entered hundreds of pictures, Canada has contributed a great many, and portraits are now beginning to come in large quantities from other countries.

After considerable deliberation the third honor roll of The Fame and Fortune Contest was decided by the judges to include: Blanche McGarity, of 236 Blum Street, San Antonio, Texas; Ellen Best, of 2544 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; Ruth Cort, 550 West 180th Street, New York City; Glenda Farrell, 2320 Broadway, San Diego, Cal.; Doris Anita Dibble, 66 West 69th Street, New York City; Bessie May McCook, of 1010 Kelly Street, the Bronx, New York; and Mayme Alice Brown, of 310 Clay Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

It is interesting to note that in the third honor roll three New York girls are represented. Miss McGarity, on the other hand, was born on a ranch near San Antonio. Her people have played a part in Texas history for seventy-five years, a great-uncle, Green McCoy, giving his life in the fall of the Alamo, when a handful of Texans stood off the hordes of Mexico for hours. Miss McGarity is a blonde type, with blue eyes, and she has had some slight motion picture experience in a photoplay called "Forfeit," made near San Antonio, but not yet released.

Miss Doris Anita Dibble was a member of the famous Morgan classic dancers for some time. Miss Glenda Farrell was born in Oklahoma, and has had some experience in the chorus, vaudeville and camp entertainments. She has light brown hair, dark-gray eyes and is five feet three inches in height.

BLANCHE McGARITY

ELLEN BEST

RUTH CORT

Fortune Contest

Beautiful Aspirants

Miss Mayme Alice Brown is a Louisiana girl, altho she resides in Los Angeles. She has never been on the screen, despite the many studios in her city. She, too, is a blonde type.

Miss Ruth Cort has studied dancing for three years, altho she has never appeared professionally. She has brown hair and brown eyes and, like Miss Farrell, is exactly five feet three.

The third honor roll was arrived at by the judges after going thru the thousands of pictures submitted between January 1st and 15th. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for April will carry the fourth honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between January 15th and February 1st. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will follow with the honor roll for February 1st to 15th. This will be continued until the close of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. These pictures will be returned upon the examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls.

If your pictures were entered before January 15th and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again. The quality of your portrait, weakness of photography, etc., may have had something to do with its failure to win a place.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. In reality these injure your chances of consideration. The judges prefer to review all contestants equally. Besides, if a colored picture is selected for the honor roll, it will not reproduce

(*Continued on page* 96)

GLENDA FARRELL

BESSIE MAY McCOOK

DORIS ANITA DIBBLE

MAYME ALICE BROWN

The Rubaiyat of the Screen

By WANDA HAWLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE—Wanda Hawley, beautiful leading woman in Paramount pictures, is a disciple of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur. So delighted is she with the Fitzgerald rendering of the tentmaker's philosophic verses that she has sought to emulate him in a modest way with the following, written exclusively for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Wake! for the day with sun is shining bright;
Exterior scenes remain which must be shot by night.
Assemble at the studio by eight o'clock,
Made up and ready, and be sure your costume's right.

Whether at Hollywood or Edendale,
Whether the part you play be fresh or stale,
Be ready when the director's voice you hear;
This is the starting—and you must not fail.

There was a door to which I found no key,
My dressing-room tight locked I found—ah, me!
Then Props arrived and battered down the door;
With anxious eyes I watched the minutes flee.

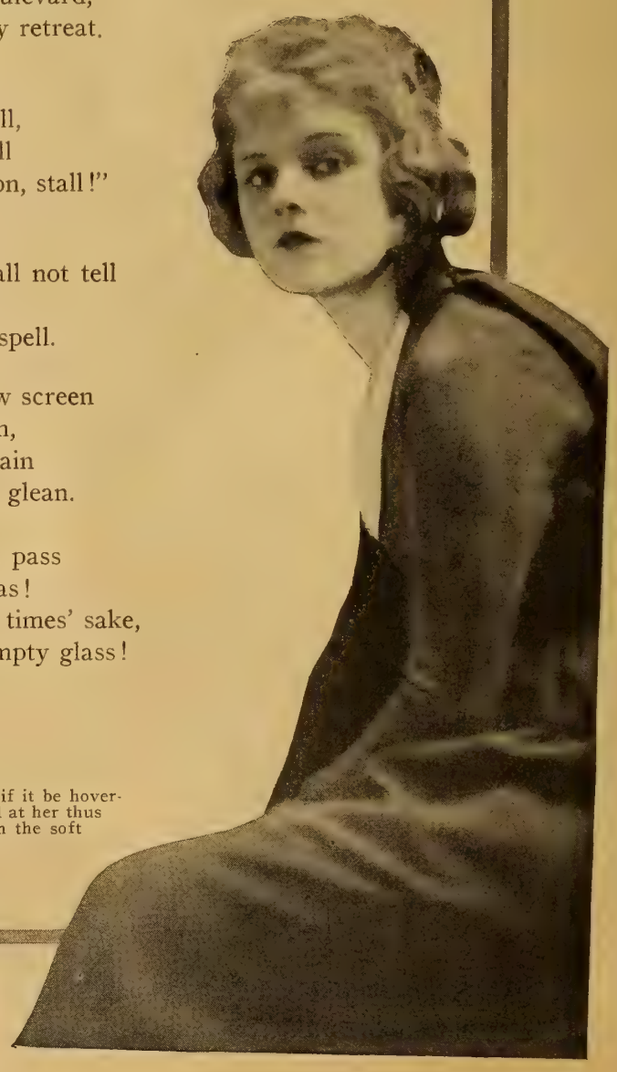
But half made up, I hastened to the street
And in the waiting auto took my seat;
Soon we were rumbling down the boulevard,
Bound for some woodland's shadowy retreat.

Arrived at last, the cameras set and all
The players waiting for the master's call,
I, trembling, took my place and acted till
I heard some one who whispered, "Go on, stall!"

Indeed, the idols I had loved so well
Sometimes were shattered; there, I shall not tell
All that I learnt; my voice is mute,
And o'er me still the movies cast their spell.

Some fame I've gained upon the shadow screen
That recompenses me for years between,
When long I labored and it seemed in vain
Some trace of harvest from the soil to glean.

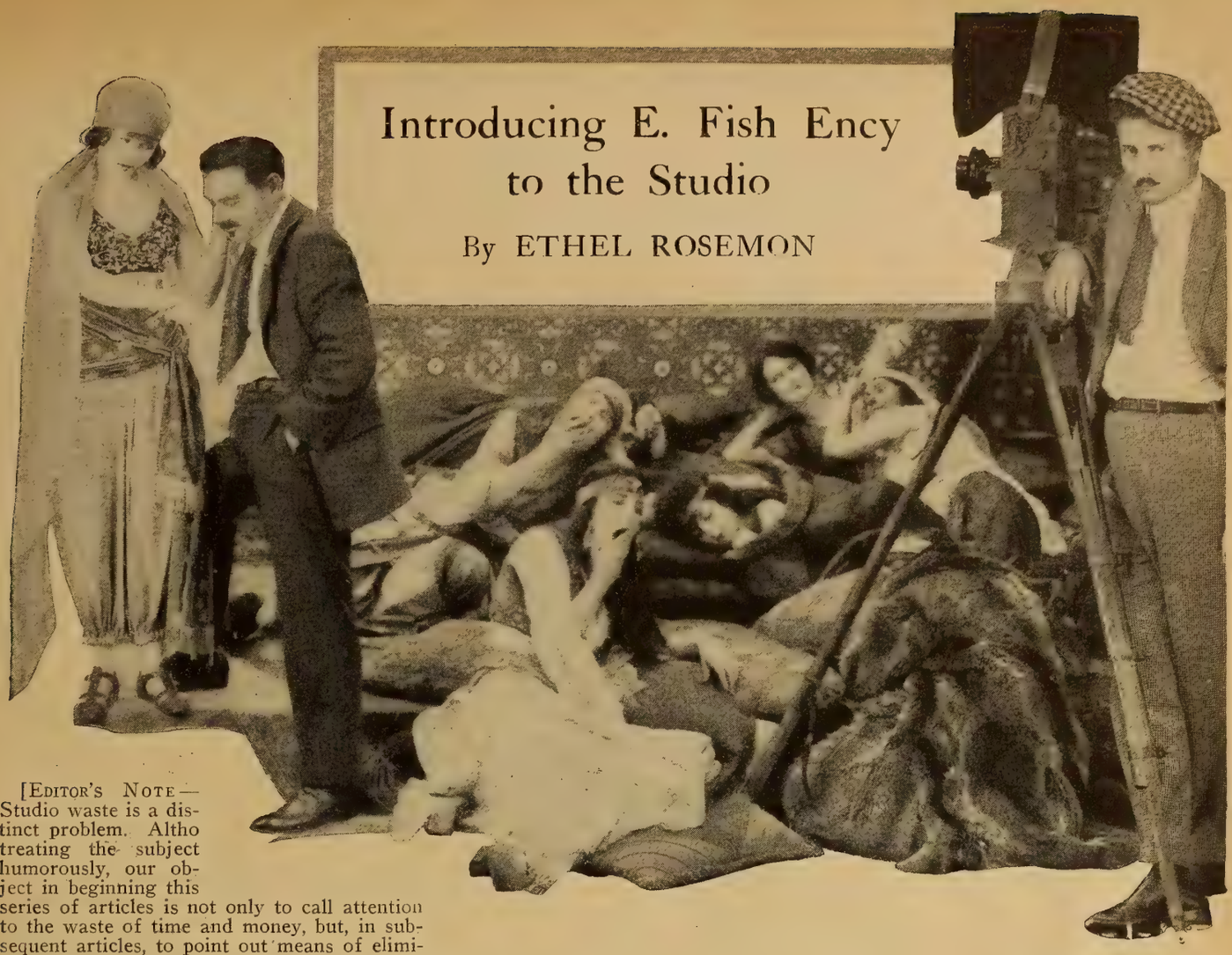
And when, like others, I one day shall pass
Out of the minds of those I pleased, alas!
I only pray that some one, just for old times' sake,
Shall speak my name—turn down an empty glass!



Miss Hawley apologizes to the shade of the Persian poet, if it be hovering near, as well as to the lovers of Omar who may be shocked at her thus lightly handling the revered quatrains that were born beneath the soft moon of Naishapur.

Introducing E. Fish Ency to the Studio

By ETHEL ROSEMON



By the time the director and star appeared upon the scene the extras were so tired they couldn't smile enough to get a full-grown Sultan to take them for a bus ride

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Studio waste is a distinct problem. Altho treating the subject humorously, our object in beginning this series of articles is not only to call attention to the waste of time and money, but, in subsequent articles, to point out means of elimination. We have entrusted this task to Miss Rosemon, who, from daily studio activities, knows the film business better from the inside than many of the big financiers.]

16 Parkside Avenue,
Gotham (New York City), January 4, 1919.

DEAR COUNT ST. JOHN-ARBUTUS-ST. JOHN:

If you will peruse the date line carefully, old top, you will glean the information that we have arrived safely in the States—meaning the United States of America, U. S. A. As I made known to you in confidence on the eve of sailing, the Governor had a chance to go into business here, and altho he kept the whole bally transaction a mystery, insisted upon my accompanying him without a question. Beastly bore, I call it, but it's a way the Governor has. However, as Shakespeare or one of those other Alsatian chaps aptly put it, "It's a wise child that reareth a faultless parent."

I have since discovered, to my great relief, that the business into which the Ency fortune has been lowered isn't a business at all, but motion pictures. Dont think by this that my life is one long vamp after another—and why, I ask you, in passing, are all vamps long? Is not a vampish soul ever encased in a roundish shell, if you can grasp my idea, dear Count?

I hadn't been here a week—in fact, I was still walking in rhythm to the roll of the ocean—when the Governor called me into the library one evening and said:

"E. Fish Ency, Jr." (I knew what was coming would be a poser, for when it's anything pleasant he calls me just E. Fish), "I've invested every dollar, dime and nickel in that picture plant, and it's going to be your job to find out where it goes down to the last nickel. Report with me at the studio at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, stay until every company has left the floor, and keep your eyes open for waste. Business methods, business methods—the industry is crying for 'em, and, by Jove! it's going to get 'em, if I have anything to do with it. If this war hasn't taught us to put the proper value on a cent, then, God help us, nothing can!"

Dont infer from this that the Governor's getting tight. He's the same generous old top who was so ripping to all us fellows at Oxford, but the picture business seems to have gotten his angora, as the better class Americans say, while the middle classes refer to the animal as "goat." He says, in his opinion, the money that's wasted in a studio in a week would keep the Home for Moth-Eaten Poodles in dog-biscuits for a year.

The morning after the aforementioned conversation I took my bath with the chickens, as the funny Yanks say. Modesty leads me to explain that this is merely a figure of speech for early rising, for there wasn't a sign of a fowl anywhere in the bally bathroom. The Governor and I drove up to the studio gates at nine o'clock. It took us ten minutes to awaken the watchman, but, by Jove! he was a bully old chap. He didn't seem to mind in the least that we had disturbed his sleep. While the Governor read his mail, I started to inspect the studio. In a short time a flock of girls came running upstairs. There must have been two hundred of them, and they all shouted at me, "Where do we dress?"

Now, by Jove, how did I know where they dressed, if you can grasp my idea, dear Count? Some of them were rippers, too.

"You jolly well have taken me," I answered. (That's what the Americans say when they haven't the required information and, of course, you can understand my desire to appear like a regular native.) "That's a poser to ask a chap without even being introduced—well, rather."

"Oh, come off!" an amazingly yellow blonde called, but, by Jove, I wasn't on anything, so how could I come off? "We're extras. In what shack do we smear the grease, darken the lamps and bow the cupid?"

"Beat it down to ten and twelve," called a young man with a green Fedora suspended from the last branch of his family tree.

When the two hundred girls and their two hundred suitcases had disappeared down a long passageway he came over and introduced himself.

"I'm Al Dixon, Mr. Black's assistant," he said. "I guess you're E. Fish Ency, Jr. Your old man put me wise that I'd find you on the floor and asked me to show you the plant."

By Jove, old chap, I resented the way he spoke of the Governor, but he had rescued me from that band of additionals and he might be useful when I started out in earnest to eliminate waste.

"Where is Mr. Black?" I inquired.

"Black? Why, he doesn't blow in until one-thirty. Henna Moore, his star, gives him a lift in her car, and she doesn't leave the city until one. Can't get up until twelve, you know. If she has to dig out of the hay before that she's apt to chew up a couple of Cooper-Hewitts before the day's over, she's that artistic. But then she's all made up when she gets here, so that saves time."

"But those additionals you just sent downstairs—aren't they for Mr. Black's picture? Why do they come at nine-thirty?"

"Oh, you mean that bunch of extras. Well, they might as well be here as home. It's the safest place for them."

Mr. Black's company was the only one working at the studio. The others were out on location. That's what they say when a company goes outdoors to take those ripping country scenes, with red barns and Colonial houses and here and there a cow—or is it an angora?—decorating the landscape.

At one-forty-five Henna Moore and Mr. Black drove up in Henna's new car. It was a striped black-and-orange affair, with Chinese lettering on the door. I heard the Governor say that the company had given it to her because Ora Bora, the company's other vamp, had driven into the yard the week before with a car the duplicate of Henna's old one and, by Jove, Henna's temperament was so sensitive she couldn't work for the rest of the week!

"Henna's temperament will get accustomed to such things," the Governor added, "for the company's going to supply no more cars—not while I have a controlling interest."

It was a quarter of three before Henna was ready to act. She must have had several layers to take off—well, rather—if you can grasp my idea, dear Count—and if the Governor was supplying the costume she had on, I jolly well couldn't see where he could save another nickel on it. It was a scene in Turkey, and the two hundred additionals—I mean extras—were dancing girls. They were ripping lookers, but I saw where I could cut down expenses right there. Only twenty-five of those girls were really seen in the picture. The rest were a blur in the background.

After they had fixed the lights and the girls, and then the girls and the lights, it was five-thirty, and Henna said she was tired.

"Grayson wants the studio tomorrow morning, so we'll have to finish with this set tonight," Black informed her. "Sorry, but you can take tomorrow off."

"Well, I really must lie down for a few hours and have Minerva treat my hair," she responded, as she trailed towards the dressing-room, with the languid grace often displayed by a salmon as it swims away to be canned.

A group of addi—I mean extras—surrounded Black.

"You know we dont work after six unless we get double check," they said.

"But you didn't start to work until almost three."

"But the call was for nine-thirty."

"All right; beat it. I'll make it O. K."

When they had gone away, singing, "Tell me, darling, tell me, when, oh, when do we eat?" to the tune of "My Rose of Romany," Black explained that "double check" means two days' pay.

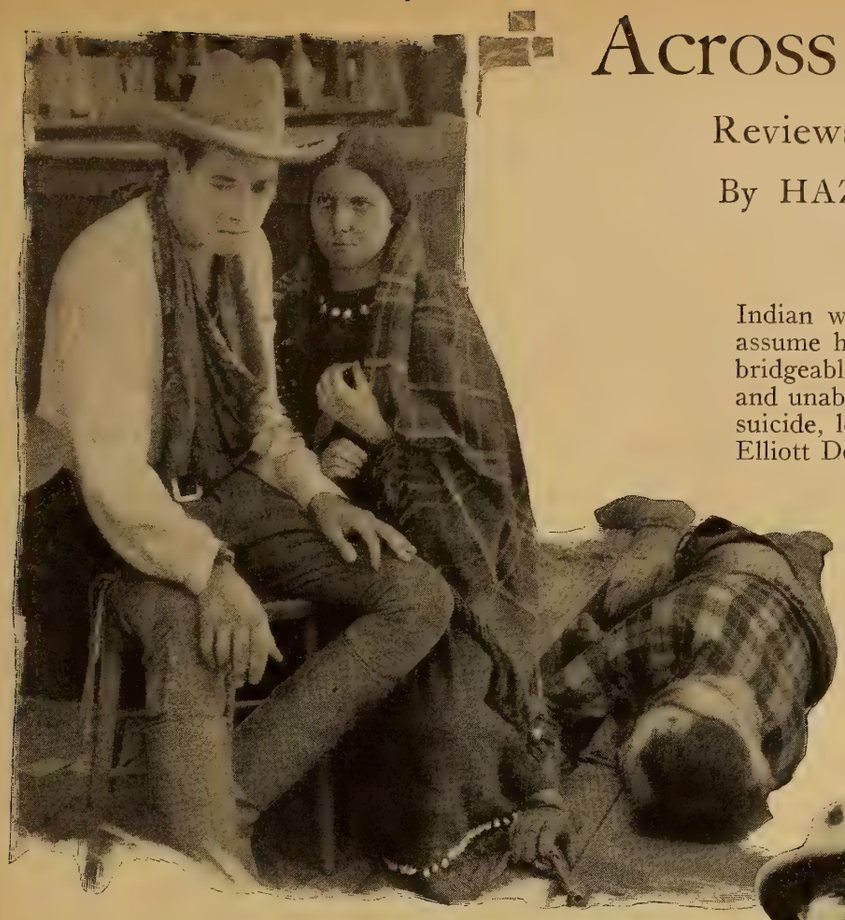
(*Cont. on page* 109)

At 6 o'clock they ate at the expense of the company

Across the Silversheet

Reviews of Current Photoplays

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



What a soul is to a beautiful woman, "The Squaw Man" is to the silversheet

I REMEMBER thinking, not so many moons ago, that the silent drama had reached the dead-level stage of consistently well-manufactured product. Just as a cook, after repeated trials, finds a recipe for a well done and palatable cake, thereafter using the same formula, so had producers found a formula for feature pictures. One could, I felt, drop into a theater almost any old day and be very nearly sure to find an entertainment containing the three ingredients of pleasing photography, a fair story, an interesting star.

All pictures were being cooked up by the same recipe. There were no really atrocious productions, and, in direct ratio, there were no startlingly great ones. (There have been, as in all cases, exceptions such as "Shoulder Arms" and "Hearts of the World.")

Pictures needed, I thought, the joy of the unexpected. Screen art should consist of something more than good photography, capable acting, interesting stories, careful direction and excellent scenery. That something I found in last month's release of

"THE SQUAW MAN" (ARTCRAFT)

What a soul is to a beautiful woman, "The Squaw Man" is to the silversheet. Here we have a story with which practically every one is familiar. It has been told not only in the noisy drama and in novel form, but once before in the movies. "The Squaw Man" is relentlessly true to life of a somewhat earlier era than ours. The second son of an English nobleman assumes the blame for his brother's thievery. On an American ranch, he creates a new life for himself. So new, in fact, that he marries a squaw who had nursed him. When their son is five years old, Jim Wynnegate's elder brother dies, clearing Jim. He decides to face the future with his Indian wife, but their son must be sent to England to assume his proper place. The squaw, realizing the unbridgeable gulf between her white husband and herself and unable to endure separation from her child, commits suicide, leaving Jim free to return to his proper sphere. Elliott Dexter, as Jim, emerges from the shell of a comfortably conscientious performer into an actor of sympathy and fine understanding. Ann Little as Naturich submerges her physical charms but reveals the soul of the little Indian wife. Her performance is one of the finest the screen has yet revealed. The rest of the cast deserves its advertising of all-star.

"HIS PARISIAN WIFE" (ARTCRAFT)

"Oh, you critics," a star said to me the other day; "I dont feel too badly when you knock

Norma Talmadge is a dynamo of human emotions in "The Heart of Wetona" (Select)

me, because I realize that undoubtedly you give a good notice when you have just eaten a good dinner and *vice versa.*" Which may contain an element of truth, but I am sure that even after consuming my favorite planked steak and grilled sweets, I could not conscientiously call "The Parisian Wife" an excellent picture, even when, in my mind, a Ferguson can do no wrong. The trouble with "The Parisian Wife" is in its artificial atmosphere. One is conscious of studio sets and studio ideas of prodigal authoresses. The law of motivation isn't brought out clearly enough to ring true—and Elsie Ferguson should not wear veils in pictures.

Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess are the spirit of American boyhood and girlhood in "The Hope Chest" (Paramount)

We have seen many players we would like to veil from our gaze, but not Elsie Ferguson. Eve Unsell, who wrote the story, understood human nature. She imagined a young New England lawyer married to a pretty French wife. He takes his wife home, where she shocks his narrow-minded New England parents until they turn her husband against her. She leaves and becomes a successful authoress, he a drunkard, until her success shames him into a fresh endeavor and the usual reconciliation follows. Here is splendid material. But Director Chautard has failed to direct this according to real life. For instance, a New England family would never exhibit such a spasm of rudeness over Elsie Ferguson's wearing of an evening gown. Nor is it pleasing to see a present-day authoress permit her ex-husband to pay her bills. A woman who wants her freedom, but still needs some one to pay her expenses, does not possess the potentialities necessary for success. And Fauvette was supposed to be a success. David Powell and the remainder of the cast performed their rôles according to movie ideals.

"CHEATING CHEATERS" (SELECT)

Clara Kimball Young finds in this adaptation of the stage success by Max Marcin an opportunity to display a greater amount of her old-time charm than has been apparent in her last few releases. The story is farcical in nature, being concerned with the adventures of two bands of crooks. Each band dresses up and apes the manners of their society betters in order to steal from each other. Miss Young takes the part of Ruth, a member of one of the gangs, who falls in love with a young man of the other band, and eventually turns out to be a detective. Allan Dwan directed the picture with an admirable use of suspense and a keen sense of humor. The cast of characters includes such photographically pleasing and capable actors as Jack Holt, Anna Q. Nilsson, Frank Campeau, Tully Marshall and Edwin Stevens.

"THE HEART OF WETONA" (SELECT)

There are many reasons why Norma Talmadge is one of the bare half-dozen stars who can be depended upon to draw business for an exhibitor whatever the weather. All of these are in evidence in "The Heart of Wetona." Miss Talmadge is at her best when portraying stark, unreasoning love, with all its attendant emotions of loyalty, glorification, sadness and awakening. As Wetona she plays the part of an Indian girl who has prodigally loved a worthless white man. Anthony Wells is a scoundrel of the man type who takes all and gives nothing. But not so Hardin, his friend. When the Indians demand vengeance, Hardin marries the girl to protect her, while *her* only thought is to protect Wells, whom she thinks she loves. Her slow awakening to her lover's perfidy and Hardin's fineness is an expert study in feminine emotions. Norma Talmadge fairly vibrates across the silversheet. She is indeed a dynamo of human emotions. The exteriors are deserving of mention for their sheer beauty, while among the performers Gladden James cavorts pleasingly as the villain and Thomas Meighan as the hero.

"Day Dreams" (Goldwyn) is an example of poor photography

"THE LIGHTNING RAIDER" (PATHÉ)

Serials may come and go, but Pearl White's go on

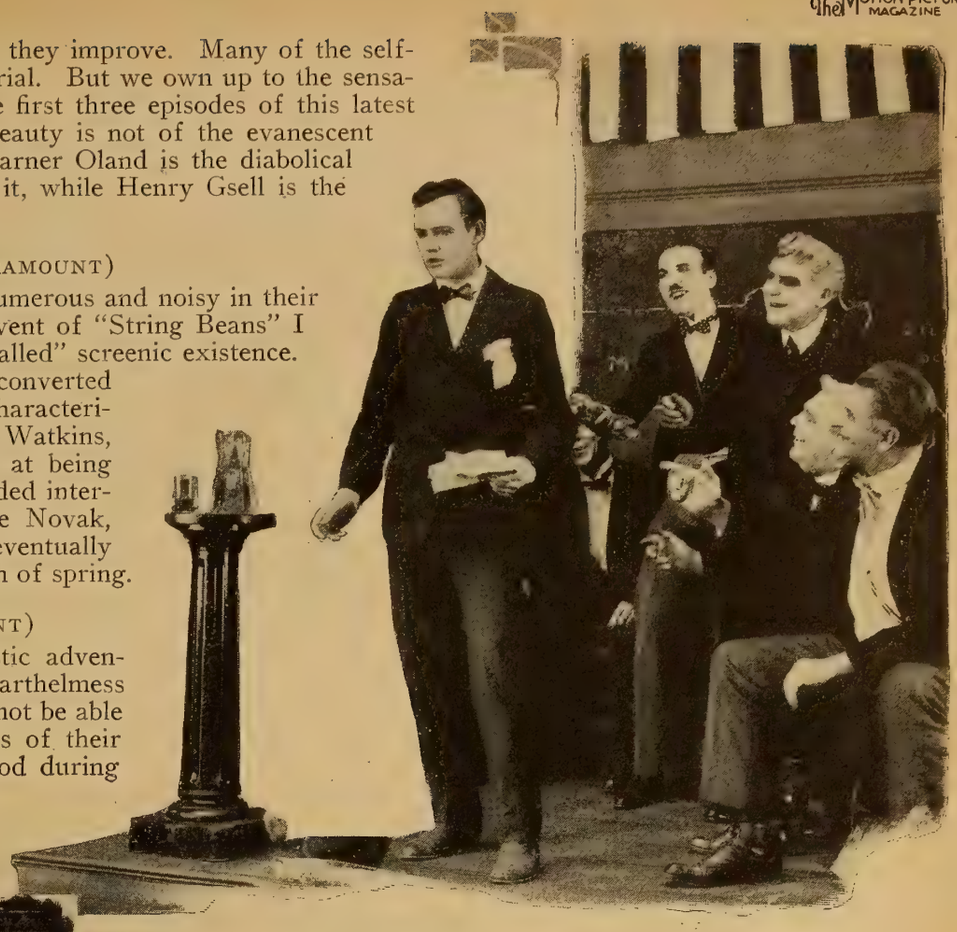
forever. Not only do they go on, but they improve. Many of the self-styled high-brows sniff at the lowly serial. But we own up to the sensation of wanting more after tasting the first three episodes of this latest continued celluloid thriller. Pearl's beauty is not of the evanescent type; it is there, startlingly there. Warner Oland is the diabolical villain, as the Pathé press sheet puts it, while Henry Gsell is the potential hero.

"STRING BEANS" (PARAMOUNT)

The followers of Charlie Ray are numerous and noisy in their praise. I will admit that until the advent of "String Beans" I was a bit bored by his perpetual "overalled" screenic existence. But in "String Beans" Charlie Ray converted me into an admirer of his bucolic characterizations. He is so human. As Toby Watkins, a farmhand of all work, who rebels at being everybody's butt, he gives a finely graded interpretation of adolescent growth. Jane Novak, as the mayor's daughter, whom he eventually wins, is as refreshing as the first breath of spring.

"THE HOPE CHEST" (PARAMOUNT)

Any one who can watch the realistic adventures of Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess in this story of youthful romance and not be able to sympathize with the poignant pains of their growing into womanhood and manhood during their enforced separation by materialistic parents have indeed closed their mental doors to all youthful memories. Both the young Gish and the equally young Barthelmess are the very spirit of American boyhood and girlhood. Both of their performances are natural and unaffected. Barthelmess is a star in the making. Bertram Grassby, as the lounge-lizard, who tries to make the little wife appear untrue, is the only member of the company who acts and overacts. The others you might meet any day.



Charlie Ray is very human in "String Beans" (Paramount)

Pearl White serials always improve. "The Lightning Raider" (Pathé) is a case in point

"HER INSPIRATION" (METRO)

Here's another May Allison comedy. At first you think it's just another Kentucky drama. Harold Montague, a playwright, is sent to the Kentucky mountains to get local color. There he meets all sorts of adventure and is saved from a cruel death by a beautiful Kentucky girl. But on his return to town he discovers that the girl is the star of his new play and that the whole troupe had been enacting his drama for him. There are many pleasing comedy touches. But of paramount importance, it seemed to us, was the optically pleasing May. She enters into the very spirit of the whole, and if she can do so much with such illogical material, what, we ask, could she not do with a real story? Her leading man in this picture was Herbert Heyes, who failed to contribute vitally to the picture's good impression.

"DRIFTERS" (HODKINSON)

J. Warren Kerrigan's latest, supported by Lois Wilson and William Conklin. There was a time, some six years ago, when J. W. K. was perhaps the most popular of stars. If the letters and notes in various contests received by this Magazine count for anything, he had few equals and no superiors in charm, handsomeness, physique and grace. And then came his "Samson," and this added greatly to his popularity. But a couple of years ago he abandoned the screen and made a personal tour of the country. From then until now his popularity has somewhat declined and there are now a dozen or so who are as well and favorably known, if not better. Lately his releases have been few and not widely circulated, apparently, which alone accounts for his decline in popularity. For he is just as charming as ever in "Drifters," which is a Far North picture, interesting and ably done. William Conklin, as the villain, has the best acting part, and he does it strongly and cleverly. Lois Wilson is also excellent as the heroine, particularly in her Ophelia moments. The scenes

(*Continued on page* 101)

$300.00 CASH PRIZES

A Great Mystery Story

TO BE SOLVED BY OUR READERS

The mystery that baffled the Scotland Yard Detectives to be solved by our readers, and half of the prize money to go to their friends who fought at the front.

A contest that will tax the ingenuity and imagination of our readers for months to come.

READ the wonderful story, *"The Crimson Iris,"* by H. H. Van Loan, and you will agree with us when we say that, not since the days of Sherlock Holmes, has a story been written that so holds the interest and excites the curiosity of the reader.

It is a detective story and you are to be the chief detective.

A great film magnate was producing a feature film in London, with his entire company there, when he was suddenly found dead, under the most peculiar and baffling circumstances. All of his employees, friends and players were closely questioned by the Scotland Yard authorities, but they could make no head nor tail of it. As you read, you think surely this person is the murderer, then you are just as sure that some other person is the guilty one, and so on. We are quite sure that the mystery will baffle you just as it baffled Scotland Yard. At one point in the story, you will say, "Oh, I see; this person did it—well, the cat is out of the bag—the mystery is solved." But in the next chapter you will find that you were wrong. And in the next chapter you will again change your mind, and not till the very end will you know for a certainty.

This mystery story will be read around the hearthstones of a million homes and it will help to pass away many a thrilling hour. When the soldier boys get home, some of them will have a little extra cash to start life with again because one half of the prize money is to go to them.

We shall award $300.00 in cash prizes to those who send in the best solutions, and we wish these solutions sent in monthly. Your first guess, and even your second, may be wrong, but that may not prevent you from wining first prize. All solutions must be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine. For example, you will receive this April number about the first of March, and on or before the 20th of March you should mail your postal card addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y." Do this every month and write on the back of the card in as few words as possible, who you think committed the crime, or the motive, or anything which will guide us in determining whether you have grasped the situation and guessed how the story will unfold. You may write ten words, or any number. You can say anything you wish on the first one, two or three cards, but, after that, you must be very careful not to make a bad blunder, because it will count against you when all of your cards are finally collected, even if your last card should be correct. We shall award the prizes on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card should be numbered, thus: your first card should read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1;" your second card should read "No. 2," and so on. If, after reading the first instalment, you see no clew to the murderer, your card might read something like this: "Motive not yet apparent. Guilty one has probably not yet appeared. Perhaps a rival film producer did it." Or, "A woman did it; motive jealousy." Or, "The murdered man was at heart a villain and was justly killed by a person as yet unknown." After reading the third instalment, you may change your mind, but that does not matter, so long as your third card states clearly what you then think. We expect you to be wrong in one or more of your guesses—perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions were logical, or probable, or possible, you have a chance for first prize. Your last card must contain a solution. It must contain a very brief synopsis of what the last instalment will be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

The prizes will be as follows:

1st prize	$100.00
2nd "	50.00
3rd "	40.00
4th "	35.00
5th "	25.00
6th "	20.00
7th "	15.00
8th "	10.00
9th "	5.00

One half of this will go to the winners and one half to any soldier or sailor designated by the winners. For example, the winner of first prize will receive $50.00 cash and a certified check for $50.00 payable to any soldier or sailor he or she may name. The only conditions are that no person can win who has been previously informed of the solution. We add this because there are about twenty persons in this country who know this story and one or more of these might have inadvertently mentioned it to others, not knowing that it was to be a monthly contest. All such, of course, will be barred from the contest. Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes. The judges will take *everything* into consideration. If any two are considered equally meritorious the prize will be divided. No coupons are necessary—only postal cards. We may publish portraits of one or more of the winners, if they will permit it.

The Crimson Iris

By H H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS"

Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, disappears weirdly from his London hotel. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, man of fashion, notifies the police. It transpires that Gebhardt was not an American as supposed, but a German, born in Laupheim, and that he had been traveling with a false passport.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the "Chronicle" and expert criminologist, becomes interested in the case. He goes to Scotland Yard and discloses the fact that he has found Gebhardt's opera hat and wallet containing his card on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge. Brenon Hodges is suspected of implication. At this juncture word is received by 'phone that Arthur Gebhardt has been found in the Victoria Studios—*murdered!*

Letherdale and Inspector Henry, of Scotland Yard, go immediately to the Victoria Studios and there find the body of Gebhardt, attired in conventional evening clothes, calm, with no sign of struggle or of suffering. They assemble together the people working in the studio and question them with little or no result. The coroner is summoned and is equally at loss. Inspector Henry vows that that he will send in the name of the murderer within twenty-four hours. As they are leaving they overhear Charles Dunn, the assistant laboratory man, questioning the camera-man about an "iris" he shot that morning. "'You shot two, you know," he tells him. "I only made one iris," declares the camera-man. Pliny. "You made *two,*" reiterates Dunn, "and I colored them both crimson."

The scene the inspector had just seen enacted proved that Arthur Gebhardt had been murdered. This fact was grimly and silently established. In addition to this, it gave the first tangible clue as to how the victim had met his death, and revealed the fact that he had been killed by a shot from a revolver. Furthermore, the revolver had been held in the hand of a woman! That much had been disclosed to the small audience as they sat and viewed the tragic picture They had seen the look of terror on the face of the victim as he stepped back with fear, and the realization that he was face to face with death, stamped on his countenance. The grim reality that they were witnesses of this terrible scene, and were powerless to assist the man enacting this tragic rôle, made the little group of spectators shudder. The crime had been committed before their eyes, and the victim was now on the way to the London County Morgue at Vernon.

But, in the same merciless way with which it had revealed the crime, it refused to disclose the murderess. It had shown them the look of horror on the face of the doomed man. They had seen the pale, slender, outstretched arm, and the small automatic revolver clutched tightly with feminine fingers As they stared at the screen they had watched the delicate, white fingers press the trigger. Then they saw the flash of flame from the muzzle, followed by a small, thick cloud of smoke. They watched the body of Arthur Gebhardt as it fell to the floor, and saw the hand, still clenching the revolver, tremble, and then withdraw slowly from the scene. That was all. The scene was finished and the "iris" gradually faded out, taking with it the secret it had refused to divulge . . . Who killed Arthur Gebhardt? It was like the climax of a film feature.

"Where did this scene come from?" inquired Inspector Henry, as he arose and turned to the director.

"It was included in the roll of stuff we 'shot' today," replied Lloyd.

"When did you take this film from the camera?"

"The camera-man unloaded it after we 'shot' the scene I described to you."

"Then that film was in the camera when you went to lunch, wasn't it?"

"It was."

"Where is the camera-man?" continued the Inspector, as he left the room and stepped into the studio.

"There he is," said Lloyd, as he pointed to Shorn, who was standing on the stage glancing in their direction as he curiously awaited the outcome.

"Pliny!" called the director, as he beckoned to him.

"What was the last scene you took before going to lunch?" inquired Inspector Henry.

"It was a 'shot' of Chilito in her boudoir," replied Pliny.

"And the scene you took when you returned was - - -"

"Fifty feet of Chilito descending the staircase, and of her finding the body of Darge behind the screen"

"I didn't see that in the reel we just looked at," the Inspector remarked as he turned to Lloyd.

"That was the short scene which followed the 'iris,'" explained the director. "He ran out of film before we finished. We've got to take that scene over."

"You see, it was like this," began Pliny. "When I went to lunch, the dial registered three hundred and fifty feet. This would leave me fifty feet of negative, for the big scene we intended taking when we returned, which was quite enough, and would just finish my roll."

"Did you look at the dial when you returned from lunch?" asked the detective.

"Yes, sir."

"And it still registered three fifty?"

"No, sir, it showed three eighty."

"Didn't this arouse your curiosity?"

"I was puzzled, at the time, for I felt that it registered three fifty when I looked at it before," frankly confessed the camera-man. "Then I concluded that perhaps something was wrong with the dial, that it was not registering properly. But, I was certain I had enough film left to 'shoot' the big scene."

"What made you feel so certain?" And the Inspector eyed him seriously.

"Because the record I keep of every scene proved I still had fifty feet in my camera."

"Isn't it customary for you to investigate when you find something wrong?"

"Yes, sir, but in a case like this we have to depend on judgment, and rely on our calculations being correct."

"Then, you kept grinding on that last scene until it was finished, not realizing you had run out of film?" inquired the Inspector suspiciously.

"I didn't look at the dial again, until we had finished. Then I saw it registered four hundred feet, which was as it should be."

"Umm," mused the Scotland Yard official. He was silent for an instant, and then, as his cold grey eyes penetrated the camera-man, who was beginning to feel a bit uncomfortable as a result of this severe questioning, he added: "Where did you eat your lunch?"

"In the cutting-room."

"I see," nodded the other, growing more interested.

"Why didn't you join the others?"

"I brought my lunch with me today?"

"How did you happen to eat it in the cutting-room? Wasn't there room enough out here?"

Pliny smiled as he replied to this question. "I went in there because it's pleasanter. The cutting-room is in

the front of the building and looks out on Victoria Park."

"You're evidently temperamental, artistically inclined, and all that sort of thing, aren't you?" suggested the Inspector.

"Not particularly," corrected Pliny. "But, when a fellow has been shut up in here most of the day, with these deuced calciums glaring continuously in his eyes, he likes to get a glimpse of the outside when the opportunity is offered."

"Was anyone else in the cutting-room while you were there?"

"No, sir, the cutters had gone out to lunch."

"Did you hear any noise while you were in there?"

"Not that I remember."

"You could have heard a shot fired, in some other part of the building, couldn't you?"

"Not necessarily. The dark-room, washing-room, and drying-room are all located between the studio and the cutting-room, and it would have to be a pretty loud crash to be heard where I was. Then, too, some lumber was being unloaded in the yard, just outside the cutting-room, and this was sufficient to drown any other noise."

"You say you were looking out from the front of the building," mused the inspector. "Now then, you could have seen anyone entering the main gates, from where you were located, couldn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw no one enter, while you were in there?"

"I did not."

"And you heard no shot fired?"

"No, sir."

"When did you return to the studio?"

"When I saw Director Lloyd entering the gates?"

"How long were you in the cutting-room?"

"Oh, I should judge about an hour," said Pliny, thoughtfully.

"And during all that time you saw no one enter or leave the main gates? Think well now, and take your time before answering," the inspector cautioned him. "I am here to show you every consideration."

"Well, I did see a motor car leave the studio yard, just before Lloyd returned," said Pliny.

"What sort of a car was it?"

"It was a big limousine—dark blue."

"Who was in it?"

"I didn't see anyone, except the driver. I happened to be glancing out of the window, when I saw the car passing thru the gates. It was traveling rather rapidly and all I caught was a glimpse of it as it swung around to the right, after reaching the road."

"Why didn't you mention this before?"

"Because it made no particular impression on me." admitted Pliny. "Cars are very numerous about here, and there's nothing extraordinary about their passing in and out."

"Do you know Brenon Hodges?" blurted out the inspector as he stared at the camera-man.

"I have seen him here with Arthur Gebhardt," Pliny admitted, somewhat irritated at the brusque manner of his interrogator.

"He owns a big, blue limousine, doesn't he?" continued the inspector.

"I dont know."

"Are you certain that the car you saw going thru the gates wasn't Hodges'?"

"Frankly, I wouldn't care to offer a guess, for I only saw it an instant."

"Young man, I dont think you have told us all that you know about this affair," said the inspector as he scrutinized the camera-man, "and in the hopes of refreshing your memory I'm going to send you to the Yard!" Then, as he turned to Sergeant Claverly, who was standing near, he said: "Sergeant, call the wagon, and take this man down town!"

"Y—you dont mean to say that you suspect me——" stammered the other, as his countenance paled with the realization that he had aroused suspicion.

"I am not accusing anyone: I am simply taking precautionary measures," the inspector informed him. "There is little doubt but that you know more than you have seen fit to admit. It is possible that you were an accessory before the crime. Your presence in the cutting-room is not satisfactorily explained. From that position, it occurs to me, you might have held a vantage point, and served as a lookout. Had any of the members of the company returned, before the crime had been carried out, it would have been a simple matter for a person in that room to slip back to the studio and warn his confederates."

The camera-man turned an appealing face towards his friend, the director, as the police sergeant laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Dont worry, old man, everything will be all right," said Lloyd reassuringly, as he slapped him on the back. "It's unfortunate you happened to be in the cutting-room, but I know you'll be able to explain everything satisfactorily."

Moving like an individual who had been half-stunned, the youth, accompanied by the sergeant, left the studio and went to the office of President Gluckstein. The sergeant was about to phone for the patrol wagon, when the producer entered.

"We can go down town in my car, sergeant," suggested Gluckstein, desiring to save Pliny as much embarrassment as possible.

"I guess that'll be all right," agreed the sergeant.

"I'll go along with you," said Gluckstein.

Back in the studio, the inspector had dismissed the members of the company, and the majority of them had already returned to their dressing-rooms, where they were preparing for the street.

"Well, what do you make of it, inspector?" inquired Letherdale as they stood discussing the case with Director Lloyd.

"There is no doubt but that Arthur Gebhardt was killed by a woman," said the Inspector. "This much has been established by the crimson 'iris,' which plainly disclosed the shooting, and showed us the revolver held by a feminine hand. It is clear that this crime was not committed by anyone working at the studio today. He did not come to the studio on his own initiative, but accompanied this woman here. What prompted her visit is one of the things we have yet to solve. The crime was not deliberate nor premeditated. Neither is the motive evident. It wasn't robbery, for his valuables were intact. The act was probably the outcome of sudden rage, and yet, women dont usually shoot men in temporary fits of anger. Arthur Gebhardt, I am inclined to believe, had an affair, a liaison, with this woman; probably had tired of her and informed her of his decision to terminate the intrigue. This pained her, at first, then she grew bitter and her hatred was aroused, followed by a desire for revenge. It's dangerous to cast aside a woman who has played the rôle of a courtesan. He discovered this when it was too late. The look in his eyes disclosed this as he stepped back to escape her wrath. He was recoiling from a woman's scorn; from someone who had been more than a friend to him. When a stranger, or even a friend, thrusts a revolver in front of a man, he is surprised. There was no look of surprise on the face of Gebhardt. Under such conditions, an effort is made to gain control of the weapon. His was the look of a man filled with horror and despair, as he realizes he is about to pay the penalty for some great wrong. It was probably the last scene in a dramatic picture, the plot of which had contained such melodramatic elements as romance, intrigue and revenge. I am not certain Gebhardt wasn't playing the rôle of Darge in this production—the villain in your script.

"The revolver we saw in the 'iris' was held in the trembling, nervous hand of a woman, who was an amateur in the handling of weapons. She committed this crime in a moment of distraction. She reached her decision only when all other efforts had failed. Her act was the result of sudden impulse. Frenzied by conflicting emotions of love and hate, she decided, in a moment of madness, increased by jealousy and injured pride, that she would not be flung aside by this man who had grown tired of her and was probably forsaking her for another.

"Arthur Gebhardt was a man who had only one habit, and it was the most dangerous habit a man can have—women. When a man of his type doesn't smoke, drink or swear, there's something wrong with him, somewhere. He is worth avoiding."

"Wouldn't the fact that this woman had a revolver prove the crime was premeditated?" inquired Leatherdale.

"Not necessarily. She possibly feared this man. Then too, if she owned a car, it would be quite natural for

her to have some means of protection, especially when traveling in the East End, or thru a lonely section, such as South Hackney, at night."

"But, how do you explain the hat and wallet on Hungerford Bridge?" continued Letherdale.

"I think that was a deliberate 'plant,'" replied the detective.

"On whose part?" asked the reporter, apparently confused.

"By one of three persons, the woman, Gebhardt himself, or Hodges," said the other thoughtfully.

"Then you have not eliminated Hodges?"

"I haven't, but the superintendent has. It is safe to wager that the woman never had a hand in it, and Gebhardt wouldn't go to the trouble of placing his hat and wallet in such a conspicuous place. Everything points to his having used every means carefully to hide his whereabouts. Either Hodges put those things on Hungerford Bridge, or, he knows who did!"

A few minutes later the inspector and Letherdale left the studio and entered the taxi, which was still waiting for them.

"This is a great story!" said the reporter enthusiastically, as he threw himself into the rear seat beside the inspector.

"I suppose you're going to spill it all over the front page," remarked his companion, as he offered him a cigar.

"It's worth a spread head, isn't it?" reflected Letherdale as he glanced at Inspector Henry.

"But, dont mention we've made any arrests," cautioned the detective. "Go easy on that camera-man. He isn't a damn bit guilty. I only sent him to the Yard so we could get his story down on paper: he's an important witness."

"He's out of it," said the reporter, with an air of confidence. "I'll have the name of the party who killed Arthur Gebhardt, before our first edition goes to press," he added as he took a long puff on his cigar.

"I could give you her name now, I think," mused the Inspector, "but I want to be certain I'm right, first."

"If that's the way you talk, then I'm dead sure you're wrong," said Letherdale.

The car was now speeding down the Hackney Road, and the rays from the brilliantly lighted shops along the busy thorofare were reflected on the faces of the two men as the machine continued on its way. And, as the reporter looked at the inspector, he saw his words had aroused surprise on the part of the man beside him. It was visible on his countenance as he remarked: "What do you mean?"

"I mean just this," replied Letherdale. "If you think a woman killed Arthur Gebhardt, you're headed in the wrong direction!"

"I'll prove it to you before the night is over," vowed the inspector, with an air of satisfaction.

"I thought just as you do, at first," confessed the other. "But the more I ponder over this case, the more convinced I am of one thing. And that is this: granting this woman was not familiar with fire-arms, she would have to be an extraordinarily bad shot, to aim at a man's abdomen, on the left side, and hit him in the right temple!"

CHAPTER V

The door opened. A maid entered, and going quietly over to the window, she raised the curtain, threw open the shutters, and the light snatched the gray covers from the furniture and left the room cheerful and refreshing.

A bright, slender ray of sunshine fell across the pink enamelled bed and rested on the face of a young girl, who tossed about restlessly for a few moments as the sun aroused her from her sleep. Then she sat up and rubbed her eyes, after which she thrust her dainty pink toes out of bed, and throwing aside the soft, downy coverlet, slipped her tiny feet into a pair of satin slippers. She reached for the loose, flimsy negligée, which hung over the foot of the bed, and slipping it over her smooth, shapely shoulders, stretched out her graceful, slender arms, yawned once or twice and stepped over to the dressing-table. Dropping wearily into the chair, she leaned her elbows on the lace scarf and gazed into the mirror.

She looked beautiful, even tho her eyes were heavy and sore from unrestful sleep. For Rita di Garma was a wonderful creature. Nature, God or someone had been extremely kind and generous to her. She gazed long into the mirror as she proceeded to inventory herself. Her classic features looked as tho they had been modeled from Grecian marble, and the touch of color in her cheeks made her as refreshing as the French roses set in a vase near the window. Her large brown eyes, fringed with long lashes, were sorrowful and heavily underlined, as the result of an almost sleepless night. She looked tired and worn. Her arched brows were black. But her lips were tinted with a rosy pink and shaped in a Cupid's bow. She was slight, not very tall, with a delicately poised figure. At that moment she differed a great deal from the rouged, painted, professional siren of the screen, whose Du Barry, Carmen and Cleopatra had proved sensations, and crowned her the greatest vampire of her age.

Rita di Garma was pleased with the reflection she studied in the mirror, for she was like the rest of her sex—conscious of her own personal beauty. She knew her appeal rested solely in her physical charm, which had made her the idol of millions who went to the theaters to see her, to admire her, and to study her wonderful toilettes. They would continue to go as long as she retained her youth and beauty, and when these were gone she would cease to attract. Then her salary would diminish and finally she would go down to decrepit old age, alone, just as thousands had gone before.

She sighed as she shook off this momentary reverie, and glanced about the luxurious boudoir of pink and gold, whose walls were covered with innumerable photographs of herself in various rôles. Then a rush of sadness swept over her as she thought of the strange happenings of the day before.

The maid presently returned, carrying a little tray with a blue china coffee-pot and some graham wafers, which she set on a small table near the window. She was French, tall, and slimly built, and her eyes were those of a patient, devoted servant.

"Your coffee, Mademoiselle."

"Not this morning, Fifi," said the girl in soft tones.

"Mademoiselle is not feeling well?" inquired the maid, as she lingered.

"I spent a most miserable night," replied Rita, with a sigh.

"This will refresh you," suggested Fifi, who stood before the tray.

"Oh, very well, if you insist," said her mistress.

"I am sure you will feel much better after you have sipped a little coffee," said the servant. Then, as she moved the table in front of the window, she added: "There, I put it here so you can look out. It'll be much pleasanter for you, Mademoiselle."

"You're a dear soul, Fifi, aren't you? Always concerned about my comfort," said Rita with a faint smile, as she seated herself before the tray and began pouring the coffee into one of the little china cups.

"It's a long journey you took yesterday, Mademoiselle," ventured the maid. "I fear it was too much for you, and the road to Tunbridge Wells does need a bit of fixing, you know."

The hand holding the delicate coffee-pot trembled and hesitated, as a troubled frown stole over the countenance of Rita. Her eyelids closed for an instant, as she endeavored to screen from her vision the painful scene, recalled by the words of her servant.

"Y-yes, the road was rough," she said nervously. Then, as she turned and noticed Fifi was about to leave, she added: "Bring me the morning papers, please."

"Which one, Mademoiselle?" inquired the maid.

"Er, all of them," replied Rita, as she sipped her coffee. "I've got a picture at the Cinema Theater next week, and I want to see if there's anything in the papers about it."

When the girl had left the room, Rita pushed aside the tray. She gazed out of the window upon the sunlit lawn, spread like a green mantle before her bungalow, which was one of the most attractive in Golder's Green. The quaint little village, with its narrow, winding roads; its pleasant walks and lanes, with rows of high, green hedges, and its charming bungalows, with their pretty gardens, made this place one of the most picturesque of London's suburbs.

Springtime in Surrey is always an inspiration, and Rita was usually one of the first to forsake the sultry London atmosphere at this season of the year, for the rural district, with its soothing sunshine and beauty—she

found real peace and happiness, even in her apparent solitude. Altho it was a long ride from Golder's Green to the studio, it was shortened by Rita's appreciation of the beauties along the way. She made the journey each morning in her car, and found the chill, crisp air decidedly invigorating; so that she usually arrived at the studio in excellent spirits to begin the day's duties. When not engaged at the studio, she lived the life of a recluse and spent most of her leisure hours in her bungalow or about the grounds and garden, of which she was especially proud. She seldom went into town, unless it was to shop, or occasionally to take tea at the Ritz.

Rita acted strange and unnatural this morning. Her gaze rested on the long, straight road which lay in front of her bungalow, and stretched far beyond the village until it linked Golder's Green with Richmond. A pony and cart jaunted along, but Rita paid no heed to the occasional activities of the village. She seemed totally unconscious of everything about her; for her nerves were keyed high, and strained by the great tragedy she had witnessed the day before. She was brooding painfully, and was unmindful of the gentle breeze which fanned the loose strands of her hair into little ringlets, and tossed them against her cheeks. It also wafted the perfume of flowers thru the open window. She always enjoyed their fragrance, but this morning nothing was able to ease her troubled mind. The night had been one of terror, for Rita, and she had spent it in feverish restlessness as she struggled to erase the tragic scene from her memory. As conflicting emotions surged thru her brain she felt a yearning to cry out. She wished she might tell someone everything. If she did, she questioned whether she would be understood. In misery and deep despair she pictured the stern hand of the law reaching towards her, to demand justice.

When Fifi entered she found her mistress still seated before the window, where she had left her, gazing dreamily into the distance.

"The papers, Mademoiselle," said the maid as she handed them to Rita.

Then she removed the tray from the table and started to leave the room. As she reached the door, she hesitated.

"Is that all, Mademoiselle?" she inquired as she turned towards her mistress.

"That's all—for now," returned Rita, as she waited for her departure.

The girl stepped into the hall. She was just about to close the door when Rita added: "By the way, Fifi, if anyone calls, please say I am out. I do not feel well enough to see anyone, today."

"Very well, Mademoiselle." And Fifi closed the door.

When Rita heard the maid's footsteps descending the stairs, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then she arose and going to the door, quietly turned the key, and, assuring herself it was locked, returned to the table. She picked up one of the papers with trembling fingers and glanced over the first page. There seemed to be plenty of news, judging from the startling black headlines. Three more U-boats had been sunk by British destroyers in the English Channel, just off Calais; the Italians were preparing for a big offensive against the Austrians; Lloyd George had made a stirring speech the day before in the House of Commons and the American Secretary of War announced that there were now about 500,000 United States troops on the Western Front. These were some of the news items which occupied a considerable part of the first page, and Rita glanced over them hurriedly. Then she opened the paper and looked over the second page, and then the third, and so on, until she reached the last page. Convinced that it did not contain what she was looking for, she threw it aside.

Then she picked up the Telegraph and likewise studied it, with the same result, after which she looked thru the Times, Mail, News and Mirror. She was relieved to discover they contained not a single line of the story she had believed would not be overlooked by any of them.

Finally she spread the Chronicle out on the table. Almost instantly a glaring head-line, extending across the top of two columns, on the front page, attracted her attention. She dropped into a chair and bending over the newspaper read each line of the story, slowly and carefully. It was all there. In well-written words, it gave a lengthy description of the strange disappearance of Arthur Gebhardt; the visit of Brenon Hodges to Scotland Yard; the finding of the hat and wallet on Hungerford Bridge, followed by the dramatic discovery of his body in the Victoria Studios. Pliny Shorn, a camera-man, had been taken to Scotland Yard and questioned. But, his statement had disclosed nothing of any great importance, aside from his having seen a car—dark blue—leave the studio yard, shortly before the crime was discovered. No arrests had been made, the story admitted, but Inspector Henry of Scotland Yard was following up several important clues!

As Rita finished, the paper slipped from her trembling fingers to the floor. She stared straight before her as she repeated the words she had just read: "car—dark blue!" A sickening fear took complete possession of her as she recalled this portion of the camera-man's statement. Then she stooped over, picked up the paper and studied the words "disclosed nothing of any importance." There was grim mockery in each syllable. She had heard of those men of Scotland Yard and their ability to trace criminals—to solve mysteries, with the aid of the smallest clues. They never rested. They were experts in the business of man hunting. Until they found the owner of that "dark blue car," they would never give up the search!

Her entire being trembled with fear, for she knew of the danger which threatened her. Her soul seemed to cry out in despair. Tears came to her eyes as she realized her utter helplessness. They rolled down her soft cheeks, now colorless; for she made no effort to conceal her sorrow. For some time, she sat there, silently weeping. When she had finished, she felt better.

Then came the reaction, in the form of grim defiance, and her tear-stained countenance was overshadowed with resoluteness. Her eyes filled with the light of self-confidence, while her pretty, red lips were firmly set with determination. She had regained complete control of herself now, and she laughed hysterically as she recalled the fear which had filled her breast but a moment before.

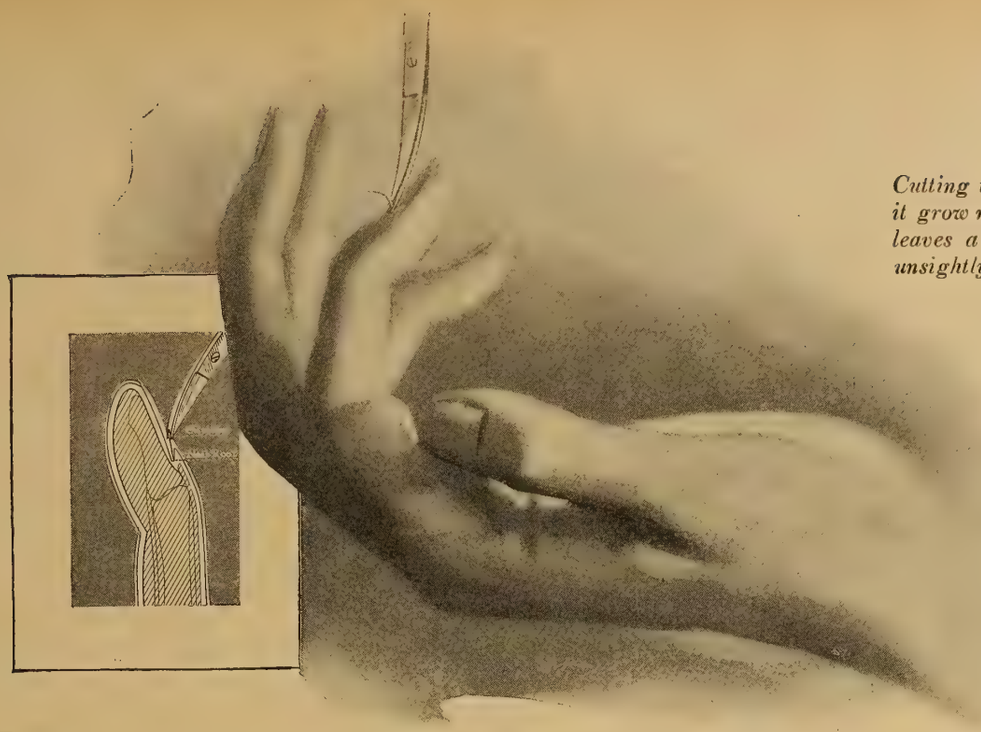
"What if the car was dark blue?" she mused. "There were plenty in London: several members of the Victoria Studio owned cars of that color. The camera-man had admitted he saw no one in the car. That was sufficient. Then too, hadn't she been in Tunbridge Wells yesterday? She could prove this, if necessary. Her chauffeur could swear he had driven her there, and she dined at the King's Hotel, opposite the Common. Why, her name on the register; for she had taken a room, in order to prepare before dinner. Then too, Harry Goodwins could bear out this testimony. For he was in the dining-room with some friends when she entered, and later came over to her table, and chatted with her for several minutes. Scotland Yard would have difficulty in refuting that evidence. Of course, it was not, perhaps, just the sort of a thing a thoroly nice girl would do, and there were many people who would strongly censure her for riding about the country, with her chauffeur, unchaperoned, especially at night. But, this might be explained: for others, in search of adventure, had been just as unscrupulous."

Then, suddenly her entire attitude changed. "Suppose it should be discovered that the dark blue car did belong to Rita di Garma, and that she had really been to the studio? Suppose the newspapers should learn the truth about Arthur Gebhardt and herself!" She pondered for some moments, before she attempted to answer this question. Then, with the same reassurance, she decided, even if the truth reached the public, her position would remain unimpaired. "True, she had been somewhat indiscreet. But, she had acted just as any girl would have acted, under the circumstances. Had she done otherwise, she would not have been loyal even to herself."

With these thoughts surging thru her mind she arose and, slipping off her negligée entered the bath-room for her morning shower. She looked considerably refreshed, when she emerged a few minutes later, and the color had returned to her cheeks. After arranging her hair, before her dressing-table, she selected a little grey, one-piece frock, from her wardrobe. It was most becoming to her and revealed her finely formed body. When she had finished she surveyed herself in the full-length mirror, and was pleased. There was an air of sweet freshness about her which was soothing and fragrant.

As she stood gazing at her reflection in the glass, a gentle tap sounded on the door.

(*Continued on page* 86)



Cutting the cuticle makes it grow more quickly and leaves a ragged, rough, unsightly edge

The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows

Why cutting makes it rough, uneven

How to have lovely, shapely nails without cutting the cuticle

WHEN you trim the cuticle around your nails you cannot help cutting into the live part which protects the delicate nail root.

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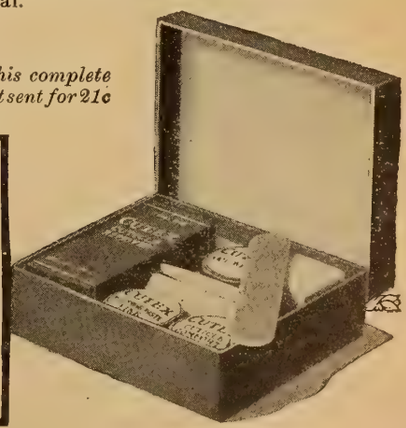

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

GOOD MORNING! Here's something special. My work has become so engrossing that I cannot give everyone a personal answer. Heretofore I have tried to answer everybody, but now I am so swamped that it is almost impossible. However, I want to hear from you all anyway.

EDWARD F.—Answering your question as to whether the casino at Monte Carlo was open during the war, would say that it was open as a hospital and not as a gambling place. Monte Carlo is enthusiastically French. I think, in spite of all they say, the Ford is a rattling good car, and the Erie is a rattling good road.

DIXIE.—Shirley Mason is with Paramount. Thomas Ince is now located in his new studio at Culver City, and they say it is the last word in motion picture producing.

KITTIE B.—You certainly are devoted. Devotion is the last love of woman, Kittie B. Elmo Lincoln is not E. K. Lincoln. Mary Miles Minter is playing opposite Alan Forest in "Rosemary Climbs the Heights." You can reach Anita Stewart and Lois Weber, Los Angeles, California.

MARJORIE M.—No, I am not an up-to-date dresser. Man is a sort of tree, which we are too apt to judge of, by the bark. Lila Lee has been in New York recently. Sylvia Breamer is about 24 years old, black eyes, black hair and hails from Australia.

BROWN EYES.—Yes, indeed, 77. Old age is a tyrant that forbids the pleasures of youth under pain of death, but I have not yet arrived at that age. Mabel Normand is not married. Julia Dean is on the stage now, and had the lead in "Ruling Passions."

HELEN L.—The players you mention, excepting Mary Pickford, use their own names. Dolores Cassinelli has just finished playing opposite E. K. Lincoln in "Stars of Glory." I have no complaint, but many think that Life resembles a cup of clear water which becomes muddy as we drink it. Louise Huff was Nancy in "The Sea Waif." Let'er go!

METTA D. H.—No, I didn't know Queen Victoria, but I once saw her. Hers was the longest and most prosperous reign in the history of England. She ascended the throne in 1837, and reigned for over sixty years. You perhaps remember her wonderful funeral. Theda Bara was Lolette in "The She Devil." Charles Chaplin, of course. Olga Petrova is about 35 years old.

SMILES.—All right, but you must sign your name. I am always glad to see Smiles, but—obey your daddy. You say I am like a Waterman pen, a fountain of wit, etc., for which I thank you, unbelieving you. Faire Binney was Kitty in "Sporting Life."

NELDA F.—Cant very well answer you here.

???.—There is no time like the pleasant. The fact that you are reading this column now, proves it. You refer to Robert Gordon.

TONEY AND GANTE.—One of you talks too much. Which one? Here's to your man who says nothing; he is an unknown quantity. But your man who says too much is a quantity not worth knowing. So you dont care for Annette Kellermann. Did you know that in China they were giving $3.00 a seat to see "A Daughter of the Gods." Wonder what those marvelous Chinks would pay to see Annette in real life. Perhaps half that only, for often a star is more pleasing in reel life. Stop in again.

CAROLINE MCB.—Sweet Caroline! Sooth, child, sooth! Reserve is becoming as an ornament, but have you ever noticed that the man who professes to admire a "reserved woman" somehow always treats her as if she were being reserved for someone else. We had a cover of Wallace Reid in February, 1916. Yes, it's the best. I have not yet decided whether I shall run for President in 1920 or not. It's easy enough to be President. All you have to do is to be nominated and elected.

KAXEZO.—Jules Rancourt was Pierrot in "Prunella." It cant be, why oil was found 2,000 years ago and was quoted by Herodotus. Billie Rhodes, in "The Girl of My Dreams." Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, Ethel Barrymore and May Allison are playing in comedy now.

L. R. O.—Mary Pickford and David in "Less Than Dust." Henry Kolker and William Roselle in "Gloria." Flora Parker De Haven in "Madcap," Iva Shepard and John Sampolis in "Salamander." Marie Osborne is playing in "Dolly's Vacation."

LONESOME.—Well, write me often. Better join one of the correspondence clubs—list upon request. New lists of manufacturers are now out. Yes, indeed, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, long ago, won a place in the sun.

E. A. C., ROCHESTER.—Twins? Good for you. Congratulations. That's economy, study the multiplication table. Florence Short in "The Eagle's Eye. Willard Louis was the Baron in Kultur (Fox).

ROSE F.—It was not Irving, but Swift who said, "Books are the children of the brain." "Ramona" was produced, oh, about four years ago. Charlotte Walker and Thomas Meighan in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Have you been napping?

WYONA S.—The hardest work in the world is to do nothing. Conway Tearle and Violet Heming in "The Judgment House," a dandy picture, but not very popular. No, but Niles Welch played in "The Secret of the Storm Country." You can just bet I drink plenty of buttermilk in the day. That's the thing when you're dry to keep you spry.

JULIA B. H.—On page 99 of November—Carol Holloway. Conway Tearle was the prince in "The Fall of the Romanoffs." You refer to Milton, who, when asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, replied, "No, one tongue is sufficient for a woman." This same quotation was referred to not so long ago.

ALICE MC.—Wasn't that Alfred Vosburg? Hail, Hale Hamilton, for he is soon to be seen in "Five Thousand an Hour." Not so bad for Hale.

Why envy the girl with the faultless complexion? Once possibly, you had the same charming, radiant skin, but failed to give it the attention it required. You allowed impurities to steal into the tiny pores of your skin,—

they set up irritation,—they caused disfiguring eruptions, both embarrassing and painful. Before you may know again the charm of a lovely skin these impurities must be removed,—stamped out.

The healing medication that Resinol Soap contains is prepared for just such treatment. Don't suffer embarrassment longer—commence tonight the proper cleansing and stimulating treatment this soap gives.

Sold by all druggists.

Resinol Soap

The Answer Man

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Those were the happy days. So you think it takes a lot of courage to write to me. Well, I'm going to be good—hell's no place for me. Always expected to go there, but it's too full of Germans. I'm convinced that it's no place for a gentleman. Which reminds me of a fellow, who on being asked by a pious parson, if he was prepared to meet his God, replied, "No, but what I'm most 'feared of is the fellow at the other end."

MARION C. W. F.—George MacDaniel was Nigel and Casson Ferguson was G. Seldon and Albert Roscoe was Lord Dustan in "The Shuttle." Julian Eltinge is not married. I suppose he never found a man to suit him. Yes, but avarice is criminal poverty. J. Francis Murphy is the dean of American art. One of his landscapes recently sold for $16,500.00.

WANDA D. C.—Some day you hope to become as famous as U-53 and Olga 17. Maybe you will, but you will have to go some to keep going. Thanks, about the complimentary remarks about my department. My hat wont fit me tomorrow.

100% CANADIAN.—Good for you. Every one for his own country. As the dark complected man says, the razor is my flag. Wouldn't want to be around when he waves it. No, to your first. Monroe Salisbury was born in New York. Frank Borzage is with Triangle. W. Thompson and Marjorie Wilson, in "The Eye of the Night." Certainly.

BLUE-EYED VIOLET.—'Course, I admire pretty hair. Yes, yes, but the toilette of a woman is an altar erected by self love of vanity. Enid Markey is playing in "Up in Mabel's Room." Benjamin Wilson in "Silas Marner," the old Edison. Gladys Hulette and Gertrude McCoy.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, Alice Brady. Casson Ferguson in "How Could You, Jean?" Rhea Mitchell in "Boston Blackie's Little Pal." Radcliffe Fellowes in "The Man Hunt."

CONSTANCE No. 2; DOTTY; M. P. A.; ANNA R. E.; DONNA McI.; ELENORE O. C.; CORP. L. W.; ELIZABETH K.; RACHAEL V.; R. V.; JANETTE M.; STEWART K.; MARIETTE J.; MISS P. M.; GIRL SCOUT.—Your letters have been answered elsewhere. Call again, and welcome.

RAILROAD JACK.—Hello, Jack! You want to know the definition of currency. I should define it as something obsolete, formerly carried by people of means, and by others for purpose of display. Dont remember that other letter of yours.

T. J. Q.—Send along the cake. Every day is my birthday. Why wait until then? Just had one. You are mighty fortunate to have such a friend. It is easy to find a lover and to retain a friend. What is difficult is to find the friend to retain the lover. Radcliffe Fellowes in "The Wasp."

OLWIN K.—Thanks for the picture. I enjoyed your letter very much.

EDWARD G.—September 6 to 10, 1914, was the date of the first battle of the Marne. Isn't it wonderful to realize that the great war is over! Jack Sherrill was the leading man in "The Crucible of Lies." Helen Holmes is out West. Yes, I smoke, drink, but dont chew. Swear occasionally, curses not loud, but deep.

WOP.—Your joke reminds me of one on Homer. "That Homer should a bankrupt be, is not so very Odd-d'ye-see; if it be true as I am instructed, so Ill-he-had his books conducted." Marguerite Clayton in "Hit the Trail Holliday." I saw the stage play a couple of years ago and it was no better than the film.

MARN J. C.—Dont be superstitious, nor sceptical. Superstition renders a man a fool, and scepticism makes him mad. Florence Dagmar in "The Clown." John Bowers in "The Reward of Patience." Winifred Kingston "A Son of Erin."

VIRGINIA.—Next! William Fox has signed William Farnum for $780,000 a year. Just figure it out for 365 days. Anna Q. Nilsson and Bryant Washburn will play in "The Way of a Man With a Maid." It ought to be good. Elliott Dexter was formerly on the stage. He was not in the "Oliver Twist" picture.

LUCRETIA D.—Your letter was a gem. I should say, pure.

BLOSSOM RODE.—Never mind. Syracuse is on the map. And it's surrounded by New York State on all four sides. Jack Sherrill and Mabel Withee in "Once to Every Man." Well if we were all what we think ourselves to be, what a perfect world this would be.

C. U. H. S.—I dont blame you in the least. To discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man. Dont do it. No, Mary Pickford has no child. There's no flies on my head in that picture at the top of this department. You're seeing things.

TOPPY AND TOPSY.—Yours was clever. Yes, a dual rôle in "The Ordeal of Rosetta."

VIVIAN M.—Jas. Dowling in "Madam Who," Bluebird. Rhea Mitchell in "Boston Blackie's Little Pal." Carol Holloway in "The Fighting Trail." So you think that woman is the sweetest present that God has given man. Not having enjoyed such a gift I cant agree, nor disagree.

HELEN DE; DORA DICK; CLARRINNE M.; M. M. K.; SWEET SIXTEEN; WARDA D.; IRMA C.; BEATRICE P.; ANNA O.; D. E. S.; SCOTTIE; LENORE G.; GEORGIE L. S.; L. M. K.; ALEEN ELLIOTT; ELAINE; PATTY L.; RUTH H.; BOB HALL PALTATION; CHRISTINE G.; IVA W.; ROSE F.; VICKY VAN; GEO. WALSH ADMIRER; MRS. C. K.; MISS E. A. S.—Sorry I cant give you individual answers. But space does not permit, and your clever effusives did not give me the divine inflatus.

GERTRUDE S.—I believe in vaccination—that is, when the patient is inoculated with the pleasant medicine from this department. It prevents the blues, if not the small-pox. You think I ought to use rain water for my bald head. The profundity of your remark is past my comprehension. Is it jest a jest?

MARGARET F.—Bert Lytell is with Metro. Robert Harron is with Paramount, and Marguerite Fisher is with American. No, I'm not hiding behind my camouflage. You want to know, if I know the answer to the conundrum: "What are two things everybody wants and are ashamed to be seen in?" I thought everybody knew the answer to that. A Ford car and a bath-tub. Prithee, desist, Percival, lest this become a joke department, which would become it not. Let's be more serious and sensible, and less frivolous. In other words, kindly cheese it.

MOVIE ANNIE.—Frank Bennett was the lead in "Stage Struck." Vernon Steele in "Hearts Afire." Julies Rancourt in "At First Sight." Blanche Chapman was Mrs. Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch."

L. G. S.—So you think I am rising in the world. Only when I enter a Fifth Avenue bus. You know the higher we rise, the harder will be the fall. But it is easier to slide down a ladder than to climb up. No, Florine Walz is not an actress. Alice Brady in "The Spurs of Sybil."

RACHEL E.—Thanks for yours, it was mighty interesting.

T. F. FITZPATRICK, 209 WINNEPAGO AVE., LA CROSSE, WIS., would like to have the September issue of THE CLASSIC. Upon receipt of same he will pay 20 cents. We are entirely sold out. Help!

DORIS KENYON ADMIRER.—All right, go ahead, and see who can ask the most foolish question. I enjoy reading them. Yes, the President stopped at Buckingham Palace. That's the cheapest palace in England, because it was bought for a crown and kept up by a sovereign. (Stand a little back, reader, these are apt to happen at any minute!)

JANE K.—So you think I'm a jolly old sport. You've got the right idea. No, I didn't see Ethel Clayton in "Women's Weapons." I always did like Ethel. Thought she was one woman who knew how to wear clothes.

FANNIE Z.; MAIL DRIVER; WELDE DARE; BETH; ELLEN S.; HELEN F.; JACK'S FRIEND; LAWRENCE D.; MARGARET R.; KATHERINE M.; LEROY P.; and JENNIE B.—Nothing doing. Better luck next time. You must ask something original or try to stir me up from my lethargy.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Instant Bunion Relief

Prove It FREE

Instant, soothing relief from pain just as though that swollen, throbbing, aching bunion were touched by a fairy's magic wand—that's the marvelous result of the first application of FAIRYFOOT no matter how old, large or painful your bunion may be. It sounds incredible. Perhaps you have tried so many appliances, pads, shields, liquids, etc., that you honestly doubt the possibility of there being such quick relief. But a single trial will **prove** it—beyond the shadow of a doubt.

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We have proved to more than 72,000 bunion suffers in the last six months that FAIRYFOOT instantly banishes bunion pain. It draws out the inflammation and literally melts away the unsightly enlargement. All this while you wear your regular shoes, tight as ever, and soon your foot is restored to its normal shape and condition.

Thousands upon thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. You will do the same once you have tried it. For remember, it doesn't make a bit of difference how many so called cures you have used —you have not as yet tried FAIRYFOOT—and we have such absolute confidence in it that we are going to send it to you just for the asking.

Fairyfoot Accomplishes Wonders

I can't find words in the English dictionary that would fit to praise the wonderful work which FAIRYFOOT has done for me. I am very pleased with the remarkable results. — Mrs. E. Weeks, 326 W. 52nd St., New York City.

Conquered the Pain Instantly

I am an elderly lady and have been troubled with bunions nearly all my life and am glad to say that from the time I began using your FAIRYFOOT I have never had a pain.—Mrs. Scott, 6439 Wade Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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FAIRYFOOT is the very best thing I have found yet and I have tried everything. The soreness is all gone and the swelling nearly gone. I shall tell all my friends for I am so well pleased with it.—Mrs. Chas. T. Morse, Walloomsac, N. Y.

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I am very much pleased with FAIRYFOOT. My feet feel fine. The foot that was all inflamed is entirely cured.—Agnes Siegler, 418 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Every word you say in regard to FAIRYFOOT is truth. My bunions were very much inflammed and enlarged, could not wear shoes with comfort, used FAIRYOOT and now can walk with ease. — Gertrude A. Koser, 1630½ N. 5th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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FAIRYFOOT is a wonder. My bunions were of more than fifteen years' standing and I suffered agony winter and summer until I started to use your FAIRYFOOT. My foot is now once more restored and I walk around with perfect ease and comfort. — C. W. Paulk, Sellers, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

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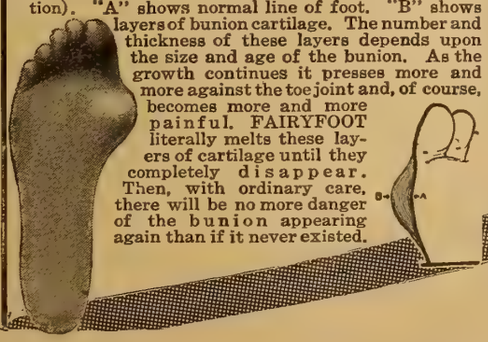
If you could examine a transverse section of a bunion under a microscope you would see that it is composed of a series of layers of cartilage very much the same as the layers of an onion. (See small illustration). "A" shows normal line of foot. "B" shows layers of bunion cartilage. The number and thickness of these layers depends upon the size and age of the bunion. As the growth continues it presses more and more against the toe joint and, of course, becomes more and more painful. FAIRYFOOT literally melts these layers of cartilage until they completely disappear. Then, with ordinary care, there will be no more danger of the bunion appearing again than if it never existed.



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(*Continued from page* 80)

"Mademoiselle!... It is Fifi, Mademoiselle!" cried the voice outside, somewhat impatiently.

Rita went over to the door and unlocked it. The maid entered and paused just inside the room.

She asked: "Did you want something?"

"There is a gentleman, downstairs, Mademoiselle," answered Fifi.

As she heard this, Rita swung around and faced her. "I said I could see no one today, Fifi," she said, slightly irritated. "I thought I was quite explicit."

"I remember, Mademoiselle," said the servant, as she emphasized each word with a bow. "I—I told him that. I said you were out, Mademoiselle, and then he said he would wait. And then I told him you were ill and could not see anybody today. Then he said he must see you."

"Did he give you a card?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"He didn't say he had one, Mademoiselle," said Fifi as she stared at her mistress. "He said he is a friend, and must see you. It was very important, he said."

"What sort of a looking chap is he?" inquired Rita, who was growing nervous.

"He is not what you call a chap, Mademoiselle," explained the maid. "He is much old, and very big. I think he looks ugly. And very angry, too. I think he will stay until he sees Mademoiselle."

Rita was silent for a moment. She stood gazing at Fifi, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Finally she shook off the reflection. "Where is he, now?" she added.

"In the drawing-room, Mademoiselle."

"Tell him I will be down in a moment," she said.

"I will tell him, Mademoiselle," replied the girl as she backed out, closing the door as she went.

A little later, as Inspector Henry sat in the drawing-room, a young woman entered.

The inspector arose and advanced to meet her. "Miss di Garma?" he said, smiling.

"Yes," she replied pleasantly.

"I regret having disturbed you," he said half apologetically, "but my mission is rather important.

"I see," said Rita calmly as she seated herself beside a big mahogany table in the center of the room.

"For reasons, which you will appreciate, I did not announce myself to your maid," continued the Inspector, as he sat down opposite her. "I am Inspector Henry, of Scotland Yard."

His cold, calculating eyes studied her rather closely as he said this. But, if he counted on his words causing some surprise, he was mistaken; for Rita merely nodded.

"You have seen the morning Chronicle?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Then you undoubtedly read the story about the tragedy at the Victoria Studios?" he continued.

"It was dreadful, wasn't it?" added Rita as she met his gaze.

"Most unfortunate," emphasized the inspector. Then, as he half turned in his chair and faced her, he continued: "You are a member of the Victoria Company, aren't you?"

"I have been with them for the past three years," Rita informed him.

"In what capacity, may I ask?"

"My contract stipulates 'star'," replied the girl, rather modestly.

"I see. Who is your director?"

"Mr. Frank Lloyd."

"Are you appearing in this picture he's making now? I think he calls it 'The Screen Mystery,' doesn't he?"

"Yes, I'm playing the lead."

"Were you working yesterday?"

"No, I wasn't needed," replied Rita. "They took some scenes in which I dont appear," she explained. "These included one or two 'exteriors,' and an 'interior,' in the studio."

"Now then, were you at the studio yesterday?" He eyed her rather severely as he spoke.

"N-no," replied the girl, as her gaze shifted from him to the floor.

"You did not visit it, at any time, during the day?" pressed the inspector.

"I was in Tunbridge Wells yesterday," was her evasive reply.

"You knew Arthur Gebhardt, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"In fact, you knew him very well. That is so, isn't it?"

"We were quite friendly," she admitted, her countenance growing gradually serious.

"You went out with him, occasionally?"

"Frequently."

"How long had you known him?"

"About two years."

"He was an intimate friend of yours, wasn't he, Miss di Garma?"

"Our friendship was merely platonic," she informed him.

"He had been your guest here on numerous occasions, hadn't he?"

"I have entertained him here. But, never alone; there were always others present," she hastened to explain.

The Inspector was quite pleased with the progress he was making. "In fact, you were quite fond of him, weren't you?" he continued.

"I admired Arthur Gebhardt," she admitted. "He was very clever. Most women are susceptible to the influence of such men—men who have done things. I was impressed with the man and his work."

"Had you seen him recently?"

"The last time I saw him was the day before yesterday," she replied.

As she said this her gaze met the scrutiny of the man across the table, and the frankness he saw in her eyes puzzled him. He was almost inclined to believe her, even tho his better judgment told him she was acting.

"He came to this house Tuesday evening, didn't he?"

"No. I dined with him at the Ritz," replied Rita, with emphasis. For she was irritated over the inspector's presumption, and the frown which swept over her countenance as she spoke, showed that she made no effort to conceal her displeasure. Up until then she had been rather pleased with her caller, who had been most courteous. His tone had been calm and his manner extremely suave and affable, which made her feel entirely at ease.

"Upon his invitation?" he continued.

"At my request," she promptly replied.

"From that, I presume it was a special occasion," he mused.

"It was most important," Rita admitted.

"May I ask what prompted it?" inquired the inspector, with increasing curiosity.

Her features remained expressionless for a while, as her gaze rested on the Japanese rug at her feet. After a few seconds of silence she looked up somewhat startled. She shrugged her shoulders rather prettily, and as the inspector studied her face it seemed to alter subtly as she replied:

"I had learnt something on that day," she said, "and my purpose in meeting him that evening was to inform him that our friendship would have to cease."

"Which, of course, he did not treat seriously," suggested the inspector.

"Unfortunately, he did not," she agreed, as her voice saddened. "He was a man, you must remember. He was prepared to relinquish everything, but I was firm in my decision. I returned the presents he had given me, and told him I would never be at home to him in the future." Her voice faltered as she spoke the last sentence and her words were hardly audible.

"You had learnt he was a married man—that he had a wife in America," he said thoughtfully.

Rita was surprised at this conclusion, and, with her courage rising, she quickly took advantage of it.

"Y-yes," she faltered.

"What time did you leave him, Tuesday night?" he went on.

"I left him in the Locust Room of the Ritz, about eleven o'clock."

"Where did you go, from there?"

"My car was waiting, and my chauffeur drove me home—alone."

"At the very moment you were dining with Gebhardt at the Ritz, he was supposed to be missing," the Inspector remarked.

(*To be continued*)

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Greenroom Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere in Playerdom

The most important news of the month is that Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks will pool their interests and form their own releasing plans. This is called the "Big Five" combination. The plan is to cut out the middleman distributor and release their products direct to the exhibitor.

There is also a hint prevalent that Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet and Jack Pickford will join the stellar club.

'Tis said that Ignace J. Paderewski, the pianist and Polish patriot who has been acclaimed the first President of Poland, has signed a motion picture contract to present to the world the traditions, ideas and aspirations of Poland.

D. W. Griffith has engaged Richard Barthelmess to play leading rôles under his direction for one year.

H. B. Warner has resigned from the leading rôle of the successful New York stage play "Sleeping Partners" in order to fulfill a two years' contract in pictures for the Robertson Cole Co.

Because of her capable work in "Dont Change Your Husband," Gloria Swanson has been placed under a two years' contract by Famous Players-Lasky.

Pearl White's next serial will be from the pen of Robert W. Chambers. It will be taken from a series of stories which ran in a popular magazine under the title, "In Secret."

Wallace MacDonald has been mustered out of the Canadian army and, upon his arrival in Los Angeles, California, was immediately engaged as Mae Marsh's leading man.

Mr. Lumière, the well-known photographer, is negotiating to form a $4,000,000 picture company to be known as the Lumière Film Company.

Snow blindness, contracted several years ago in Alaska and annoyingly recurrent at this season, kept Rex Beach from accompanying Director Reginald Barker and the members of the company appearing in the film version of his novel "The Brand," to the Sierra Nevadas for snow scenes.

It is reported that Chaplin is to close shop and globe-trot. The world having seen Chaplin, he will now see the world.

Lois Wilson and Kathleen Kirkman will support Frank Keenan in his new feature for Pathé. Barney Sherry and William V. Mong are also in the cast.

Pat O'Malley's home in Hollywood was robbed the day before Christmas of $250 in Liberty Bonds, $155 in cash and six pairs of silk stockings.

Madlaine Traverse recently won a silver cup as a prize in a dancing contest held on the "Ship" at Venice, California.

Doris Lee is again working opposite Charlie Ray in his new picture now in course of production.

THE APRIL CLASSIC

THE CLASSIC has been called **THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.** With its striking pictures, its artistic page arrangements, its splendid rotogravure printing, each issue is a thing of genuine charm. But **THE CLASSIC** is something more than a mere beautiful book. It is leading the way—in thought—for the photoplay. The foremost authorities are considering the most vital questions of the silverscreen on its pages.

Among the April features, for instance, are:

Sensational articles by **KENNETH MACGOWAN** and **FREDERICK JAMES SMITH.**

An interview with **CHARLIE CHAPLIN** that at last presents the real—and many-sided—comedian to the public. The chat reveals the able writer, **HARRY C. CARR,** at his best.

A novel talk with **HENRY GSELL** in the form of a one-act comedy. You'll laugh over this.

Intimate "personality" talks with **GRACE DARMOND, OLIVE THOMAS, CORINNE GRIFFITH** and other favorites you'll be delighted to meet.

The fictionized photoplays—ably told in story form—include the newest **ALICE BRADY, CHARLIE RAY** and **MAY ALLISON** pictures.

Then there's the latest honor roll of **FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST** beauties.

THE CELLULOID CRITIC considers all the newest photoplays in his crisp, critical style.

If the **APRIL CLASSIC** isn't the best all 'round motion picture magazine you've ever glimpsed, well—

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"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."

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Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

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Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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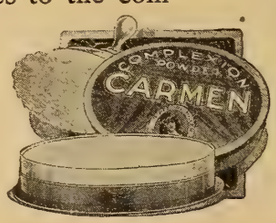

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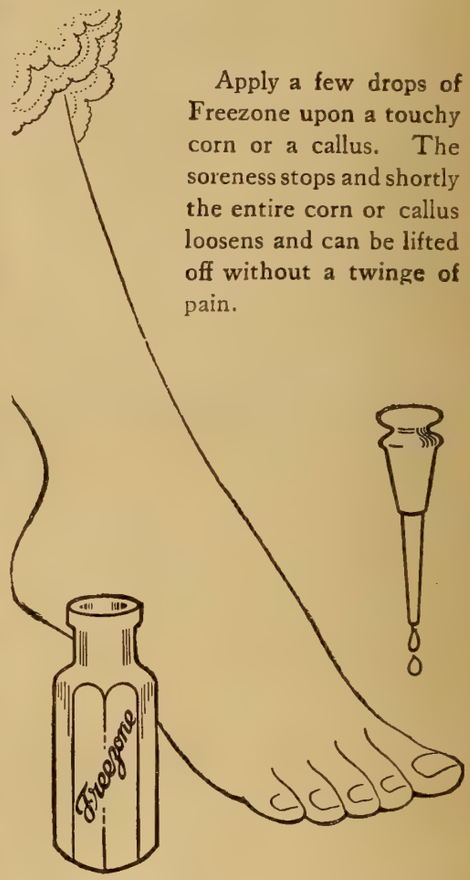

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

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By F. H. Drummond

A Gripping Success Story That Will Make All Ambitious Men and Women Ask Themselves the Question: "Why Can't I Do the Same?"

I will never forget the words of Charles M. Schwab, the biggest steel manufacturer in the world, who began life as a poor boy at a dollar a day. He said: "Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful people than there are forceful people to fill them. . . Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized brains—and faithful, loyal service. No one has a corner on success. It is always up at auction; the one who pays the most for it gets it. Whatever you resolve to be you can be." Emerson tells us that our most important asset is not what we are, but what we are capable of being.

But to go on with my story. I was 18 years of age, living in Farmington, Ill., which at that time was a town of 1,800 inhabitants. I had no trade, no special training for anything, no idea of what I wanted to be in life—except that I wanted to be a success. I took stock of my surroundings. Here I was, in a town of limited opportunity. I had the choice of working in the mines, the mill, one of the general stores, or possibly the bank, as a life prospect. Frankly, it didn't appeal to me. I shrank at the thought of living a life that so many people go through in small towns. They get a half-way decent living wage and are content with it. Thousands of them die, never to know the great possibilities they had locked up in themselves.

I deplored the fact that I had no capital to start in business somewhere, not realizing that money is not the only real capital a man should have. I was not alive to the fact that a trained brain and conscience are the true success capital.

And so I asked myself what I could do to prepare myself for a successful business career. Shorthand appealed to me as being the logical study to embrace. This was impressed upon my mind from what I had seen others accomplish through it. Three of our former townsfolk—men who are today large figures in business in Detroit and Chicago—struck out for themselves in their youth, after learning shorthand, and through their knowledge of this art made a brilliant success in business.

As I reasoned it, shorthand would, first of all, assure me of a living wage no matter if I made further progress through it or not. On the other hand, I could use it for business no matter how far up the ladder I might go. It would be invaluable in taking down word-for-word conversations over the telephone; jotting down notes of meetings I might be called into; making quick memoranda of the hundred-and-one details that come up daily in business. In short, it would make me a more accurate and a more efficient business man.

As one of them explained it to me, you can be a clerk or bookkeeper all your life and never get anywhere to speak of. With a shorthand writer it is different. You come in direct personal contact with the executives of the business—the men who are conducting it. From them you take dictation of the innermost things in that business and gradually absorb everything in connection with it. In this way you fit yourself to take on more and more responsibility, relieving the heads of the business of details with which you are perfectly familiar. Naturally, you become more and more valuable as your capacity to take responsibility grows greater, and in this way work yourself up into the business.

I asked the advice of a number of older acquaintances whom I knew were shorthand writers, and was encouraged by them to take up its study. The principal drawback seemed to be the time it was necessary to devote to the study in order to become master of its intricacies and a proficient writer. It seemed, however, that this was a necessary evil, and although somewhat discouraged at the prospect, I decided to enroll in the local business college.

While waiting for the new term to open, I chanced upon an advertisement of a shorthand which claimed as its principal merits, simplicity—no shading or position, a limited number of characters and rules to learn—yet absolute adequateness for any purpose for which shorthand could be used. This shorthand had been so arranged in lessons as to make it possible to learn it at home in a comparatively short time—and, as it was clearly stated in the advertisement, that if I was not satisfied with the Course, I could return it without charge to myself. I sent for it.

This was my first step in the right direction. I studied it diligently and within a week had learned all of the characters by heart, and after practicing for a month, felt so thoroughly the master of my newly gained knowledge that I decided to go to Chicago and seek a position immediately.

I felt that placing myself on my own resources in a large city would broaden me and make me a bigger man in every sense. It would call out the biggest things in me—make me rely upon myself and not lean upon friends and acquaintances for assistance and encouragement in business.

I secured a position as stenographer in a publishing house. Six months later I was made head stenographer at $30 a week. This brought me in frequent contact with the General Manager, who delegated more and more responsibility to me as time wore on.

In a little over a year I was made Office Manager. That was just seven years ago. Today I am Vice-President and General Manager with a small but growing interest in the business. My salary, with my bonus, netted me slightly in excess of $10,000 for 1918. In all these years of work in the various departments of the business of which I am now the directing head, I found my knowledge of shorthand to be invaluable and I use it today in many time-saving short-cuts.

It may be of interest to mention here the splendid progress which a younger sister of mine made by learning the same Course which I took. She was a saleswoman in one of the local stores at the time and studied evenings. In three months she secured a position as stenographer in a large Plow factory in Galesburg, Ill. Today she is the secretary to the Vice-President of the Company at a salary of $125 a month.

And now, as I look back to those days in Farmington, when Father proposed that I take a job as weigher in the mines, I think of the black prospects I had at that time. And I thank my stars that I had the courage of my convictions to prepare myself for something bigger and better—and Paragon Shorthand was the means of helping me make myself.

* * * * *

The story that Mr. Drummond recounts is the story of many of America's greatest business men. If you have read the stories of the lives of the principal figures in business in this country today, you will have noted that almost invariably their start to fame and fortune was through their ability to write Shorthand. Take such men as Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Frank C. Vanderlip, George B. Cortelyou, William Loeb, Jr., Edward Bok, and others too numerous to mention, and you will find that Shorthand was the instrument they used in carving out their marvelous careers.

Whether you are on the bottom or the top rung of the ladder, you will find Shorthand a wonderful aid to you in your climb to success. It will unlock the door to Opportunity more quickly than any other study you might undertake. It will prepare you for rapid advancement and groom you for the bigger job that is waiting for you.

The quickest, easiest and most inexpensive way to learn Shorthand is to learn the PARAGON System. You can learn it all in the evenings of a single week at home. It is the simplest, most easily mastered system of Shorthand in existence, totally different from the ponderously technical, involved and intricate old-time systems that require many months of study before they can be put to practical use.

Here, for instance, is a letter that is typical of the experience of thousands of Paragon Shorthand writers:

"Enclosed please find my check for $5 for the Paragon Shorthand Course. I don't see how you can afford to sell it at such a low figure. I thought it next to impossible (until I tried it) to believe that any system could be so concise, short, simple, easy to learn and remember and still authentic. I compared the knowledge I have attained after but ten evenings' study to that of a student of a commercial school who has been giving his undivided time to it for three months, and candidly, I can write and read much more than he can. The difference in time, expense and the amount to learn is all in favor of Paragon. A. L. S.
Savannah, Ga."

Name on request.

You can use Paragon Shorthand for any purpose for which Shorthand can be used—for dictation, taking down telephone messages, speeches, conferences, sermons, lectures, lessons, court testimony—anything and everything. Business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk will find a knowledge of PARAGON Shorthand a great help to them. Fathers and mothers could give their sons and daughters nothing that would help them more quickly to be self-supporting than this simple Course of Paragon Shorthand. It is used in the largest corporations. Paragon is taught in Public and High Schools and Business Colleges in many of the largest cities.

For 25 years the Author has taught PARAGON Shorthand by mail, with examinations, at the regular fee of $25. He teaches it today in the classes of the Paragon Institute, one of the largest educational institutions of its kind in America, at a regular tuition fee of $50. In order that this valuable knowledge may be brought within the reach of everybody, the Author has arranged the Complete Course in two Volumes, with an ingenious self-examination method that enables everyone to learn PARAGON easily and quickly in the privacy of their own homes. This Course is identical in every respect with the one always taught by the Author by correspondence for $25, and the one taught in the Paragon Institute for $50.

To give everyone an opportunity to satisfy themselves of the amazing simplicity of PARAGON Shorthand and its adequacy for all purposes, the Paragon Institute Home Study Department will gladly send you the Complete Course of Seven Lessons on seven days free trial, to use just as if it were your own. You are not required to pay a penny in advance. You obligate yourself in no way whatever. If, after giving it careful study, you are not perfectly satisfied, simply re-mail the Course to the Institute and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send us a check or money order for $5.

Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

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601 Broad St., Suite 346
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Motion Picture Magazine, 4-19

You may send me the Complete Course of Paragon Shorthand with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either remail the Course to you or send you $5.00.

Name.....

Address.....

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TELLS how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special instruction, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How your own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that will bring you Happy Success and handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN! This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address

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The Famous French Depilatory Powder

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It dissolves the hair in five minutes. When it is washed off, the skin is smooth and white. Repeated applications reduce the vitality of the after-growth rather than stimulate it. *50c and $1.00 at drug and department stores—or will mail direct on receipt of price. 75c and $1.50 in Canada.*

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are the BEST QUALITY—perfect cut and blue-white. Every Diamond in our stock is a GEM of GEMS.

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Are they framed with long, silky, luxuriant eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows? Or, are you suffering from the handicap of short, uneven eyelashes and straggling eyebrows? If Nature has been unkind and denied you the heritage of those "beauty assets"—beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows—you can easily and quickly overcome this handicap if you will use for a short time a little

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Remember the Full Name--It's Imitated

It nourishes and stimulates them in a natural manner. Results will delight and amaze you. Stars of stage and screen and women prominent in society use and recommend this efficient preparation. Will YOU not try "LASH-BROW-INE?"

A pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless, tested and endorsed by the best chemists and beauty specialists of America. An invaluable aid to beauty. Thousands have used it successfully, why not you?

Two Sizes, 50c and $1 Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and our Beauty Booklet, "The Woman Beautiful," prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps, or money order. Satisfaction Assured or Price Refunded.

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THE STAR

THE PRODUCER

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THE GREAT TRIUMVIRATE

Responsible for the making of the

First Anita Stewart--Lois Weber Production

"A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE"

(From the pen of gifted MARION ORTH, author of "Price of a Good Time" and "Borrowed Clothes")

A Tense and Thrilling portrayal of the Charming Romance of a Refugee Maid who turns out to be a Royal Princess, and a real red-blooded American Youth.

THE STAR—Miss ANITA STEWART, who after a long absence from the screen, startled the motion picture world by her sensationally successful return in "VIRTUOUS WIVES." Her delightful work in "A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE" will charm her legion of admirers, and win her countless new ones.

THE PRODUCER—LOUIS B. MAYER, who set new production standards in launching Miss Stewart in "Virtuous Wives." His plan of GREAT STAR, GREAT PLAY, GREAT DIRECTOR and GREAT CAST has left a trail of broken theatre records all over the country.

THE DIRECTOR—Miss LOIS WEBER, a maker of stars in such masterpieces as "For Husbands Only," "Borrowed Clothes" and "The Price of a Good Time." She will gain new triumphs with such a star as Miss Stewart and such a play as "A Midnight Romance."

ANITA STEWART in "A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE" will soon be shown in every city, town and hamlet in the country. The manager of your favorite theatre will tell you when he is going to play it.

He Shot the Gun

And Found that He Had the Greatest Wheat Food in Existence

Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (3034)

From the Inside Looking Out

(*Continued from page* 54)

fashionable, sloppy, hollow chest and back one too often sees in all their meager ugliness.

"Someone once asked me whether I use a screen to keep out intruders when I am doing emotional scenes, and altho the idea presents picturesque possibilities, I can honestly say 'No,' for I never feel self-conscious to that extent. The few spectators that sometimes gather in the motion picture studio keep their respectful distance and act as an inspiration.

"The high pitch of enthusiasm and real emotion required of the movie actress for creative and effective screen acting sometimes communicates itself with amusing, and every now and then annoying results, to the small audience that is allowed to gather in a studio. The 'silent' drama is not silent in the making.

"Personally, I think the direction in which to look for the greatest improvement in the perfecting of the motion picture, is not so much on the mechanical side (that result is inevitable: every day some inventor finds something new to enhance photography and projection), but in the perfection of scenarios, and a more intelligent care in the continuity.

"For myself, I should like to see some standard dramas—to wit, costume dramas, well received by the motion picture public—but the exhibitors seem to feel that they are warranted in keeping to modern exteriors and embodying in their stories every-day subjects in our present-day surroundings. And as we, the players, have no other barometer of what the public wants than the exhibitor's opinion, we must be content to believe him."

He's Still When He's Asleep

(*Continued from page* 67)

miserable "fit" and said, "You know you've got to get wet three times in that suit. I wonder if it will stand it? Those pepper-and-salt affairs are not very reliable, I find."

"Three times? Gee, I do have a lot of *wet* plays. Didn't I just get thru swimming in ice-water at Big Bear? Well, bring on your rain—I'd rather get it all over in the beginning," said young Pickford, resignedly.

"You and Mr. Kirkwood must be quite old friends . . ." we began, when Jack interrupted vivaciously and with the same winning smile which gets tons of followers for wee Mary. "Yes, you see Jim directed Mary in nine of her very best pictures and if he and I can turn out anything approaching her successes, mother will be mighty pleased. After all, it's more for her sake—for she's done so much for us all."

If there's a secret to success, it is when a lad appreciates his mother's advice. When one stops to consider the thousands of rich young fellows who are averse to receiving any suggestion, who frequently feel ashamed of the little mother, and who insist on going the pace as they see fit, it's a mighty splendid inspiring thing to see a star of Jack Pickford's magnitude, with big earning power, deferring to his mother's better judgment, and relying absolutely on her management.

They're a united family, those Pickfords. They may have temporary disagreements among themselves, but let any one criticise or judge one of the famous five—and you'll find the rest rallying to the defense, for they've lived thru hard times and good, thru joys and sorrows together, and now they're sharing even the stellar honors.

The way you dress your hair

must be perfectly adapted to the shape of your face if you would make the most of your beauty possibilities. The soft light of lustrous hair is the greatest aid to beauty. It brings out your best features — conceals and softens your less attractive ones.

Every woman can have beautiful, healthy, luxuriant hair. It is entirely a matter of care. Wash it frequently. Keep the scalp exquisitely clean with a good shampoo. Give the hair the invigoration and nourishment it needs through the regular use of a pure tonic.

In the Q-ban preparations you will find the complete answer to all hair toilet needs. Each article is the result of careful study—scientifically compounded from the purest ingredients —designed to nourish and preserve the hair, make it more abundant, keep it soft, glossy, and help it retain its natural youthful color.

The Five Q-bans

Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap	$ 25
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo - -	50
Q-ban Hair Tonic - -	$ .50—1.00
Q-ban Hair Color Restorer -	75
Q-ban Depilatory - - -	.75

Q-ban preparations are for sale throughout the United States and Canada at drug stores, toilet goods counters or wherever toilet goods are sold.

Study Your Silhouette!

There's an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face. Your shadow picture will reveal the secret. Our booklet in every Q-ban package explains how to get the best results. Or we will gladly mail you a copy if you'll write.

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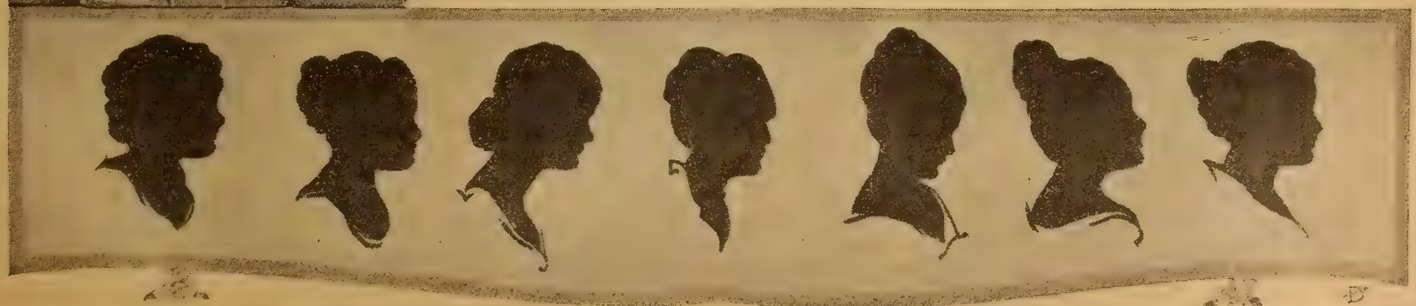

A VIBRATOR for $5

The ever increasing host of admirers of this popular actress will be interested in her endorsement of the Star Vibrator. Do we need to say—her name is

Betty Blythe

A Beautiful Complexion

Just a few minutes' use each day of the Star Electrical Vibrator will promote a clear, healthy complexion, free from blackheads, eruptions and wrinkles. Results are permanent.

Worn-out Nerves

Can be wonderfully rested with just a few minutes' electrical massage. Far more effective than drugs in relieving headaches and overworked nerves.

Aches and Pains

No matter what the cause may be, electrical massage brings relief and relaxation. Sufferers from rheumatism and insomnia will find the Star Vibrator invaluable.

Guaranteed to do all that we claim. Sold on a ten-day trial basis. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.
Note: The Star Vibrator fits any ordinary lamp socket and can be used on all **alternating currents.** It is not adapted to direct current used in the business section of some large cities.

Send $5.00 today—use the Vibrator 10 days and if not satisfied return it and we will refund your money.

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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps

The Fame and Fortune Contest

(Continued from page 69)

as well in an engraving as an ordinary portrait.

The contest is open to men. This should be repeated, perhaps. Many masculine contestants have appeared, but, we regret to report, their average hasn't nearly approached the so-called weaker sex. It is up to the men to make a better showing.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she (as the contest is now open to men) will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

Since the winner will be named from the various honor rolls, it is important that contestants submit their portrait, or portraits, at the earliest possible moment, thus getting, if possible, an early place on these rolls.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.....
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....

Address.....(street)

.....(city).....(state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

.....

When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

Height.....Weight.....

Complexion.....

THE RHAPSODY.

The hours I've spent with thee, Bill Hart,
Have skinned a string of meals from me;
I pass up table d'hote and á la carte—
My noonday spree, my noonday spree!

Each hour a meal, each meal a swear,
To ease a throb in anguish wrung!
I quell each throb until the end,
And there I'm all unstrung!

Oh, movie sprees that stress and burn!
Oh, famished gain and dinner loss!
I sell each feed and starve, the price to earn
To come across Bill Hart, to come across!

—C. WILES HALLOCK.

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say, "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. **If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back.** But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 1544 Chicago

Money in Photoplays!

Big demand and high prices paid for the right kind. Can you write them? Here is an easy and sure way to find out. Send 10c. for our **Test-Lesson and Talent-Detector** which will quickly show whether or not you are adapted to this work. Get this unique and instructive publication at once and learn if you have or have not the necessary imagination and ability to produce picture-play scenarios. Delay may mean lost opportunities. Send dime or stamps today.

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Including the Famous

IVORY NAIL ENAMEL BLEACH and CUTICLE HEALER

This is one of the most complete sets on the market — contains every requisite for manicuring. If not satisfactory, money promptly refunded.

Entire set postpaid for $1.00—order yours today.

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PAZZO'S "Hair-Dress"

Makes stubborn hair easy to comb, neat and attractive

Miss Betty Parker Jay Dinon

Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 84.)

MAID MAKE BELIEVE.—Your good wishes heartily accepted. Of course I save. Always lay something aside for a rainy day even if it is only an umbrella. Clara Horton will play with Shirley Mason.

CHICAGO.—You know that most extras are not cast, and I haven't the name of the cook in "The Cook." Are you sure that is the correct title? Edna Mayo, of Essanay fame, is back in "Hearts of Love." Alfred Whitman opposite Bessie Barriscale. Colleen Moore will play with Charles Ray when she finishes her present engagement.

LONESOME.—Aha, letter from a little French girl who wants to correspond with our soldier boys over here! Nice of you, lassie, but the boys are moving about so now that they are not in the same place very long.

BOBBIE; G. H.; MISS BOBBIE; MAE MURRAY ADMIRER; ROSE; BERNICE; EUNICE C.; DOROTHY D.; BILL W.; PAULINE E.; JOSEPH G.; VICTUM; BEATRICE R.; D. E. M.; SIOUX; ELIZABETH F.; AGNES M.; RUTH R.; CAPITAL FILM CO.; EMMA A.; WANDA M.; PEARLE H.; A. L. LAKE; ESTHER R. B.; MRS. J. D.; MRS. KNOWLES; RHODE MCG.; MARGARET S.; JESSUP; JOE FROST; METRO PIC. JO; A FRIEND; ELIZABETH B.; ARABELLA B.; RUTH G.; ANNA J.; CONICE O. B.; MISS U. S. A.; WM. HART FAN; JANNETT B.; BETTY B.; JOCELYN B. C.; RAYMOND B.; SHIRLEY F.; C. & I. B.; THEODORE F.; JOHN P.; THELMA R.; WM. DUNCAN FAN; MARY V. O.; LEE B.; MARIE W.; U. S. A. FOREVER; ELIZABETH H.; PEGGY; BLACKBIRD M. D., and LOIS A. W.—As you see, my space has been shortened, and since most of your questions have been answered to others above, I will have to beg to be excused.

VIDA G.—Please desist. Go away somewhere. Else stop asking foolish ?? about kissing. But I will quote eminent authority. Eugene O'Brien says that he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own lips. I always did say a player should cultivate individuality and not follow blindly in the paths of others. Gene has got the right idea. Billie Burke is Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld in private life. The Mersereaus are sisters. Sidney Drew has seen about 54 summers, and about the same number of winters.

FLORENCE.—Of course I go to church. I'm not too old to reform. But just now I'm more interested in this world than I am in the next. I cant change the next by worrying and pondering over it. Hoot mon! Kittens Reichert was with Vitagraph last. Lou-Tellegen is touring in "Blind Youth," which is not a fine play.

KATHERINE G.—A doughboy is an American soldier, and American soldiers, infantrymen, artillerymen, medical department, signal corps officers and men alike, all are called doughboys. No, no, Ruth St. Denis is not 70. No, Katie.

M. D. W.—I surely cant tell you the name of the picture you saw in 1915 with a woman fighting a leopard. We have a file of some 15 or 20,000 plays, but I cant identify a play by your meager description. Yes, I saw G. M. Anderson since he came back, but he has lost his girlish figure.

PRINCE DANTAN.—You want to know who wrote the hymn "Even Me." I do not know, unless it was Adam—"Eve and Me." Last I heard of Crane Wilbur he was in Los Angeles, playing in stock. Why yes, write him. Elizabeth Risdon was Kate. Thanks for all the kind things you say about me.

MADCAP M. G. B.—A thousand thanks for the basket of apples. Very charming of you. Hesperides, Adam, William Tell, and Isaac Newton each had little affairs with an apple, and now I'm having mine. Send 25 cents when sending for a picture. Dont just send a stamp—send a stamped addressed envelope. It takes some seconds for me to write out the address, lick the stamp, and slap it on, and seconds are scarce.

MISS F. C.—Harry Hilliard is with Metro. Conway Tearle—he's had a quartette of wives. None of the players you mentioned in the list are married.

FINGER IN THE PIE.—No, I do not use curling irons on my whiskers, dear one. I comb my beard before retiring and they curl by themselves during the night with the damp air. You say you run to meet the postman every day; believe me, I run from him when I see him coming. Thrift stamp, candy, old shoes, or anything like that will do. Mary Pickford is not going on the stage, but will remain in pictures.

LONELY STAR.—The Irish orator and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was responsible for the famous saying, "It would be a jump from the frying pan into the fire," when it was proposed at one time to tax coal instead of iron. Address Warren Kerrigan, Los Angeles, Cal. I thank you.

MERLIN.—Ah, but when a king has lost his head, there is no further help for him. Not so with a country. You think the Fame and Fortune Contest should be for men too. It has been so decided.

ADELINE P.—Cant understand why Wallace Reid doesn't answer you—he is usually so prompt. Why not let your friend go out and meet the boys? If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances thru life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

DOROTHY.—Mighty fine letter, Dorothy, shake.

SONNY.—Altogether I find there are 900 lights that illuminate the headlands and harbors of Great Britain and Ireland. There is an electric lamp in one of the lighthouses so strong that it gives light equal to 30,000,000 candles. Despite this fact about 4,000 wrecks and collisions take place 'round these shores every year. Geraldine Farrar in "The Hell Cat." Pearl White in "The Lightning Raider."

TWO MARY ADMIRERS.—Illusions are the daily bread of the unfortunate. Stop your dreaming. Why not join one of the clubs?

F. H. W.—"Pan" means united. Pan-Slavism was an agitation for drawing closer together politically as they are in many of their social customs, all the various races of Slavs, or those speaking the Slavonian languages, such as Russian, Polish, Bulgarian, Servian, Bohemian, Slovaks, etc. Lillian Gish was the daughter of Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation." Very glad to hear from you.

TEXAS COW GIRL.—The only player who tells the truth about his salary is the one who never mentions it. I think William Duncan has a home of his own. He certainly deserves one and can afford one if he wants it. So the crown prince is at Limburg. Quite fitting. He will not be noticed there. His fragrance of soul, however, might even put the famous limburger to shame.

MADELINE.—I'm not 100 years older than you are, not yet. That was Laurence Payton in "The Greater Law." I never groan, just sigh.

THE ELMS.—Glad you are contented. That's the result of a limited imagination. In Los Angeles. Yes, we always give our employees time to rest, including myself. But if you give some employees room to sit down they will take room to lie down. I have never yet been known to lay down on the job—I never let them know it.

ART ISTOOBEE.—Haven't that address. You know after I read all the letters I receive—into the waste basket for them. There's a truck comes for the waste papers every night. Yes, Leo Sielke made that drawing of me at the head of this department. He always gets good likenesses.

PEARL'S SISTER.—I warn you, once you begin with love, you'll have to see it thru. I may be a cynic, but I am not one of those who believes that morality is another name for caution. Emily Stevens is with Metro. How is Sister Pearl?

FISH; AUDREY; PEGGY; BILLY J.; THELMA Y.; GERTRUDE M.; EDWARD D. K.; DORA H.; DAVID M. H.; ELVA A.; BILLIE; So. O. S.; LILLIAN W.; HAROLD; L. C.; WILMA M.; NORMA AND CONSTANCE; GUY; ALBERT W.; CANADIAN GIRL; A. PHOOLE; EVELYN W.; CHRISTINE C.; N. F. A.; HELEN G.; FRANK C.; WALLACE R. and F. D. W.—Write me again. See elsewhere for yours. Sorry to put you in the alsorans.

SEVERAL INQUIRIES.—The origin of "alsoran" is found in the reports of horse racing. After naming the winner, and the runner-up, and the one who finished third, they add, "Salvadore, Tenney, Bucephalus, and Pancho alsoran."

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.—William Clifford has his own company. He used to play opposite Edith Storey in the old Méliès days. They were the happy days. Worth has been under-rated ever since wealth has been over-rated. But after this war nobody who does not work will count for anything.

GAL.—No, I dont wear Young hats—only old ones. Haven't lost out yet

MISS OREGON.—I think that actors are very patriotic as a rule, but I recall that last spring when Winthrop Ames delivered an eloquent appeal at the Palace Theater calling for volunteers, 2,000 players stood on their feet and cheered for a chance to go; yet of that noble 2,000 only 85 have gone. Perhaps they are more generous than brave. Why dont you take a course in shorthand only? It wont hurt you.

LUCILLE VAN A.—So you think our covers are great. They are. The editor and artists try to make them so, and they usually succeed.

HAZEL M.—Dion Titheradge, of course Sidney Mason in "The Forbidden Path." Ruby De Remer is indeed a beautiful girl. We dined together last week, and I just couldn't keep my eyes off her. Now if she were about fifty years older——!

RUTH B.—I dont know why Alice Brady spoils her pretty smiles with a grin every once in a while. She continues to do it So you thought "Good Night Paul" was too risqué. New York audiences require risqué plays. So you like my style. Well, I always was considered stylish.

WEEQUAHIC.—You must be related to Gloomy Gus. Doris Lee in "His Mother's Boy." The biggest troubles with some of us are those that never happen In 1429 Paris was a province of England, while Charles VII. was king of France. It was during this period that Jeanne d'Arc made her entrance into the history of France.

NENETTE DE C.—Elaine Hammerstein's last picture was "Her Man."

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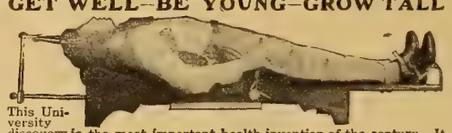

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ALLISON LOVER.—You ask me if I believe in the nude in art. Certainly, why not? I am not one of those who believes in draping the legs of tables and chairs, who will not allow bearskins on the floor, and who refuses to wear undressed kids. I am a great admirer of the human form divine, but have never yet beheld an altogether entirely surrounded by nothing. May Allison is in the West. Always rim a little higher than the mark—if the mark is a dimple in her chin. You seem to be equipped with a self-starter, but no brakes.

DOUG FAN.—What makes you think I dont like Doug. I does. No, thank you, please dont send me a palm, for I have no place to put it. It requires about seven years to grow palms to the size necessary for good fan leaves, and after that they furnish an annual crop indefinitely, the Chinese stating that the trees live for hundreds of years, producing their annual crop. An old tree will produce leaves as large as five feet in length with a breadth just above the lower end of perhaps three feet. Can you tell me movie enthusiasts? No, of course you why fan leaves are so popular with cant.

RICHARD C. H.—R. A. Walsh in "The Quallan's Revenge."

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—My heart has no wrinkles, but my face has. Very well, we'll be sedate if you like. Walter Miller to your first, Harrison Ford next. Double Exposure next. I'll treat you as you treat me—but there's no love lost between us, is there?

CHERRY BEE.—What is childhood but a series of happy illusions? No, no, dont you know Ruth Roland? She has been in pictures for years. The "S" in William Hart's name—suspense. The "V" in our editor's name—versatility.

HELEN H.—Oh, they'll never name a perfume after me. My favorite, well it's Ideal, I guess. Sorry I cant use your clever pome.

ISABEL V. O.—Take my advice and dont buy things on the instalment plan as a rule—a dollar down, and a dollar whenever the collector catches you in. So your love match has at last resulted in marriage. Well, the game of love usually results in a tie.

NIFTY.—No, I didn't go on a strike. The printers and waiters in New York did tho. Everyone must speak for himself these days, even a parrot does. Accent on the last syllable in Farrar. Nifty paper, Nifty. Every evil temptation adds a solid block to the foundation of character. Pile on the blocks, Nifty.

EUGENE O'BRIEN ADMIRER.—Get him a Paramount.

SOLID IVORY.—Speaking of heads, a vacuum is the top story of a snob. Well, I fear you will never see Theda Bara vamp William Hart on the screen. I dont vouch for William's private life, for I know nothing of it.

MAY.—Your verses for Mary Pickford are very clever. Charles Gunn in "Wedlock."

FLUFF.—Do me justice, that's all I ask. Viola Allen and Richard Travers in "The White Sister." Marian Swayne. John Cook in "The Shine Girl." Wheeler Oakman in "The Ne'er Do Well." David Powell in "Less Than Dust." Lowell Sherman in "Always in the Way."

THERESA F.—Come again with another such fine letter.

STEPHEN W.—You certainly are conserving with paper, but there is a kind of paper for every occasion, and you are quite out of place. Alfred Whitman was born in Chicago.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

and settings are all fine and some of the photography is great. J.

"Camping Out" (Paramount)

Roscoe Arbuckle's latest is no better nor worse than his previous releases, and not much different in character. He is the same "Fatty" in whatever he plays. It will amuse and entertain many thousands and disgust many of them. Not many will go to sleep when "Camping Out" is on, for it is a continuous performance of funny incidents, mostly of the slap-stick order. Unfortunately, there is a sameness to all of his pictures, and he never misses a chance to get in a vulgar or suggestive touch. If it is not a surgeon who has just performed an operation, appearing with his white clothes smeared with blood, or a man trying to get into a woman's bedroom, or peeping into her bath-house, or too conspicuously displayed human forms divine, or mistaking rank cheese for his socks, and so on, it is an exhibition of vomiting from seasickness as in "Camping Out." It is quite possible and probable that many people enjoy these and other similar vulgarities, and I suppose the more refined patrons of the photodrama must endure them for the sake of the others. At any rate, nobody will accuse Mr. Arbuckle of elevating the film art. Again, there is no accounting for tastes. While I personally seldom get a laugh out of the Arbuckle comedies, and am always stirred hilariously by everything that Chaplin does, some people are affected quite the opposite, because I hear considerable laughter in every theater where Arbuckle is showing. While there are many clever and ingenious devices and incidents in all of the Arbuckle farces, I would say that, while Chaplin is a genius, Arbuckle is merely a clown. J.

"Day Dreams" (Goldwyn)

The very worst thing about this picture is the photography, which is wretchedly done, while the story, even to the most romantic souls, must fall short. Coming into the theater late, I failed to discover whether little Madge Kennedy was supposed to be completely insane or just a bit queer. After reading the press sheets I discovered that the little duck girl or goose girl was supposed to be a great dreamer. She imagines her Prince Charming is coming and when a flesh and blood suitor woos her she will have nothing of him. So he hires a friend to rig up as Prince Charming—and they live happily ever after—on the duck farm. Madge Kennedy's charm as a rule is natural and very pleasing, but neither the direction, the story, nor the other members of the cast are any help to her in this latest release.

"The Hidden Truth" (Select)

The much-announced Anna Case, "celebrated grand opera prima donna," at last has appeared upon the screen—from the Metropolitan Opera House to Loew's New York Picture Theater à la Geraldine Farrar. When Farrar was first announced in the film "Carmen," it set the country afire with wonder, hope and expectancy. Everybody had heard of her, few had seen her, and all wanted to get a glimpse of her. Her Carmen was not as good as Theda Bara's, but she scored. A good director might have corrected some of her screen stiffness and let her in on many of the screen secrets so as to make her appear more winsome, but for some reason he did not. However, they gave her a good scenario, for the story is an interesting one and holds the interest charmingly up to within a few feet of the end, when several bad blunders are made. In short, the story comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. The support is mostly good—particularly a young woman (unnamed) who plays the part of Myrtle. She has a beautiful classic face and plays naturally and with great feeling—quite in contrast with the star at times. Charles Richman as the lead is fairly good. Anna Case may yet shine on the screen, but not until she finds a director who knows. Was not Marion Davies once beautiful and very promising until she struck a director who did not know? J.

The Glad Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

to squelch us poor little ingénues. There is no excuse for anyone being up-stage. It is often only luck that makes one player a star and another an extra, and just because fate has been kind to me, it does not make me any better than anyone else. But, I would be silly not to be *glad* about it, and enjoy it while the going's good . . . wouldn't I?"

Miss Leslie's large gray eyes sparkled with a keen sense of Irish humor. A bond of fellowship seemed to bring us close together in that moment. Here was girlhood that was frank and natural.

For the first time in ages, I wanted to lapse into a matinée monolog of how perfectly sweet and adorable and——

But, Gladys Leslie wouldn't like that glucose verbiage, and so my eyes alone complimented her upon the fact that she possessed the unusual combination of being an ingénue with a sense of humor, and a star without a pose.

To most interviewers Gladys Leslie admits that her favorite book is her bank book, and her chief joy is watching the columns mount. To me she allowed her eyes to become dream-laden as we spoke of our ambitions.

"Some day," she said, "when the columns have mounted high enough, I want to own a farm, with chickens and flowers and ducks, and all that—and a husband: most of all I want to be able to afford to take time to have children. I *adore* babies."

So speaks Gladys Leslie, a sun-kist buttercup, whom vagrant chance caught in a hothouse bouquet of screen roses.

"I hate photoplays," she continued, "that have the slightest touch of suggestiveness. I never want to play in anything but sweet, clean comedy-dramas. Dont think me a good-goody," she added hastily, "but I believe that only that which is good and clean and beautiful can live."

"Do you like dancing and cabarets?" I asked, searchingly.

Miss Leslie's clear young eyes looked at me dubiously. "Do you know how many times I have been in a public restaurant in my life?"

I shook my head "no."

"Exactly five times and that was five times too many. I hate that sort of life, and besides," she said naively, "I *need* eight hours sleep every night or I cant do my work justice."

She is in love with life, and life could not fail but return the compliment.

Before I left the gladness of her presence, she herself got luncheon for us . . . a delicious one, daintily served.

When I departed, she stood in the doorway and allowed the icy breath of Brooklyn to penetrate her filmy garments.

"I sure am *glad* you came," she said.

And even in retrospect I am conscious of her pleasing optimism, her Glad Girl friendship.

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Making Mother Nature Into an Ingénue

(*Continued from page* 31)

various locations according to local weather conditions. In this way he loses little time. Having studied his locations and written his scripts ahead, he can carry the story of one reel thru many States, filming a number of bits of various pictures in the same section. Thus "A Wee Bit Odd" had flashes from Idaho, Oregon, California and Wyoming. Changes are frequently made in scenarios, of course. Recently Bruce ran into several bears upon a river bank. He drove them across a river, filming their efforts to escape and introduced this into his story, rewriting the script.

"The note of adventure must be in every one of my pictures," continued Mr. Bruce. "I frequently appear, simply because I know just what I want and how I want it done. But I often use other people and I frequently employ dogs. I find them more natural than humans. I doubt if the screen has a better actor than my Dane II.

"I find it possible to easily take twenty pictures a year. Last year, however, I made twenty-eight. I feel certain that one reel will always remain the length of this type of picture. You know, I look upon the news weekly as the soup, my scenics as the fish, the photodramatic feature as the main course, and the farce as the dessert. And one just wants enough fish to whet the appetite.

"Future camera developments may help. If a real stereoscopic effect could be obtained, of course, the effect would be aided a hundred per cent I am in doubt whether or not natural colors would help, altho I am sure they would hurt photoplays. Colors would drown out dramatic action and dazzle the eye. In my case, too, they might destroy my story, which I purposely make slender, so that it may not detract from the eye's consideration of the picture."

Bruce has an interesting personality. He loves his work. "Is there anywhere in the world as interesting work as mine?" he asks. He is a lover of the out-doors. There is about him the natural gift of the camp-fire *raconteur*. He has had many thrilling experiences on his trips, but the stories he tells are nearly always about someone else. For instance, many miles from Glenwood, in the lonely Goat Rocks back of Mt. Adams, his cook, (a mere boy), was seized with appendicitis. The nearest 'phone was fifty miles away, the nearest doctor sixty. So they did the next best thing—packed the lad in snow and finally, when he improved, carried him back to civilization. Again, Bruce lost one of his favorite dogs into a crevasse of a glacier. The dog fell sixty feet and lodged in the slippery siding. Bruce lowered himself for forty feet, as far as his rope would carry, tied blankets on the end, but couldn't quite reach his pet. Finally he had to shoot the dog and climb back to safety. "The crevasse seemed bottomless, or I would have taken a chance," said Bruce hesitatingly. Recently Bruce and his party were snowed in the lonely Cascades for a week, finding their way back by a long unusual trail down an almost perpendicular mountain side. "We had cayuses, or we would never have made it," he explained. "A horse loses his head, but an Indian pony or a mule will stand still and wait for you to think of a way out. And they're as sure-footed as a goat.

"I've only lost one horse, however.

That one went into a crevasse and out of sight. We didn't even look for the pans with which he was loaded. The glacier will give them up fifty years from now, down at the snow line, after its fashion."

Up, atop Mt. Hood, Bruce found an interesting character in the person of the fire warden, who lives in a glass-topped observation post lashed to the peak. In the winter this is completely embanked in solid ice. Food is brought part way up the mountain. The warden meets the guides and "packs the grub" the rest of the distance on his own back. But this warden's post is extremely valuable. With his powerful glasses he can see for 125 miles in any direction, detect a forest fire and telephone to the nearest warden in a second.

"There is a loud telephone receiver fitted up and the warden spends his spare time listening to the telephone conversation of the whole country about Hood. I've often sat and listened to horses being swapped and gossip being exchanged. But, even with that recreation, the warden resigned a month ago. A new man has just gone up to try it out, at a hundred dollars a month and keep."

But to return to Bruce's plan for next year. He is going to do some twenty pictures abroad, ranging from the Scotch hills and the British lowlands to the Swiss Alps. "I am going to employ a foreign camera-man, probably a Frenchman," explains Bruce. "He will know atmospheric conditions better and I will also be aided by getting the foreign viewpoint, which ought to help my American one."

It interested us to know what part of America Bruce considered the one ideal section. And the producer answered with hesitation, "Washington is the most beautiful State. I dont believe Switzerland can touch it. There the great peaks rise right from the sea thousands of feet. Washington has all that is beautiful in nature, timber, water and snow. The whole stretch of the Cascade range thru Oregon and Washington is fascinating. California is, of course, the most beautiful place to live, and also the best atmospherically to film pictures, for forest fires are continually interfering with photography in the Cascades. You're continually praying for rain to stop the fires and then for it to stop raining so that you can grind. But, with all that, I love the Cascades."

HOLLYWOOD WENT TO HOLLYWOOD AND HOLLYWOOD LEFT HOLLYWOOD

"Yes, Hollywood is a great place, but not for mine!" So spoke Edwin L. Hollywood, director of "The Challenge Accepted," starring Zena Keefe, the first production of Arden Photoplays, Inc., released by the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation thru Pathé.

"Why, when I was out there associated with James Young in directing for Lasky, everywhere I turned it was Hollywood this and Hollywood that. There were hotels, grocery stores, butcher shops, dry-goods stores, theaters and banks named Hollywood. I got so confused I didn't know whether I was something to eat or wear, or a human being.

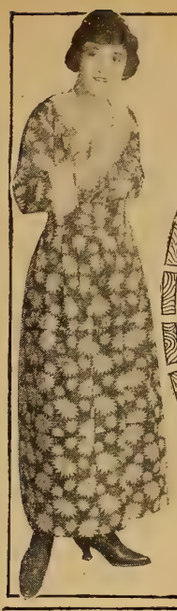
"One day in Los Angeles I purchased something and wanted it delivered. When asked my name, I said, 'Hollywood.'"

"'Yes,' replied the clerk, writing Hollywood on the line for the city. 'What's the name?'

"'Hollywood.'

"'I know, but——'"

!?*?!||?! etc.



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The Sacrifice

(*Continued from page* 44)

and her eyes, in the pallid moon-flood, had been bright with unfallen tears. "To God's man, John Sterling," she said, "to God's good man."

And Henry Rowland had thought it all sacramental. Acolyte to priest. Devotee to living shrine. He thought differently now. It had been a woman, a woman profoundly stirred, to the man, to the *one* man, who had so moved her. It had been Helen's awakening heart, Helen's quickened soul, speaking with Helen's shaken voice. It had been love—*love*.

Henry Rowland was a man of action. A man of quick, decisive action. He went at once to John Sterling.

"Sterling," he said, "I asked you to help me with my wife—to point out to her that beauty is not all, the froth of life, the insubstantial——"

Sterling nodded his vigorous, close-cropped black head. His dreamer's burning eyes focussed, rather bewilderedly, on the man before him. He sensed the potential. "Yes," he said.

"I didn't stipulate that you make her fall in love with you," said Rowland.

There was a vibrant silence.

"You are terribly mistaken, Mr. Rowland," said the minister.

Henry Rowland laughed, harshly. "You may have your eyes on the stars, Sterling, or you may not," he said, "but my wife has fallen in love, not with your God nor your church nor your idealism, but with *you*."

John Sterling winced. Had he a quick? "How do you come by your knowledge, Mr. Rowland?" he asked.

"I had a talk with my wife. Women in love are women transparent. They give betrayals. My wife prated on about your mission in life. About your apostolicism. You and your reforms have colored her life till the rest of the world does not exist for her. She loves you. I, who love her, know this to be so."

There was another silence. John Sterling raised his face, grown suddenly haggard, and faced the man who was accusing him.

"What would you have me do?"

Henry Rowland brought his plutocratic fist down on the shabby desk. "Cure her," he said.

"How?"

"By acting a part, acting it as cleverly as a clever man like you could act it. Make love to her. Fall from the shrine on which she has placed you. Cease to be the remote priest to whom she whispers in the incense and the sanctuary of some dim confessional; become of the flesh fleshy, the earth earthy. Let her see you inebriated. Pay her compliments. Take off your cloth. Better, desecrate it. She worships you. Come down to the plane she knows. Be of the herd she has known."

John Sterling was white-lipped. "You ask the impossible," he said.

Henry Rowland leaned forward. "Be merciful," he said; "be merciful . . ."

His unnourished soul shone out of his eyes. His gaunt youth. His sear desire. John Sterling drew a deep breath.

"It shall be as you ask," he said.

"What are you doing?" There was no answer. Helen Rowland stood in the doorway, and her fingers, free of all jewels, clutched the chiffons against her heart, grown suddenly cold.

The man in the black cloth lurched over the table, and groped with long, singularly powerful fingers for the whiskey bottle that stood, half emptied, before him.

"Sho—you've—you've caught me——" he stuttered.

"Caught . . . oh, *God!*"

John Sterling came over to her. He put his hands upon her shoulders, ran them down her arms till his fingers gripped hers. He took her in his arms. He kist her—not on the mouth. All the while her terrorized eyes were not on his flaming face, but on the priestly cloth. She shuddered from him with strong breaths. "Oh-h-h!" she gasped; then again, "oh—oh—God!"

The man was speaking. "Away," he muttered, "you and I. You were right. Beauty—beauty—you and I—the moon and the flowers—the sea—and song—twilights and early dawnings—you were right—my beautiful, my beau——"

Helen Rowland struck him. "Stop this!" she cried. "You—you are breaking—oh, I have worshipped you—worshipped you so!"

She fled out of the room, rank with the whiskey fumes.

She ran down the insecure stairway, into the coming of dusk. "How dared he!" she gasped between bitten lips; "he who was sacred to God! Sacred—sacred—to—*me*——"

There were items in the newspapers about the return of the wealthy, beautiful Mrs. Rowland to society. She entertained again. Surpassed herself. Some few mentioned that her face had taken on a "sculptural look." Others said plain "frozen."

Then it became known that both Mr. and Mrs. Rowland had gone for an extended tour of Mexico. "Such an odd place," said her friends. "Helen was never the same after her slumming fever," said others.

Few knew that John Sterling was in Mexico. Sent there by his bishop in disgrace, to a little mission town, to expiate his supposed fall from grace in loneliness and exile.

He had been there three months when it came to Henry Rowland that, for the first time, he had paid too big a price for the thing he had hoped to achieve. He had broken a man's spirit, crushed his life work, and maimed a woman's heart. There was nothing big enough for such a purchase price. Certainly not his own personal happiness, which he had hoped to attain.

He begged Helen to make the trip with him, and not until they reached the town of expiation did he tell her of what he had done. Much was stripped from him. The hardness, too long tried, gave way. "You see," he ended, miserably, "I love you. I didn't know what to do—where to turn—I felt that I had tried everything That it was not enough. This man seemed to stand between us like a pillar of fire. I begged him to lower himself in your eyes. When even that failed to turn you to me—I—I knew."

Helen Rowland looked at him. "Knew what?" she asked.

"That you could never love me. I knew it. The great things have passed me by. All the great things . . ."

"Not all, Henry. Think."

"I have thought. Yes, all. You."

"You have had me."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Not really. Not essentially."

"You wanted——?"

"Just that."

Helen caught her breath between her lips. She rose swiftly. "Let us go see John Sterling," she said.

John Sterling greeted them quietly. He, too, had aged. Emotions shrivel. When Henry Rowland told him that they had wired his bishop the entire truth of the affair, of his martyrdom, and that an answer was imminent, only his eyes, immensely tired, glowed. "I am glad," he said, with his stern simplicity.

"I was damnably wrong," said John Rowland.

"You were suffering," said the minister; "it is not a normal state."

"Yes, I was suffering," admitted the millionaire broker, and his eyes, weary, too, sought the woman's.

Helen opened her lips to speak when the 'phone on the minister's desk rang. "Let me take the call," she pleaded, and when she looked up she smiled. "It is from the bishop," she said. "You are reinstated."

An hour later they sat at tea. They were three who had learnt each other's hearts. Helen Rowland bent over and laid her soft hand on her husband's. "Dear," she whispered, and that which he had longed for all his life made her voice as tender as a mother's; she laid her other hand on John Sterling's and gave her smile to both, *"thru God to love,"* she whispered, and added, "my husband."

Convalescing With Constance

(*Continued from page* 51)

'way before she leaped into fame as the mountain girl in "Intolerance."

It isn't so long ago that Constance was the object of admiration of all the other girls at the Erasmus High School in Brooklyn, because she had the distinction of being Norma Talmadge's own sister. Norma at that time was playing with Vitagraph. Constance liked this reflected glory very much, so she began to get the hunch that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get a little glory on her own hook, so when Norma came West to work at the Fine Arts studio, Constance came along with the rest of the family and declared herself in on the job, the first real rôle in a picture she had being the mountain girl.

Constance appeared in a number of pictures for the Fine Arts, and then when Norma went with Select, Constance soon followed as a star in her own right and turned out a number of clever plays, among them being "The Shuttle," "Up the Road with Sallie," "Sauce for the Goose," "Good-night, Paul," and "A Pair of Silk Stockings." After doing the silk stocking story, Constance insisted upon doing "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," because, she said, she was apt to get a nail in her foot unless she had something to protect it. Constance also did "A Lady's Name," "Who Cares?" and "Romance and Arabella."

According to Mrs. Talmadge, Constance first wanted to "emote," as every comédienne does, and really felt quite grieved when she was thrust into light comedy, but now she just loves the work, and she and Dorothy Gish are friendly rivals for the comedy queen palm.

Constance is one of those slim, clean-limbed girls who can ride a horse, drive a car, sail a boat, and do everything else a good, healthy, out-of-door girl can do. She is still in her teens and looks on the world with a mischievous eye and intends to get all the enjoyment out of life that there is in it—and she does.

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Quaker Oats
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BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
105F Fitzgerald Building
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WHO WOULD HAVE THUNK IT?

What's in a name? Sometimes it depends upon how the name is pronounced. If a name is pronounced wrongly it can lead to consequences of a most harrowing nature. Just for instance: Dustin Farnum, the screen star, and his promoter, Harry A. Sherman, were sitting recently in a private projection room on Olive Street in Los Angeles. They were having an ultra exclusive and final screen showing of their feature, "The Light of Western Stars."

While they were thus engrossed, an employee of the place, a foreigner, came in and told Mr. Sherman that a gentleman by the name of Mr. Zingaree wished to converse with him or Mr. Farnum. Mr. Sherman was rather annoyed at this and sent back word to the unwelcome visitor to hunt him up at his office at some other time.

"I suppose he is some fellow who wants to sell me a safety razor, or something of the kind," remarked Sherman. "His name sounds as tho he might be a barber."

"Oh, you cant tell." rejoined Farnum, "he may be one of those long-haired scenario writers who has picked you to be the purchaser of his first masterpiece, as a mark of special distinction."

Just then the employee returned with a card. On the card was the name of Zane Grey, author of the novel, "The Light of Western Stars," from which the film was adapted.

It goes without saying that Mr. Grey was escorted into the projection room with much joy and ostentation by Messrs. Farnum and Sherman, one on each side of him. They had every reason to suppose that Zane Grey was at home in New York until he reminded them that he was in Los Angeles for his annual fishing trip, whereupon the fishing party was enlarged to include Messrs. Farnum and Sherman, at the kind invitation of "Mr. Zingaree."

Pauline Frederick, in speaking to an artist recently, was endeavoring to persuade him not to bestow so much time upon his works. "You do not know then," said he, "that I have a master very difficult to please."—"Who?"—"Myself."

NE PLUS ULTRA—OR SOMETHING

(Kipling Camouflaged.)

When earth's last picture is planted and the films are blistered and dried,
When the boldest vampires have faded and the board of censors has died,
We shall rest, and faith! we shall need it; lie down for a flicker or two,
Till the makers of all good movies shall pull us a plot that's new.
And those that were fans shall be happy; they shall sit on the golden stair;
They shall gaze at a ten-reel drama 'mid torches of comet-flare;
And they'll find reel-stars *we* fall for—Ferguson, Pickford and Doug—
And they'll gaze for an age at a screen play with never a *vampire* or *thug!*
And only the makers shall praise them (the critics wont be there to blame),
And Chaplin wont work for money and no one will work for fame;
But each for the joy of the film fans, and each single separate star
Will play his part as he pleases, regardless of things as they are!

—WILES HALLOCK.

That Unclouded Ray

(*Continued from page 39*)

to themselves, and there were still others for property men, camera-men, and the various mechanics needed to complete the company. Just as the procession was ready to start, Charles dashed up in his big Mercer. Sending his chauffeur in for various boxes of make-up and other paraphernalia, he turned to me, explaining that altho he was to play a country boy, he had to use "an infernal lot of stuff."

It was not a long drive to the village of Artesia, which consisted mostly of Main Street. But it happened that the complete setting called for in the scenario was right there.

The tiny printing office had been requisitioned for the day, and a sign, previously painted by the studio artist, reading, "Sawbert Chronicle," was hung over the real sign. A little further up the street was a real real estate office, which must have been a negligible institution, for it had been secured for a dressing-room. There were stores on the opposite side of the street which needed no "touching up" at all, so picturesquely natural were they.

The "atmosphere" had climbed down from the buses and distributed itself about the town, on the benches in front of the store and on fences. They fitted admirably in with the picture.

Evidently the natives did not see it that way, however, for a group of ladies gathered on Main Street to watch the performance sneered audibly.

"My sakes, hope any one passing thru here dont think they are a part of our population," said one, vinegarily.

As the work of getting ready progressed, the little band of curious watchers drew nearer.

"There he is—that's Chollie," was heard on all sides as they recognized and pointed out Charles Ray, now coming down the street from the real estate office dressing-room, make-up quite adjusted.

I doubt whether Mr. Ray heard any of these comments, for he works with a singular intensity and while in make-up is metamorphosed into the small-town boob he looks. Even between scenes, when daubing the queer yellow make-up on his face, he wore an air of abstraction. He seemed impervious to the heat and the comments of the natives alike.

Charlie worked like a beaver for the whole afternoon, and it was not until five o'clock had passed that he relaxed at all.

And now, for the benefit of those who are not contented with knowing how their idols work and look and talk, but wish also to know their private life as well, I may say that Mr. Ray is married, has been for two years, and that Mrs. Ray is as pretty as a picture.

The little family is very domestic in its tastes and prefer their country home and a few friends to the excitement of the cities' gaieties. Charlie has a delightful speaking voice and sings with taste and feeling as well. His success in pictures is derived partially from a career on the light operatic stage in former years.

There's a noted dramatic critic in New York who goes to the movies. Now and again he reviews the pictures that appear weekly at the three big Broadway movie palaces. Usually he ends up his criticisms with "For my part, I like Charles Ray."

I agree. For my part I like Charles Ray. There's a sincerity and honesty of purpose in his work and in his life that I fancy is his most effective asset in making all the parts he has played ring true.

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Make Yourself Fit to Be a Father

If you are skinny, undeveloped, weak, watery-blooded, *build yourself up before you marry,* so your children will not be rickety imitations of yourself. If you are dyspeptic, bilious, constipated, or the victim of any other chronic ailment, such as youthful errors, vital losses and consequential impotency, get rid of these handicaps; don't take the risk of passing them on, in an exaggerated form, to the helpless little children you will bring into the world. You can't commit a worse CRIME than to make a sweet, pure, trusting girl the mother of weak, ailing, defective children who will be a sorrow to her and a reproach to you as long as you both live.

Have Healthy, Happy Children

You can do it: you can make yourself healthy, strong, vigorous, full of LIFE and the joy of living, and capable of transmitting that health and strength and happiness to children who will be full of rollicking fun, a comfort and a blessing to you and to the girl you marry. No matter how low down you have got in the human scale, and no matter how you got there, YOU CAN COME BACK, if you go about it the right way.

I don't care how much druggist's dope or patent piffle you may have tried without success; three hundred years ago the greatest brain in England wrote: "Throw Physic to the Dogs"—and Shakespeare knew, as every doctor knows today, that physic isn't the kind of food that makes men strong and vital, that fills them full of overflowing life and energy and spirit.

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I KNOW: I've tried it, not only on myself—and I am called the strongest man in the world today—but also on thousands of miserably ailing, weak, downcast, discouraged men, suffering from early indiscretions, vital losses and other troubles, that are the result of these ailments, who found their first ray of hope and comfort and quick improvement in the system of Strongfortism that I teach. *I will help YOU,* as I have helped them, and as I am helping other men in every quarter of the civilized world today. I will show you how to shuffle off your ailments, how to develop your muscles, reinvigorate your vital organs, steady your nerves, clear your brain; how to become, in a short time, a 100 per cent Man and take the place in the world you ought to hold.

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..Thinness	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Rupture	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Lumbago	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Neuritis	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
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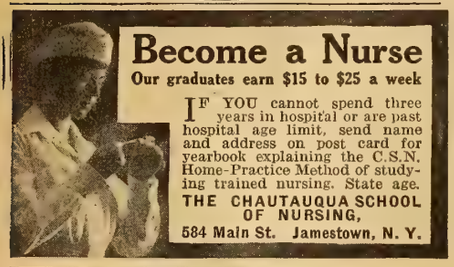

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THE O.K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Washburne "O.K." Paper Fasteners

From Plain Bill Smith to Franklin Farnum

(*Continued from page* 60)

prove beneficial as an advertisement, besides allowing him to leave his winter's savings untouched.

The day he presented himself at Universal City, California, a casting director needed a leading man, so, without giving Mr. Farnum a test, he engaged him for the rôle. The young man hadn't a bit of difficulty in making the first five reels which bore the Farnum brand of smiles and tears, and the directors rubbed noses and said, "That smile of his alone should be worth mazuma to us. If we can make people laugh *with* him, he'll be a valuable addition to this outfit."

So in the very next production, Franklin Farnum was starred as a smiling Western hero. He had never ridden a horse or attempted a stunt until he came West two years ago, but he is not afraid of trying out anything nowadays. He just dotes on Western stuff. He has created a new type of screen Westerner, and the world likes it. You all recall his "Stranger from Somewhere," "The Man Who Took a Chance" and "Bringing Father Home." Since then he has worked for Pathé and Metro, just completing a big feature at Universal City, surrounded by a fine cast, including Mary MacLaren, Anna Q. Nilsson and Marin Sais.

The ex-musical-comedy man is a tall, broad-shouldered and small-waisted man, who wears his clothes easily.

Franklin Farnum is far handsomer off screen than on, but that's so often the case. The camera cant register his magnetism and warmth.

You'd surely think that Franklin Farnum's dreams had all come true, but he says they never will until he gets back on the stage. He hopes a Victor Herbert will write another tuneful opera and that he can smile at us all across the footlights as he sings the male lead.

A Potential Madame Butterfly

(*Continued from page* 65)

expense, not many props, and no idea of the present-day presentation of a subject. Even so, it was considered a very wonderful screen-epic, and if it could be put into a five-reel drama now under the artistic direction of some of our big men of the screen and—well, I might as well confess it, with *Me* doing Lorna—I feel sure the public would like it."

But while she's waiting for the things to happen which she would *rather* do, Vola Vale is not dreaming. She is to do two pictures with William Russell, and will migrate with her mother, her car and her little dolls and dishes to sunny Santa Barbara, and—oh, yes, her big collie, "Princess."

Roscoe Arbuckle tells a story of the time in 'Frisco when everybody wore flu masks. According to the corpulent comedian he was walking towards his hotel one night and saw a man, somewhat under the influence of liquor, draped against a lamp-post. The man, whom Roscoe said he had never seen before, said: "Hello, Roscoe!" Roscoe replied, "Hello, how are you?" The man waved his hand and said, "I'm great—never more happy in my life! At last the world is running just exactly to suit me; the war is over, peace is declared, churches are closed, saloons are opened—and the women are all muzzled!"

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249 Ladies' Ring, 1 fine Diamond, $75.00
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Phones Broad 383-4-5-6-7

Introducing E. Fish Ency to the Studio

(*Continued from page 72*)

"It's a rule, you know," he added, "and then they get only a V a day."

On my cuff I figured—who was the fine old chap who became famous by writing poetry on his cuff, was it Remus or Romulus?—two hundred times five, one thousand, plus another thousand—I didn't blame the Governor for wishing to establish business methods.

At six o'clock they ate—at the expense of the company—meaning principally the Governor—and then they draped themselves around the studio until after nine. "Where's Black?" one of the stage hands inquired about nine-fifteen.

"He's in Miss Moore's dressing room telling her what a great director he is," another answered. "You know she's hooked an angel and is going to have her own company soon."

(In America this means that some one with a jolly big bank roll has promised to invest some of it in a company to star Henna as long as she continues to call him "Daddy.")

At nine-thirty director and star appeared upon the scene and began to work. By this time the Extras were so tired that they couldn't smile enough to get a fullgrown Sultan to take them for a bus ride to say nothing of supplying them with chiffon and beads for the remainder of their lives. Each scene had to be taken over four or five times, meaning so many feet of film at so much a foot, but Black should become mentally irritated, as the Americans say—he wasn't paying for an inch of it.

At 4:30 the next morning the Governor and I saw the two hundred girls falling asleep on the car to the ferry.

"Find any need of business methods, E. Fish Ency, Jr?" the Governor asked wearily.

I know he had visions of his little fortune melting about in thousands rather than in nickels—if you can grasp my idea, dear Count. By Jove, it was a beastly shame and I told the Governor so.

"Well, get down to work and see how much you can save in the next week."

I'm a bally poor saver myself, well, rather, but it's ripping the way I've figured out the money the Governor could pay himself if he shut up the studio, that is, the way it is run now.

Give my regards to the Cheverly-Chases. Carolyn Cheverly-Chase would be a corker on the screen.

Yours with a "first run" regard,

E. Fish Ency, Jr.

P. S.—Saw the Turkish scene run off today, meaning projected on the screen. One girl yawned right up in the Sultan's face and the rest looked as if they had spent a week shooting leaping eyebrows on the wing. It has to be taken all over again—that is if we can find out what it has to do with the story. This time E. Fish Ency, Jr., will boss the job, if you can grasp my idea, dear Count.

William S. Hart was having a luncheon with another player in a Western café and the waiter brought him some grapes for dessert. "Thank you," said he, pushing back the plate, "I dont take my *wine in pills!*"

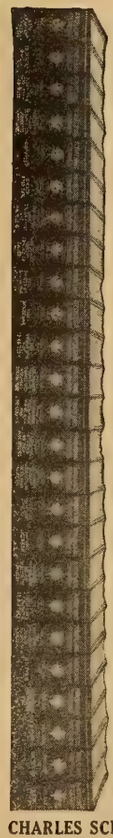
"I wish you would pay a little attention, madam," exclaimed a director to a star, as she carelessly moved about during the rehearsal for a scene. "Well," replied she, "I am paying *as little* as I can."

"The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up!"

In a harsh and bleak Scot winter, a boy with a frail body and an eager soul, longed to be a pirate and a soldier and a buccaneer. But the frail body would not and could not. So the soul that looked forth from the great eyes wandered over the sea and cliff into dangers and terrors beyond belief.

You know that boy—the world called him

Robert Louis STEVENSON



he is the boy we love so in "Treasure Island," he is the youth in "Kidnapped," he is the gallant soldier in "St. Ives," he is the irresponsible king in "Prince Otto," he is the preposterous lawyer in "The Wrong Box," he is the daring wanderer in the South Seas, he is boyhood eternal, undying. But in "The Master of Ballantrae" he finds no place—and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" we look for him in vain; for these were written when the boy's soul was overborne by the wisdom of the world.

There is treasure indeed in these twenty-five volumes—boundless joy for all the days of your life. You have thrilled over "Treasure Island." Do you know that there are twenty-five such volumes—every page a revelation?

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The Sad Business of Being Funny

(*Continued from page* 46)

that slate, Louise—all right—hit him—*HARD!*"

It was done. Louise, with a swing of her husky young arms, brought a great, quarter-of-an-inch-thick slate crashing down over Chester's head, the frame decorating his neck collar fashion.

"Oompf!" said he, and reeled dizzily to a chair as the camera-man "cut."

"Fine!" applauded Sennett. "Wasn't that funny?" he asked, turning to me.

"*Terrible* funny!" I answered; and I meant the first word.

At lunch time I joined Chester Conklin and Ben Turpin, who were making their way to the little upstairs restaurant at the studio. Chester was feeling his head sympathetically, and Ben was examining the bump, tho his eyes were directed, as nearly as I could judge, towards the farther end of the studio.

"Dont worry," he said consolingly, "the woist is yet to come—Mack says there'll be a 're-take' of that scene after lunch."

Some comforter, is Ben.

"Tell me something about the funny side of making comedies," I suggested when we were seated at an oilcloth covered table in the restaurant.

"There ain't no such animal," said Ben, eyeing me sorrowfully—at least he may have been looking at me—it's hard to tell—"it's all hard woik—nothing funny about it except the laughs you get out of the screen!"

Chester was still coddling his bump.

"That schoolhouse scene looked sort of rough-house," he said, "but that was mild in comparison with what I generally go thru. This afternoon I am wiped all over the place by the mother of this pupil—and believe me, it's not going to be a pink tea affair either.

"But that's nothing—yesterday I was thrown in a tank of water exactly fifteen times before the director was suited; after that I was dipped in a flour barrel, then soot was blown over me. The whole thing took from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon without a stop of any kind, and as I was coming across the street to the studio, feeling like a German worm, a dame comes up to me and says: 'Oh, Mr. Conklin, I'd know you *any* place—you have such a funny expression.'"

Ben looked at Chester—or at me—or at both of us—and shook his head.

"That ain't the woist," he told us gloomily. "Tank stuff is easy money; gee, I wish they'd pick out a nice soft tub of water to chuck *me* into—I'd think I wasn't drawing me pay. Look at me now; I'm forty-nine years old, and been in the business fifteen years, and I've been in the hospital twenty-five times.

"I've been hit on the head with an iron horseshoe, knocked silly with a barber pole, stepped on by horses, and run over by machines. Once they were to hit me with a five-foot 'break-away' statue of light material, and the prop man got a real one by mistake—and say, when I come to, I didn't know whether my name was Ben Turpen or Mary Pickford! Another time they were slamming dummies against a wall, but the heads broke off all of them. They were short of time on the scene and didn't have any more dummies, so I told the directors to use me; they did, and my head wasn't broke—but it made an awful dent in the wall!"

"Oh, well, as to that," Chester chipped in, not to be left out of the recital of sor-

rows, "I get my share of rough stuff too. I've been knocked cold by a real prize-fighter in a picture, and I've run off a high dock into the water by an automobile; besides that, I've jumped from one high building to another without a net underneath, and once when I was chasing around a ten-story building I fell off and was caught on the awning two stories below. Once I had to wear false whiskers dipped in a smudge pot to make them look as if they were on fire. They really caught on fire, and I had to go thru the scene with those things burning my face raw—then it had to be done over again. The fans laughed their heads off at that stunt, but maybe you think it was funny to make?—Nit!"

"Sure, it all *looks* funny," interpolated Ben, "but how many fans knows what we go thru to get the right effect? It gets my goat to sit behind a Percy-boy who tells Mabel—'Oh, no, they dont really hit him—they just pretend to; oh, no, that isn't a real fall—it just looks like it.'

"Say!" he broke off suddenly, "if you wants to know whether the falls is real or not, look at this!"

He rose from the table and moved over to a cleared space in the room. Without the slightest preparation, he leaped into the air, turned a backward somersault, and came down flat on his back with an awful smacking thud.

I gasped for breath, but he was on his feet before I could utter a word. The other actors went on eating, merely glancing up as he brushed himself off; it was evidently Ben's little way of keeping himself in trim for his work.

"That's an easy one." He said as he rejoined us. I can do eight different kinds of falls, and they're all real, believe me!"

I believed him.

That same afternoon, a grillingly hot afternoon too, by the way, I browsed over to the Fatty Arbuckle studio. The director was sitting under a big umbrella, and the camera-man was similarly protected. But the seven-passenger comedian instead of sipping ice-cold—well, let's say lemonade—was doing a marathon on a treadmill in front of a huge revolving canvas disk, on which was painted rural scenery. With the disk going one way, and Fatty the other, the finished scene would put chained lightning in the discard for speed. He was coatless and hatless, and his breath came in short explosions like an engine hitting on three cylinders.

"Hello—glad to see you—" he panted, never letting up on his treadmill stride. "Cant stop now—gotta keep on until this thing goes around six more times—gosh, its a long way 'round——"

"Speed up a little, Fatty," called the director coolly, and Fatty, carried away by indignation, almost looked into the camera.

"Say—what d'ya think I am—a Marmon Six?—" he puffed, while a painted fence slid slowly by. "If I went any faster they'd pinch me for speeding," and he plugged away grimly while a clump of trees ambled leisurely past.

"There's something funny about seeing a fat man run," the director explained to me," it will be a scream in the picture——"

Fatty heard the remark.

"Sure, it's funny—to *watch,* isn't it!" he jerked between strides. "Do you guys know it's ninety in the shade—and no shade——"

The required number of rounds were finished at last, and the exhausted comedian sank down into a convenient chair, which groaned ominously.

"Never again!" he panted, mopping his streaming brow," I swear I'll never put a running scene in another picture of mine——"

The director "ahemmed" discreetly.

"Sorry, Fatty," he said meekly, "but we've discovered that the film was light-struck—you'll have to do that little running stunt again——"

Fatty rose up and started to speak, then sat down suddenly, almost apoplectic with the effort to keep from using language objectionable to the ears of the non-swearing sex. I left with a hasty excuse. The least I could do was to let him say what he thought—out loud. Besides, I had gotten what I went for.

When I reached Smiling Bill Parson's studio, I encountered him minus the smile which is his trade-mark. Instead he took off his hat and mopped a shining expanse of cranium guiltess of hirsute adornment.

"Sorry you weren't here an hour sooner," he told me, "you'd have seen a 'wiz' of a picture—I take a double rôle in it, that of a rich man and a vagabond, and talk about trouble—it's double exposure work you know, and we ruined several hundred feet of film in one scene, and in another I changed costumes just twenty-seven times from evening clothes to tramp's rags, and I got so mixed up I didn't know whether I was going or coming!"

"These sob-dramas are hard to make—" I said consolingly, and he interrupted me by a gesture as if to tear his hair—which cant be done—for reasons.

"Sob-drama, my eye!" he said tragically. "It's a comedy—a riot—a knock-out—and it will be the death of me!"

* * * * *

I went back later to the Chaplin studio to apologize to Charlie for having thought him a misanthrope.

I glimpsed him at the end of the lot, walking back and forth with a face like a thundercloud, and muttering to himself.

"Who's dead?" I asked flippantly, and the Press Agent gave me a warning "Sh—h!"

"He's thinking up a comedy," he whispered, and I stole away, subdued and properly rebuked.

WHY THEY ALL HAILED HAMILTON

May Allison, the dainty screen star, tells a good story about Hale Hamilton, recent addition to the Metro galaxy of stars.

It seems that a few years ago Hamilton, who created the rôle of J. Rufus Wallingford in George M. Cohan's "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," appeared in an American production in London. The opening night was a memorable occasion, with a tumultuous house attending the success of the play.

"The next morning," said Hamilton to Miss Allison, recounting the experience to her when he was her leading-man in New York, "I was taking a constitutional along the Strand when I noticed that at every few steps an Englishman would raise his hat to me. I was flattered and, of course, tickled.

"I proceeded for three blocks, and to my right and left Britons were doffing their hats. I began to puff up with pride.

"I ran into a fellow-American. I told him about all the hat-lifting. I asked him if I was really so great in the part that the entire population of London should acclaim my genius.

"'Oh,' he exclaimed, with a laugh, 'you have been keeping pace with a funeral passing thru the Strand! And an Englishman always raises his hat when a funeral is passing.'"

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You Never Saw Such a Girl

(*Continued from page* 58)

I had made up my mind, tho, that if *he* should prove to be my uncle Aunt Fanny and I would go on voyaging. There wouldn't be any remote corner of the earth, I felt, far enough, still enough, deep enough, to hide me.

We found "The Pillars" easily. It was an easy thing to find. So big. So white. So—so sort o' stupendous.

He . . . Eric . . . came home the day after our arrival. I told Reagon, the nice caretaker, who I was, and he seemed to be pleased to see me, tho doubtful. Aunt Fanny and he got on famously. I never saw Aunt Fanny so red in her face before as when she talked with Reagon. And Reagon the same. He telegraphed grandmother and said he had never heard Mrs. Burgess speak of me, but that she was a very busy lady indeed, which no doubt accounted for it. I said "Yes." And Aunt Fanny said that was so.

The next day Eric came, unexpectedly. I heard him tell Reagon that he was "expecting orders." When he saw me he nearly fainted. He got even redder than Aunt Fanny. And whiter than me. Then he gripped my hands. "What are you doing here?" he gasped, and he added something under his breath. Something soft and thrilly. I told him. "And you are my uncle, "I finished up, and I wanted him to feel as sick, as hurt, as the thought had, somehow or other, made me. I'd like an uncle . . . but not Eric . . . not Eric . . .

Eric said that was impossible, nonsensical, farcical, absurd and several other immense names. Then he said that it was a funny business, but that he was going to give me a good time while I was at "The Pillars."

Eric *did* give me a good time. The second day after our arrival Judge Eustace, who has the adjoining estate, gave a garden fête. Eric took me. There were such lots of people . . . women like stately flowers . . . men with grim faces wearing uniforms . . . girls with tired eyes . . . boys looking callow. Eric looked only at me. I looked only at Eric.

Judge Eustace was kind to me. He said: "I knew a little girl once with the same eyes as yours . . . the same smile . . . it was a great many years ago . . . I am glad to see you, my dear."

Eric heard him and started, almost nervously. I felt that he was troubled.

Grandmother came the next morning. She came with a great bustle and clangor, and lots of dogs yelped and a parrot shrieked raucously "You're a fool, you're a *fool!*" to nobody in particular. She should have come, I felt, with peppermints, knitting and a soft old voice, soft because it had soothed two generations of babies.

Grandmother *evicted* us. Evicted Aunt Fanny and me, Marty Mackenzie. We had never been evicted in all our lives. I tried to see the silver lining. I tried to tell Aunt Fanny it was an *experience,* and that all experiences are something. But Aunt Fanny's mouth was a vertical line and would not move.

Grandmother called us "impostors," "bribers," "possible blackmailers"—all sorts of terrible names. Eric was white and sent me out of the room. There were scenes and scenes, and finally we got under way in the old caravan.

We went back home. Aunt Fanny said she was sick of seeing life if *that* was life. I felt the same. We felt that we had gone forth with laughter on our lips and love of life in our hearts, and that life had slapped our faces.

Then, one day, I was sitting on the fence again. I had just painted the "Boarders Wanted" sign over again, and I was hoping it would take. It didn't seem as if *anything* took for me. I began to know how my mother must have felt about resting . . . Then I heard his voice. "I am dreaming," I thought, "I have gone to sleep sitting on the fence. How silly! Presently I shall fall off and get an awful bump!"

"Marty," said the belovedest voice; "Marty . . . Mackenzie . . ."

I toppled and nearly fell, but his arms caught me. He was saying a lot of things in sort of a tumbled fashion, as tho he wanted to get thru them, so as to reach really important matters. "Mother 'fessed up," he said, "she was *your* mother's *stepmother.* They . . . they didn't get along. Mother is arbitrary. She—this hurts me to say—wanted the money for *me*—she didn't want to admit to you—you see, I was her son by an earlier marriage—her only child—mothers are sometimes selfish—do you see, Marty? Do you see?"

"You're not my uncle?" I said.

"Of course not . . . of course not . . . we both knew that.

"How—how did you come?"

"With such wings . . ."

I laughed and little sobs broke up my laughter. I was in his arms. Aunt Fanny was looking. The passersby were looking. The world was looking—and I did not care. For there was no world save in his eyes. No heaven save his arms.

"Shining in the sun . . ." I repeated . . . "my beautiful . . ."

He kist me. "To right a wrong . . ." he said.

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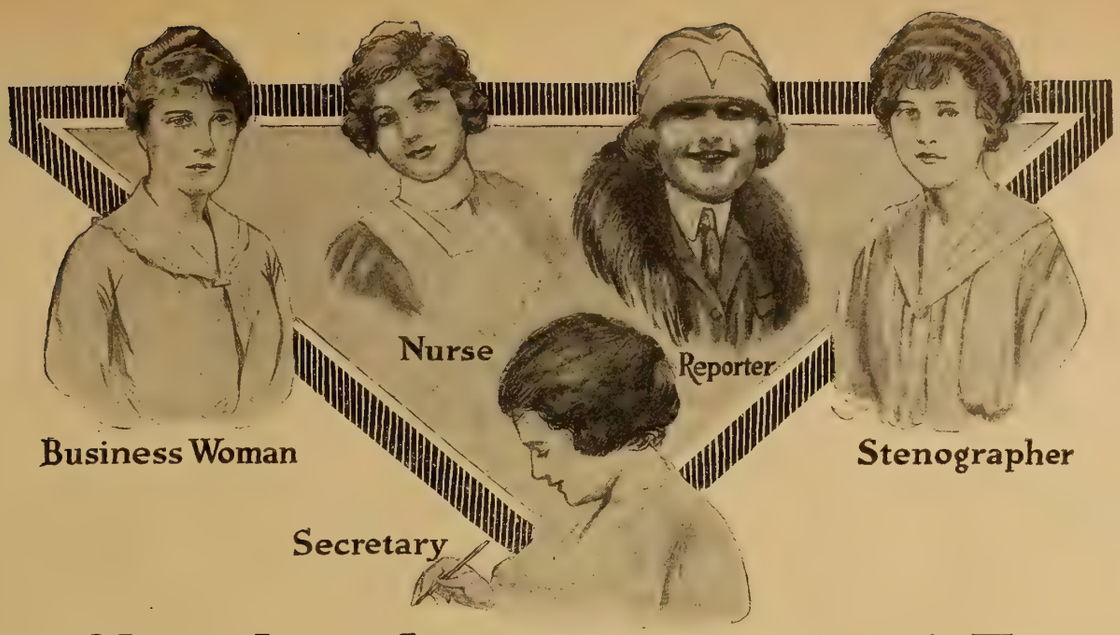

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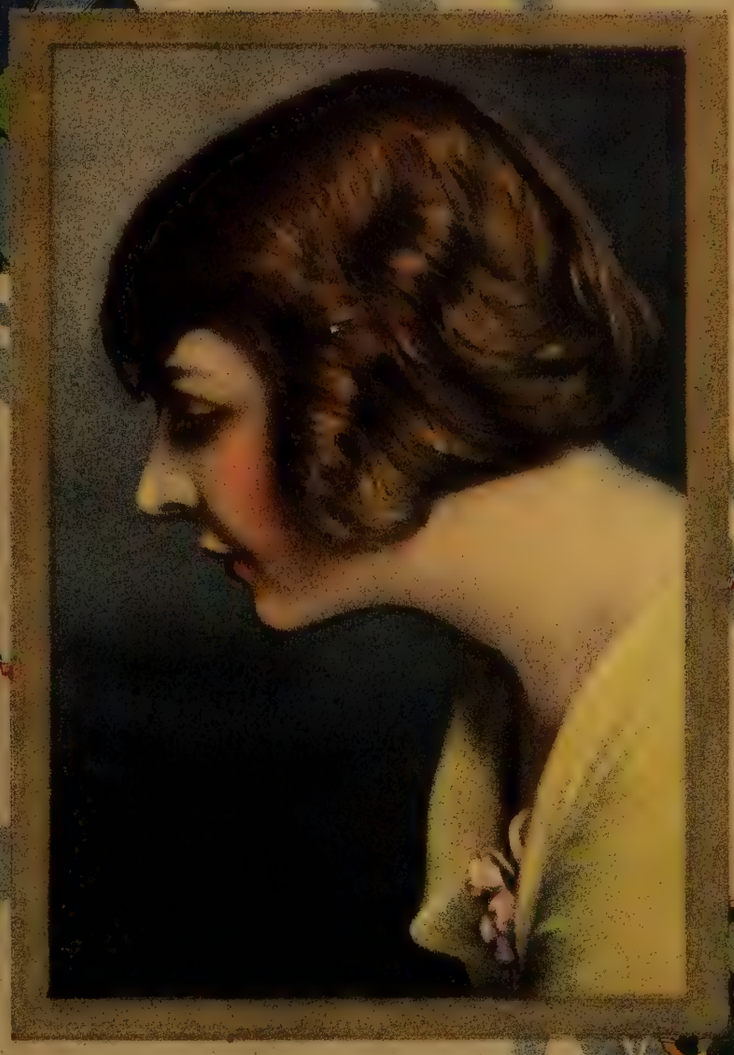

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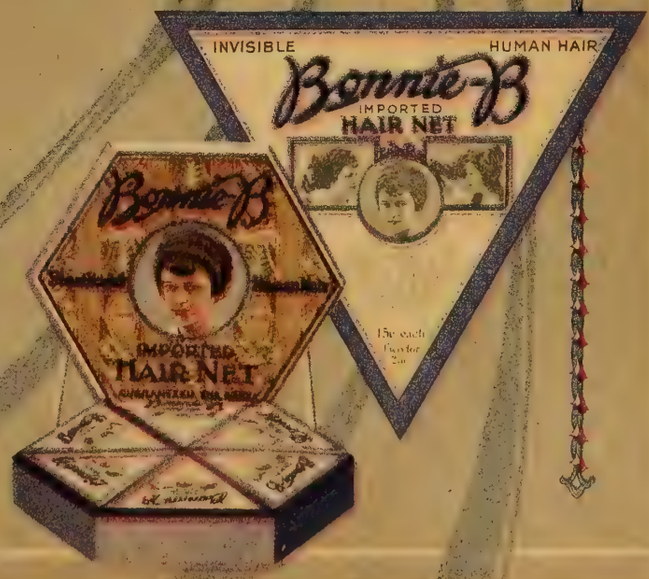

PALMOLIVE

Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

(1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
(2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
(3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
(4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XVII MAY, 1919 No. 4

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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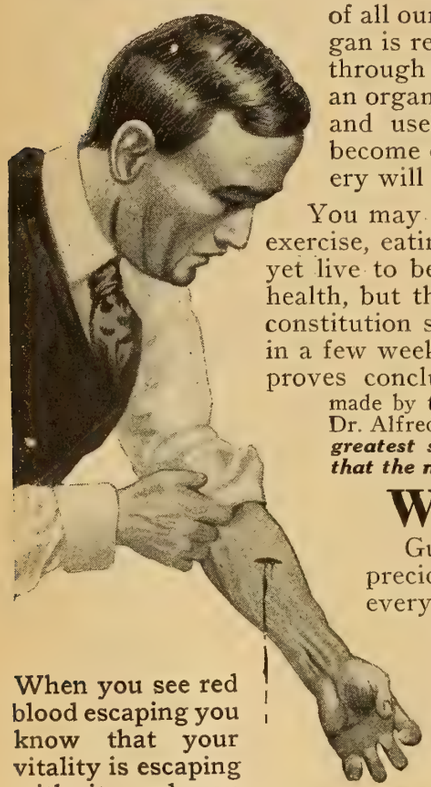
Nerve Exhaustion

Civilization's Greatest Danger

The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs containing a mysterious energy we call "Nerve Force," and, as the great scientist, Sir William Osler, explains, the volume of Nerve Force stored, represents our "Nerve Capital."



Our Nerve Capital represents the sum-total of all our powers, for every muscle and vital organ is regulated and receives its impulse of life through the nerves. Sever the nerves leading to an organ, and that organ will become paralyzed and useless. Permit your Nerve Capital to become exhausted, and the entire vital machinery will act feebly and become deranged.

You may violate Nature's laws in the matter of exercise, eating, and abuse the body otherwise, and yet live to be very old and retain a fair degree of health, but there is yet to be born a person with a constitution so strong that he will not break down in a few weeks under intense nervous strain. This proves conclusively the truth of the statement made by that eminent British authority on the Nerves, Dr. Alfred T. Schofield, namely: ***"It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."***

Watch Your Nerves!

Guard your nerves as you would the most precious thing you possess. They mean everything to you—your Happiness, Health and Success in Life. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for when your nerves "blow up," life is not worth living. The finer your brain is, the more delicate are your nerves and the greater is the danger of Nerve Exhaustion.

When you see red blood escaping you know that your vitality is escaping with it, and you promptly stop the flow. Millions of people live on, indifferent to the loss of vital power even more serious than the loss of blood—**the LOSS of NERVE FORCE.**

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"Send me fifty more copies of your book. I wish to have them rebound in the most expensive leather cover and embellished, and give them to my friends for Christmas."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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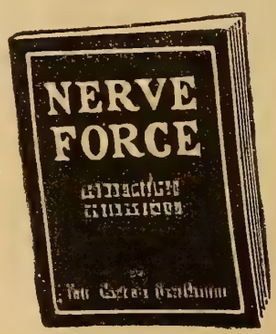

PAUL VON BOECKMANN
Studio 1?4—110 West 40th Street
New York City

Letters to the Editor

Queer things happen in the best made photoplays:

To THE EDITOR—Here is a good "why do they do it" item.

I went to see Virginia Pearson recently in "Buchannan's Wife." The play was fine, but this error was noticed by several others, as well as myself. Buchannan turns tramp for a month and follows a thief into the woods. After arriving at a certain place he and the thief stop to discuss matters. The place is on the banks of a precipice that is hundreds of feet high. The thief suddenly stabs Buchannan in the back and he rolls off the cliff and falls apparently three hundred feet, landing in the forks of a tree. The thief suddenly realizes that the victim has some money on his person and descends to the bottom to rob the dead man and finds his victim hanging face downward in the forks of the tree with his *hat on his head correctly*. Now could it be possible for a man to roll off a precipice, tumbling thru bushes and trees and land looking like he'd just dismissed his valet? But perhaps he might have *glued it on* just for that scene.

I am an ardent admirer of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Sincerely,

PEARL ARNOLD.

Birmingham, Ala.

Thomas Finnerty again visits the editorial columns:

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE—Yezza, I'm in again. This time the hammer's out of sight and I'm going to scatter a few well merited compliments around. Having been a one-man anvil chorus for such a long time I'm afraid I dont know just how to go about it, but you cant blame a feller for trying.

To begin with, I am pleased to report that the deadly epidemic of serial thrillers (my pet aversion) seems to be well under control, and now that the senior member of the firm of "Me und Gott, Inc.," has retired, it begins to look as if international spies and such have been furnished with a mighty good excuse to keep out of the movies. Not only that, but stories about the Northwest Mounted Police are growing fewer and thinner than ever. And as for movie two-gun men—well, I think they must be breaking the New York waiters' strike, or something. Anyway, they are mighty scarce.

On the other hand, we've been getting some good stories lately—and mighty well done they've been, too. "A Perfect Thirty-Six," "Power and the Glory," "All Night," and a great many others were all fine. After all, Shakespeare said a mouthful when he chirped "The play's the thing" and I'll say so—even if my favorite author is Bugs Baer and even tho I do consider Shakespeare an also ran as compared with old G. B. Shaw. And while there is lots of room for improvement in the movies, the world does move, after all.

I'm just conceited enough to believe myself a pretty fair representative of the normal, average, every-day, commonplace, ordinary contingent of just plain "folks." And these are the birds who take movies in habit-forming quantities. If I'm one of this great number, my contention that war plays, sex dramas and such are non-essential, is worthy of some consideration. My one obsession is: Give us something—anything that will make us

laugh. Such delightfully impossible stories as "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley" and others I have mentioned is what we want.

I'll conclude my "little of this and a little of that" by advising you to keep your lamps glued on Johnny Hines. The lad is there.

And by the way, what has happened to the lady who waved such a caustic pen a while back—I mean Curtis Pierce?

THOMAS FINNERTY.

73 South 2nd St., Brooklyn.

How the movies carried on over there:

DEAR EDITOR—I am sending you a few notes in reference to the way the movies were presented in France, and especially in the battle area when the French towns were subject to heavy shell-fire from enemy guns. It was at—Somewhere in France—and I happened to visit the movies which I paid 50 centimes (one dime in U. S. money) to be admitted. The theater had been given over to vaudeville in times of peace and had been transformed to the movies. The French inhabitants had quit the town, the military authorities took over the location and installed a bioscope, a "Powers No. 6," which was a junk machine, but it served the purpose well. It projected a clear picture, 15 feet by 6. The theater had suffered a little from shell-fire and the conditions that prevailed would not suffice any civilian audience, but not too bad for the troops who came in hundreds to visit the theater. The show had begun with "No Wedding Bells," featuring Miss Mary Miles Minter, and two parts had been shown and the third was being screened, when a rumbling noise was heard which seemed to lift the theater from its foundations. Some guessed that it was thunder and others were certain that "Jerry" had started his old game. I may say the audience was composed of British and U. S. troops and they seemed to smile at the idea. I dont know whether they were smiling at Mary or not, or the noise that was going on outside the show. The picture still kept on. I am sure that Miss Minter deserves praise for being in the battle zone on the screen. Altho I guess she would not have cared to be there personally? The noise gradually died away after a few minutes and the troops stuck to their post (the seat) and didn't beat it till the show was finished. "When It Rains, It Pours," (Vitagraph), was shown. This film is about seven years old, and also "The Right of Way," (Vitagraph), featuring Tefft Johnson, was also shown. As soon as the show was finished we came out and to our surprise saw five large shell holes fifteen to twenty yards of the theater and not one man hurt. Thanks to the movies. Everyone was saying in the theater that it would have to be a "direct hit" and so it would, but luckily enough, he didn't get a direct hit, and the situation was saved with the help of the operator and the pianist and the "movies." It may interest New Yorkers that the U. S. troops who were present were formed from N. Y. State and that they kept smiling and never moved a hair while the "strafe" was on. Brave New Yorkers! Glory to them all!

I wish every future success to the movies and also to the publishers of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

I am

Yours sincerely,

PVT. ALFRED BOWKER, 6141.

Machine Gun Corps, B. E. F., France

A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

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We submit a suggestion from one of our readers for the forming of a Harold Lockwood memorial. We will be glad to start this if enough respond to the call. If not, we will return any money sent in.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MR. BREWSTER—It is with the deepest sorrow that I learn of Harold Lockwood's death. He was indeed a super-star, a supreme actor, and yet one thought of him as a big brother. No star has yet endeared herself or himself to the general public, men, women and children, as Lockwood did.

Wont you start a memorial fund and let his friends subscribe thru your Magazine?

I know there are thousands would like to show their love and appreciation for the brother gone at the high command.

Hoping you will think kindly of my suggestion, I am,

Very sincerely,
PEARL KING ESPIE.

Maple Lawn Farm, Caledonia, N. Y.

Praise is pleasant:

Editor, Motion Picture Magazine:

DEAR SIR—As an American marooned in Ireland since the early part of the war, I wish to express the appreciation and pleasure I take in the Motion Picture Magazine. It is one of the links with home. I am given it each month by American naval friends, who are fortunate enough to be able to have all the magazines and books they wish, sent them from the States; while "civilians" are not allowed this privilege. The "movies" over here are one of my consolations, as they take me back to the good old pre-war days, and make me forget for a time how far away I am from the "Land of the Free" and the "Home of the Brave." Now and then we get some exceptionally good film plays, with my favorites in them. Whenever a good one comes there is a tremendous rush of the navy men and everyone else. The Irish people love Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Pearl White, especially.

I close with every good wish to the Motion Picture Magazine, which I enjoy so very much, and look forward to each month.

Yours truly,
KATHARINE HOWARD BROWN.

2 Rushbrooke Terrace.

CORRECTION

In the January issue of our Magazine on page 83 was published a picture of Harry Edwards. Thru a mistake in proof-reading, the caption read that Harry belonged to the Marine Corps. As it happened, Harry had on a sailor's uniform. This mistake was called to our attention by at least two hundred disapproving marines and sailors. We are sorry such an error occurred.

"Cant say that this prohibition sweep was much of a surprise," remarked Bert Lytell, during a spare moment in the filming of his recent picture for Metro, "The Blind Man's Eyes," at the Hollywood studio, "because it's been a big year for ice-water anyway."

"How's that?" demanded the annoyed director.

"I say it's been a big year for ice-water," repeated the star, "ever since the hotels have been hiring girls as bellboys."

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art,* that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is *a real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

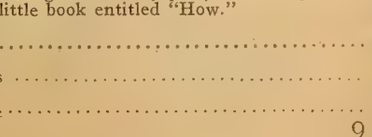
I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



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Next Month's Motion Picture Magazine

Just an Advanced Hint of the Features in the June Magazine.

HELPING OUR HEROES

Many people have wondered just what part the theatrical folk have taken in aiding our returning boys —just what they have done, actually, besides selling bonds and giving benefit performances. This article, with exclusive illustrations, tells just how closely our most prominent players are in touch with the boys. It shows how they are sacrificing every second of their spare time to bring snatches of happiness to our wounded heroes.

ROBERT ANDERSON

Hazel Simpson Naylor has written the true story of Monsieur Cockatoo in a fine detailed account of his fight for fame. His impressions of D. W. Griffith and the Griffith workers are also worth studying. Mr. Anderson has gone deep into the study of human nature.

CAROL HOLLOWAY

The tale of Carol's love for the screen. While her life at present is one serial after another—she still hopes to do many features before her career ends. This Vitagraph star is making a great name for herself — Pearl White alone surpasses her achievements—perhaps because Pearl has been at the game longer.

MATT MOORE

Being brother of a star, brother of a leading man, and brother-in-law of two famous feminine lights is in itself a responsibility, but Matt fails to see the tremendous importance of it. He is boyish and carefree, oblivious, apparently, to the fact that he himself is *some actor!*

ALLAN FORREST

Like so many other film folk, Allan once trouped with a traveling company. His own recitation of his trials and tribulations is amusing —yet pathetic — only Allan refuses to look on the sad side of it.

MONROE SALISBURY

Herein Mr. Salisbury denies the fact that his splendid characterizations are due to clever make-up—and promptly proves his point.

\- - - -

Besides the above tempting morsels, we offer the best fiction stories of films being printed today; among others we will feature Elsie Ferguson's newest picture. Gladys Hall is at her best in this thrilling story.

Also there will be a story of how comedies are made, stories told on the people who hustle in and out of Tom Ince's studio door, and many other choice articles now nearing completion.

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(Continued on next page)

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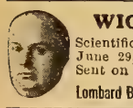

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WHAT THEY'D BE IF THEY WEREN'T WHAT THEY ARE

"If Bessie Barriscale were something to eat she would be a sunshine cake."

Gloria Joy, the star of Mission Productions, thus catalogs the sunny-topped Bessie, and in this curious way she has doped all her screen favorites. Here are a few of them:

If Mary Pickford were something to wear, she'd be a suit of rompers.

If Bill Hart were a plant, he'd be a cactus.

If Theda Bara were an orchestra she'd be a jazz band.

If Roscoe Arbuckle were a house, he'd be an office building.

If Dustin Farnum were a fish, he'd be a killer whale.

If Douglas Fairbanks were a musical instrument, he'd be a ukelele.

If Kitty Gordon were fruit, she'd be a bunch of Tokay grapes.

If William Farnum were a dance, he'd be a fox trot.

If Lillian Walker were dessert, she'd be a cocoanut custard pie.

If Charlie Chaplin were something to drink, he'd be sparkling burgundy. (This one isn't Gloria's).

If May Allison were candy, she'd be a box of milk-fed chocolates.

If Julian Eltinge were a woman, he'd be the handsomest man in the world.

If Clara Kimball Young were a toy, she'd be a Teddy bear.

If Hughey Mack were grass, he'd be a load of hay.

If Jackie Saunders were a flower, she'd be a buttercup.

If Ruth Roland were a bird, she'd be a nightingale.

A HORSE STORY

Joe Rock and Earle Montgomery were among the Vitagraphers who rode in the recent victory parade, which was an event in the film life at Los Angeles. Mr. Montgomery drew as his lot a horse that lived up to the guarantee, "Will stand without hitching." But Joe Rock was not so fortunate. The mount furnished him was a sixteen-hand high animal which evidently was used to wide, open space, for as soon as he would glimpse such an opening in the line of march he would make for it with all possible speed, not considering the wishes of his rider at all.

Thus it was when at the most important point in the line of parade, namely, at Seventh and Broadway, which corner, by the way, is to Los Angeles what Forty-second Street and Broadway is to New York, cleared space at either side of the Seventh and Broadway grandstand. Turning the corner on Seventh, the horse was presented with the unexpected sight of two street-cars coming in opposite directions.

"When in doubt, plunge," proved the horse's idea of what to do in such an emergency. So he did it, with the result that he tripped on the street-car track and threw himself and Joe Rock. But it was no ordinary fall that Joe Rock took. Any one else might have been satisfied with falling flat in the middle of the street and awaiting results. Not Mr. Rock. Instead of landing anywhere in the vicinity of his horse, he took a high dive thru the air and landed between the two street-cars, both of which had, by this time, been brought to a halt.

The comedian was unhurt and hurried back to where the horse had fallen. By that time several people were at the bit of the big animal, so Joe remounted and rode back around the corner of Broadway and fell in line beside Earle Montgomery and Director R. H. McGray.

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A charming, colorful chat with the exotic **Marcia Manon** by Frederick James Smith. The adventures of this young woman of Russian-Italian blood are decidedly interesting.

A striking talk with **Captain Robert Warwick,** fresh from the battlefields of Flanders. Warwick has been with Pershing's headquarters staff thru the whole campaign.

An absorbing article on the development of the photoplay by that well known authority on the screen, **Kenneth Macgowan.**

Earle Williams tells some of his inmost ambitions in an interesting interview.

One of the funniest articles in months is **Louise Fazenda's** story of her own life, written in her very own inimitable style.

The story of **Bebe Daniels** with piquant seaside views of the Pathé comédienne.

Personality chats and pictures with **William Farnum, Percy Marmont, Catherine Calvert** and other players you will like to meet.

And the fictionized photoplays! Here's a real treat. One of them is **Theda Bara's** newest screen drama, the picturesque story of a South Sea belle and a missionary.

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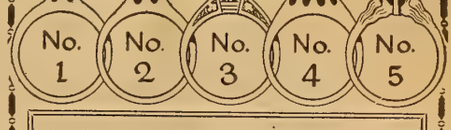

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Forty-Fourth Street.—Al Jolson in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and Kitty Doner.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Liberty.—"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capitally with a capital C.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play.

Punch & Judy.—Remarkably interesting season of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau company at this intimate theater.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

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Rialto—Photoplays supreme.

Strand—Select first-run photoplays.

Here's Pearl White looking particularly capable in her ambulance driver's costume. No, Pearl doesn't really drive returning *blessés* to nice, comfortable, white beds equipped with soft, feathery pillows, but she did find time to aid our Government by acting in "King Coal," made by the Fuel Administration. The picture called for a girl ambulance driver—a girl with plenty of pep, daring and fight—and Pearl was just the girl the Administration wanted. Between her last serial and the new "Lightning Raider," Pearl managed to squeeze in "King Coal."

IGNORANCE!

Her name is Johanna; she hails from Montana,
She's been thru eleventeen schools—
She knows all the knowledge there is in a college,
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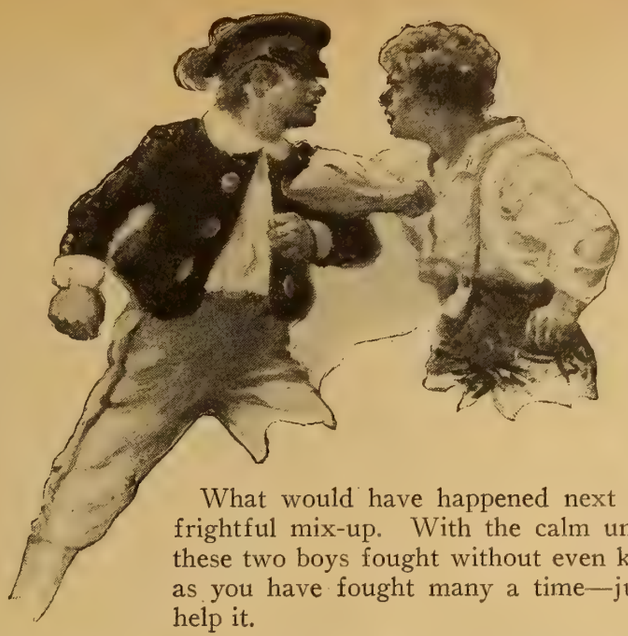
For instance, last night, when I mentioned Pearl White,
She stared at me blank as blank verse—
She thought I meant Mars when I spoke of the "stars",
Her astronomy couldn't be worse!

She didn't know Mabel had just had the Flu,
She didn't know Dark Cloud was dead—
She didn't know Fanny was past fifty-two,
She didn't know Chaplin was wed!

She didn't know Jerry had bought a new fur,
She didn't know Pickford was back—
She didn't know Selig had purchased "Ben Hur",
She didn't know nothin', by crack!

Says I to her: "Anna, go back to Montana,
There's no room in this burg for you—
It sure beats the Dutch when you've studied so much
How you ever acquired so few!"

—MILO RAY.



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"I ain't."
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NEW YORK

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to March 31st. Save the list. And see the Pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
Enid Bennett in "Partners Three"
Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Lina Cavalieri in "The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark in "Three Men and a Girl"
Ethel Clayton in "Maggie Pepper"
***Dorothy Dalton** in "Extravagance"
Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish in "Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee in "Puppy Love"
Vivian Martin in "Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason in "The Winning Girl"
***Charles Ray** in "The Sheriff's Son"
Wallace Reid in "Alias Mike Moran"
Bryant Washburn in "Poor Boob"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book). A Wm. A. Brady Production
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. deMille's Production "Don't Change Your Husband"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in "The Marriage Price"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"
***William S. Hart** in "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "The Village Smithy" "Reilly's Wash Day"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Beresford of the Baboons"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Once a Mason"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

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Gladys Leslie is known as the "girl with the million-dollar smile." In fact, this rare smile secured her first engagement at the Edison studio for her. Then Thanhouser decided they wanted to star her, so Gladys packed up and moved to New Rochelle. At Thanhouser she made her biggest hit in "The Vicar of Wakefield." Now she's Vitagraph's sunniest ingénue, just having finished "Miss Dulcie from Dixie." Probably no comedienne on the screen has a brighter future.

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WATCH FOR

The first interview with Irene Castle since signing her Paramount contract.

READ

Our fearless and analytical reviews of all the recent pictures.

Cretonnes, curtains, blankets

Laundered actually like new

HOW many times have you longed for filmier curtains and more colorful cretonnes without daring to buy them? You were afraid they would not launder.

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Lux comes in wonderful, delicate white flakes — pure and transparent. You whisk them into the richest, sudsiest lather, that loosens all the dirt—leaves the finest fabric clean and new—not a color dimmed, not a fibre weakened in any way.

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With Lux you can wash your softest blankets over and over again, and still have them light and woolly.

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Use Lux on your finest blankets, your richest cretonnes! Tumble your daintiest things — embroidered pillow-slips, doilies — even lamp shades—into the Lux suds. See how easily you can keep your loveliest things like new.

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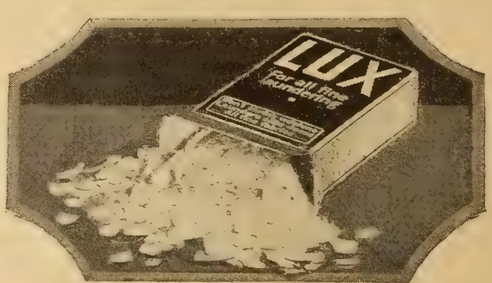
Get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store.— Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES

To Wash Blankets
Whisk Lux to a lather in *hot* water, 2 tablespoonfuls to a gallon. Add cold water till lukewarm. *Do not rub.* Squeeze the suds through. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last. Use a loose wringer; never twist. Dry in the shade.



Silk and colored curtains
Whisk Lux to a lather in *hot* water, a tablespoonful to a gallon. Add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. *Do not rub.* Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Dry in the shade.

For white curtains, not silk — Soak an hour in cold water. Wash in hot suds. Rinse in 3 hot waters. Dry in the sun.

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Gallery of Players

MARGUERITE CLARK

Do you remember Miss Clark's first screen offering, "Wildflower"? That one production endeared Miss Clark to film fans as perhaps no other single photoplay has ever done and the little star has never lost her hold upon their affections. Miss Clark came to the films fresh from her stage success in "Prunella," which was the climax of a remarkable musical comedy and dramatic career. Zoie in "Baby Mine" was another of her big hits.

DORRIS LEE

Dorris Lee is one of the best little athletes of the screen. Her father, known as "Willie Green," was one of the leading sporting writers of newspaperdom and he trained his little daughter in every kind of sport. But Miss Lee wanted to be a pianiste, that is, until the screen came along with its combination of strenuous life and the drama. Miss Lee made her début with Charles Ray in "His Mother's Boy."

BETTY BLYTHE

Betty hails from Southern California. She studied at Westlake Seminary in Los Angeles and at the University of Southern California, later going to Paris to try vocal training. Musical comedy back in America was the next step and ultimately came Vitagraph. She made her début in "His Own People" and her first hit as Mme. Arnot in Arthur Guy Empey's "Over the Top."

MILDRED HARRIS

If Miss Harris had no other claim to fame than being Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, that alone would make her of international interest. Mildred was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and started her screen career as a child in Thomas Ince's "On the Firing Line" in the old Kay-Bee days. After that Miss Harris was with Ince and Griffith, ultimately reaching stardom at Universal.

© Lumière

HELEN FERGUSON

Miss Ferguson started as an extra at Essanay. A flower girl in "The Prince of Graustark" was one of her first appearances. Her first real opportunity came in "Filling His Own Shoes" with Bryant Washburn. Then, step by step, she moved upward. She became Taylor Holmes' leading woman, later appeared with Jack Gardner, and finally made the leap to New York—and Metro.

© Johnston

NORMA TALMADGE

Miss Talmadge continues to advance in popularity. No star has made the strides of Norma Talmadge in the last two years. She is a graduate of the famous Blackton-Smith school of the photoplay at old Vitagraph. After her hit in "The Battle Cry of Peace" came stardom with Triangle. Select was the next step and now Miss Talmadge is a First National star.

© Johnston

MADGE KENNEDY

Miss Kennedy has been Goldwyn's best bet since her début in "Baby Mine." A discovery of Grace George, Miss Kennedy was best known behind the footlights for her playing of innocent heroines of thin-as-ice farces, such as "Over Night," "Little Miss Brown," "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warmer." Cupid had something to do with Miss Kennedy's screen career, for she came to the films shortly after marrying Harold Bolster, then business manager for Vitagraph.

ROSEMARY THEBY

Born in St. Louis, Miss Theby soon decided upon the stage as a career. She was graduated from the Sargent Dramatic School in New York but, before the footlights could get her, she became a Vitagrapher. That was eight years ago. Rosemary has been prominent in the film world ever since. She recently appeared in D. W. Griffith's "The Great Love."

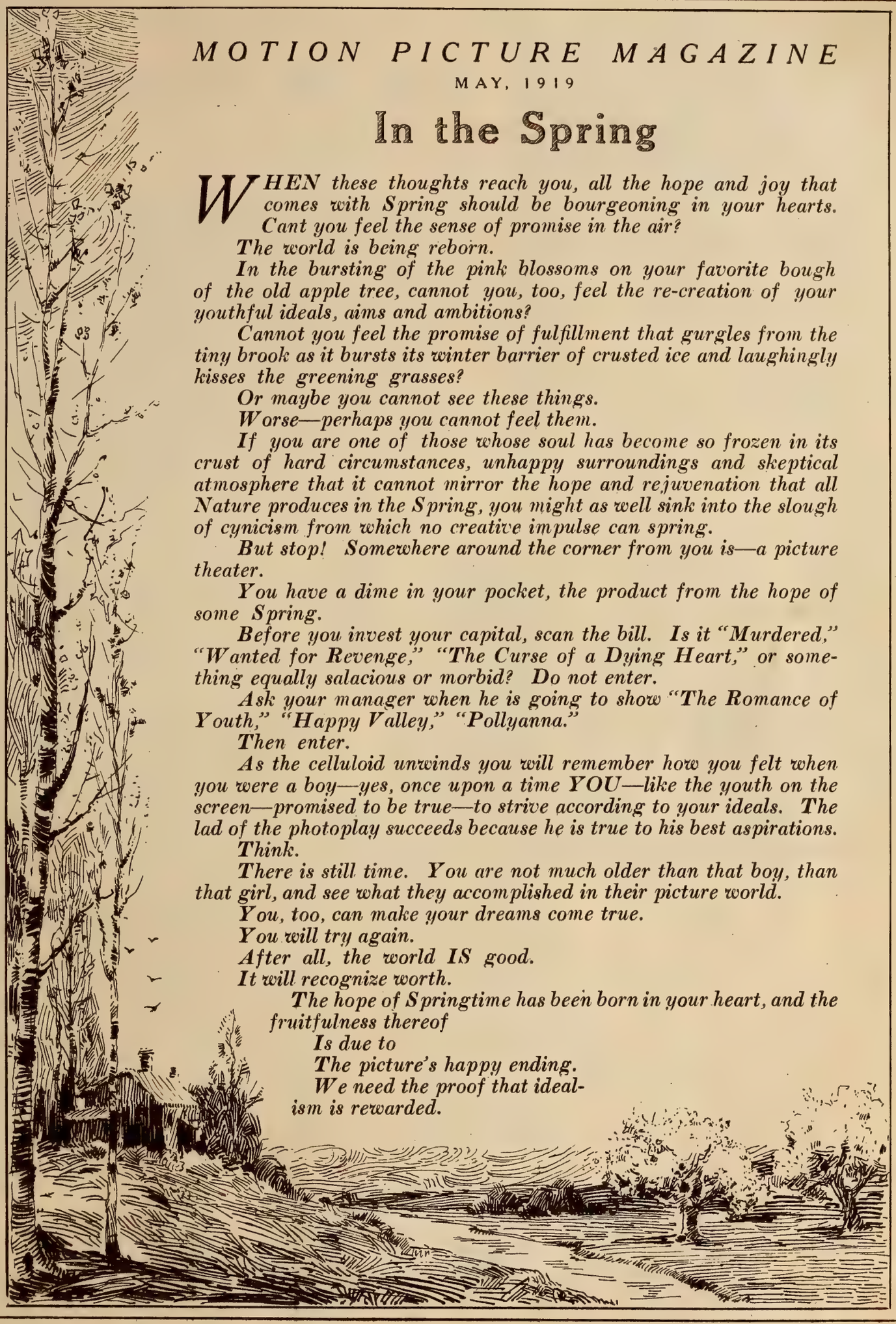
JACK PICKFORD

Jack started out by being the least known of the famous Pickford family, but he's fast revising that. Born in Toronto, Jack, like his sisters, started his professional career as a kiddie. He began his motion picture career with old Biograph in 1909 and has been fighting his way along ever since. A famous sister, you know, is a handicap rather than an aid—but Jack has proven himself.

ENID BENNETT

Miss Bennett is the pride of all movie Australia. She was born in York, Australia, and, after a finishing school, started her business career in an office in Perth. The footlights soon attracted her. Indeed, she came to America to play on the stage. But the screen—via Thomas Ince—captured her. Now Miss Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo.

In the Spring



WHEN these thoughts reach you, all the hope and joy that comes with Spring should be bourgeoning in your hearts. Cant you feel the sense of promise in the air?

The world is being reborn.

In the bursting of the pink blossoms on your favorite bough of the old apple tree, cannot you, too, feel the re-creation of your youthful ideals, aims and ambitions?

Cannot you feel the promise of fulfillment that gurgles from the tiny brook as it bursts its winter barrier of crusted ice and laughingly kisses the greening grasses?

Or maybe you cannot see these things.

Worse—perhaps you cannot feel them.

If you are one of those whose soul has become so frozen in its crust of hard circumstances, unhappy surroundings and skeptical atmosphere that it cannot mirror the hope and rejuvenation that all Nature produces in the Spring, you might as well sink into the slough of cynicism from which no creative impulse can spring.

But stop! Somewhere around the corner from you is—a picture theater.

You have a dime in your pocket, the product from the hope of some Spring.

Before you invest your capital, scan the bill. Is it "Murdered," "Wanted for Revenge," "The Curse of a Dying Heart," or something equally salacious or morbid? Do not enter.

Ask your manager when he is going to show "The Romance of Youth," "Happy Valley," "Pollyanna."

Then enter.

As the celluloid unwinds you will remember how you felt when you were a boy—yes, once upon a time YOU—like the youth on the screen—promised to be true—to strive according to your ideals. The lad of the photoplay succeeds because he is true to his best aspirations.

Think.

There is still time. You are not much older than that boy, than that girl, and see what they accomplished in their picture world.

You, too, can make your dreams come true.

You will try again.

After all, the world IS good.

It will recognize worth.

The hope of Springtime has been born in your heart, and the fruitfulness thereof
Is due to
The picture's happy ending.
We need the proof that idealism is rewarded.

It's a Long Lane That Has No Turning

By RUTH

HAVE you ever stepped into a living-room whose sputtering, sparkling fire hissed, "Do come over and warm yourself!"—whose flower-laden tables invited you to choose a good book from the beautiful artcraft devices which lovingly hugged de luxe editions—where the luncheon table reflected sunshine from many windows, and silver and cut-glass on the long buffet welcomed you with a Cissy Loftus sort of wink, because there were no doors to separate the chain of cozy rooms?

If you *have*, then you know just what sort of atmosphere surrounds Margarita Fisher, but you've not caught the infectious spirit of love and warm sympathy which flows thru the entire home, unless you've been introduced to Mother Fisher, whose Scotch-Irish geniality overflows in hospitable actions, to Sister Dottie, whose housekeeping is one reason for the attractiveness of a big bungalow, and to Kathie, whom we've known as the prankish child of American Beauty films for some years past.

You never could imagine a breakfast grouch in that well-appointed home. Everybody is smiling; even the Jap servant and American chauffeur are perpetually cheerful. Margarita herself starts the "atmosphere" with her constant consideration for the welfare of every one in her immediate vicinity. You wonder why she's so unselfish and loving, until a little insight to her early deprivations teaches that Margarita was not only born with a spirit of self-sacrifice, but has come to a deep understanding of the sorrows and worries of humankind, an understanding which makes her tenderly sympathetic and generous.

If there's any hair half so lovely as Margarita Fisher's in movieland, let it step forth now or else forever hereafter keep its peace. There is no name for its color. It is very thick, of a copper tone, nay, like a bronze medal, naturally curly, of even lengths—the sort of hair that does what it is told, parts like Clara Kimball Young's, and waves down over two very small, pink ears.

Margarita's eyes are grayish green—like the Atlantic Ocean after a storm, when floating sand gives a shimmer to its deep green waves. You thought her a brunette, didn't you? She does photograph that way. Miss Fisher is about five feet one, has wonderfully versatile hands, with the little finger elongated to show tact and adaptability. And her teeth must have been the reason for naming her Margarita, "a pearl," for they are of that peculiar *glistening* white seldom seen, save in mother-o'-pearl.

We chatted of the old days at American, when Jack Kerrigan, Calamity Ann, Jack Richardson and other early favorites surrounded Miss Fisher.

"I liked producing in San Diego best of all," said Miss Fisher. "When I am rich, I'm going to live there—it's an ideal home place."

It was just a wee trick of fate that put Margarita Fisher on the stage. She used to write her name "Fischer" in the old days spent at Silverton, Oregon, where her father ran the only hotel. With the many changes induced by the war, this name was legally changed, the "c" being dropped as it sounded Teutonic, tho Mr. Fisher was a Swiss by birth and the children were all born in this country.

Margarita Fisher has naturally curly hair of a copper tone like a bronze medal, while her eyes are grayish green

A theatrical company was stranded at Silverton, and, having a board-bill to pay, decided to give a charity

Once Upon a Time Margarita Fisher Knew Adversity

KINGSLEY

entertainment, half the proceeds to go to a local organization, the other half to cover transportation charges to Portland, if possible. The manager had a new play, which demanded a clever child actress, but as no youngster had traveled with the company, he was in a quandary until he spied eight-year-old Margarita singing to some little friends in the rose-garden back of the inn.

The eager producer hunted up mine host Fischer, asked leave to initiate Margarita into the secrets of stageland, and found her so quick to learn that, when two days later the new play was launched, she made a great hit. The company not only cleared local indebtedness, but managed to run in near-by towns very successfully, and the stage folk begged Mr. Fischer to sell out his hotel and star his talented little girl.

Margarita's father finally became impressed with her importance, for neighbors and strangers called at the hotel and told him he was the parent of a prodigy. The upshot of it was an auction sale of the hostelry and a trip to San Francisco, where Margarita was head of her own company.

At the age of twelve she was wearing her hair high and doing every sort of part. In fact—but we'll let *her* do the talking.

"One week I would play Topsy, and the next something big like the part of Mary Magdalene. As the latter was a voluptuous lady, and I but a thin little girl, I conceived the idea of buying a pair of symmetricals. You should have seen me then! I wore diaphanous draperies, had shapely hips and a permanent chest expansion, and saw the men of the company looking at me with wonderment. 'Whew! Does that thin little girl look like that when she's not wearing street clothes?' The funny part of it all was that I had such thin little arms. I must have looked too queer for anything!" concluded Miss Fisher, with her irresistible laugh.

"But, Auntie, you look like a vase *now*," valiantly defended Kathie. "You're not a teeny-weeny bit thin!"

After we'd gotten back a semblance of composure, Margarita continued, "I never smiled in those days, except when I had to force a stage smile. I was a very self-conscious child, very fearsome, always afraid that I would not amount to anything and quite sure that every one in the world was clever but myself. I spent every moment thinking, reading, trying to make myself fit to associate with clever people, but I felt blue and discouraged because I could not have regular school hours or go to a college. And then my father passed on, just when I needed him most. I was too young to know anything about the business end of producing. My mother knew nothing of that part; she had always traveled with me, as did father and Dottie; she was with me always behind scenes, was my dresser and costumer—but troubl came thick and fast, and we were hard up at times.

"I've even seen myself staring in windows, sniffing at hot roll scent up from the basement ovens, and could afford to buy enough for a meal.

(*Continued on page* 101)

Once upon a time Margarita was stranded in a horrible theatrical boarding house while her mother was ill in Canada. Today she has very nearly everything she wants

The New Walthall

AFTER careful study of the heavens, the signs of the zodiac, the grounds in the teacup, the cards, the rheumatism in the old left leg, it is perfectly safe to don the old horn-rimmed specs, tap impressively on the alabaster brow and announce to the waiting and expectant world that shortly a new artist will appear on the screen. (Note that the old sage says "artist" and not "star." This proves the old bird's prophesying sagacity.) For a new artist on the screen is rare indeed, while new stars can appear any day, and generally do.

Any seer can go out of a morning, point his beazer at the horizon, and tell the world that a new screen star is to appear that day, and unless he has picked a bad Sunday, he is always right. But it takes a good old four-ply, triple X, bottled in bond prognosticator to predict the advent of an artist.

"But," saith the Carping Critic, "the gent you are doing all this prophesying about has been recognized as a screen artist for nigh onto five years." "Ah!" respondeth the seer, with a coy wink of his watery old eye, "quite true," and here a withered forefinger stabbed the C. C. in the vitals, "but Henry Walthall is developing into such an artist that in his new pictures he makes his work in his earlier success stand for naught."

With this remark the oracle picked up his black cat and, leaning heavily on the arm of his owl, tottered into his cave.

The fact is, that altho Henry Walthall has been for a long time recognized as a splendid actor, it is not until lately that he has had the opportunity to do his best work. He is slowly but surely finding himself, and now, at any time, the real ability of the man as an artist will be disclosed to the public, and he will rise to heights which will dwarf his previous efforts.

Walthall is a Southerner and a dreamer. He has the air, appearance and manners of a Southern gentleman of the "befo' de wah" period. The character of the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation" came naturally to him. He merely played himself. With his dark hair and eyes, his romantic cast of features, it is easy to picture him sitting on the wide veranda of his mansion, looking out over his estates and penning verse to some Southern belle, or flashing into white anger at some suspected insult. His slow method of speech, with its soft Southern pronunciation, heightens this impression.

Up to the past six months acting has been as the means to an end with Walthall. One must live. Acting came by instinct and by profession, so why not appear before the camera?

ry Walhas an wife, Charle- Mary elped elop ope ic

By KENNETH McGAFFEY

To be sure it broke in on the day, but still it provided money with which to do other things. Success and praise were very nice, but they didn't mean much after all. He did the stories his managers told him to do because that was what he was paid for. Argument and battle over what was right and what was wrong were distasteful to him. They upset him, disconcerted him and disrupted his thoughts of other things. So to avoid strife, he agreed to suggestions that were made which in his deeper opinion were wrong. It was the line of least resistance.

If some one came to him and said, "Henry, it is raining today, and a couple of our extra gentlemen, afraid of getting wet, would like to use your dressing-room. Would you mind making up under the rain-spout?" it would have been perfectly all right, and Henry would have gone out and done it without a second thought. He would do this partially because he is of the most accommodating nature and partially because, if he objected, it might start an argument that could be avoided.

Walthall might be called "Henry, the Hand-outer," for his purse is wide open to any tale of woe, and many a struggling friend has lived off of his liberal donations.

The constant irritation of necessary business, the wish to avoid discussion of unpleasant things, has been most irksome to the soul of a poet and the mind of a dreamer, and altho as yet it has not been noticed, it has not permitted Walthall to do his best work.

That is all over now.

Others may not be happy, but Henry's path will be strewn with roses.

He has an Irish wife. When Mary Charleson and Henry Walthall fell in love, she knew that he had not developed into the artist he could be. In the days of their courtship she studied the man and understood him. She practically abandoned her own career, which, by the way, was coming along famously, to give the latent genius of Henry full sway.

When they were married Mary took active charge of his business and personal affairs. No more does he have to worry about sordid dollars or business complications; no more troublesome clouds sweep across his horizon. Henry devotes all of his time to getting the best out of his work, while Mary goes forth to give battle to the enemy. Henry may be given an out-of-the-way corner for a dressing-room.

Does Mary stand for it? Not for a minute! And it is not long before Henry finds himself in a comfortable room with the things about him that make him happy.

Walthall is a Southerner and a dreamer. He has the air, appearance and manners of a Southern gentleman of the "befo' de wah" period

Henry Walthall snapped with his wife, Mary Charleson, and in a scene from his recent success, "A Long Lane's Turning"

distaste for ministers. Not for that which they represent, but he unconsciously tries to avoid any individual who wears his collar backwards.

In the early days in Alabama, when Henry was just big enough to tote a gun all by himself, he used to be a great duck-shooter, and spent what time he could in a blind, waiting for the birds. One day he saw a big goose settle down in a small bayou near where he was concealed. On his

(*Continued on page 101*)

If a story is not right, it is Mary that sees it is fixed. Mary fixes the donations to charity and to friends, all of which is a great relief to her husband.

Walthall first began to find himself as the Lone Wolf in the Paramount production of Louis Joseph Vance's story, "False Faces," and again in "The Long Lane's Turning," which is taken from Amelia Rives' story, "The Heart of a Man," but the big production, with Walthall as the "artist," is on the way. He is gradually feeling his way towards it and eventually it will appear.

When Walthall decides that the screen has had enough of him, he will turn his attention and his footsteps towards foreign climes. Japan and India especially call him. He wants to wander in the out-of-the-way places, far from the beaten track, and study and enjoy the pleasures of the humble.

Ever since he was a kid he has had a

Mae Murray

Aspires—to Chappies

"Oh, for the life of a cowboy!" sighs Mae Murray
And henceforth dons chaps
And assumes a fierce attitude
And takes out the "makings" and rolls her own cigarets
And mounts a prancing charger the while she nonchalantly shoots a gun off in the air
And acts just exactly as the real Mae Murray would never act
Until she glimpses a sight of her nose in the mirror
And then she is Mae Murray again
And her trusty little make-up box is pressed into service
And all cowboy aspirations forgotten.

IS THE Photoplay

By JAMES

Richard A. Rowland, president of Metro Pictures Corporation, isn't an alarmist, but he believes that the photoplay is backsliding, and he offers an interesting remedy

"EVERY day every motion picture theater in the country loses at least one patron," is the surprising statement of Richard A. Rowland, president of Metro Pictures Corporation. "We must begin cleaning house if we are to save the photoplay."

Mr. Rowland isn't an alarmist. He doesn't see oblivion—or anything bordering upon it—ahead of the film drama. But he hates to see it backsliding, as he expresses it. Speaking from his post of vantage, Mr. Rowland ought to know. Yet he is the most unpresident-like movie president we know. Thru our interview he reclined good-humoredly in his swivel-chair, chuckling frequently as he gazed out upon Times Square. Mr. Rowland maintains that his sense of humor alone saves him from a sanitarium. "Being president of a producing organization is about the maddest thing I know of," he admits frankly.

"Close upon three hundred million dollars pass thru the hands of the motion picture men each year—and not one of them is making money. Something is radically wrong. There is money enough for every one, but just now it seems to be hurrying by us rapidly.

"I believe that, up to about a year ago, the photoplay was steadily advancing. Fans were growing in quantity and quality. The de luxe screen theater was attracting the thinking class and the photoplay was at the crest of its popularity.

"But the thinkers turned away after the novelty of the de luxe film entertainment wore off. The dead level of photodramatic mediocrity bored them. From that point the screen theater began to lose gradually but surely."

Mr. Rowland places the fault as follows:

1. Multiplicity of distribution.
2. Competition among producers in bidding for stars.

1 plus 2 means poor pictures. At least that is the way he sees it.

"The first reason is the more vital one," declares Mr. Rowland. "There are some ten to twelve big film distribution systems, which call for the maintaining of hundreds of branch offices and armies of employees. Some cities have as many as sixty exchanges, enumerating the system offices, the state right buyers, the small renters, etc. There are fully a hundred exchanges in New York City. Three would handle the business for the metropolis much better.

"Here then we have a series of giant exchange machines which must be fed. They must all handle a large number of films regularly to make their overhead expenses.

"Then, coupled with the exchange old-man-of-the-sea, is the high-priced star, brought about by the mad bidding of one producer against another. With a number of costly stars on his hands, the manufacturer has an additional—and imperative—reason for turning out a regular program picture once or twice a week. He must keep his expensive stars working or lose completely.

"Torn between these two menaces is the photoplay of 1919—and it is small wonder that it is a machine-made,

"When we put an unhappy ending to a picture we take $40,000 out of our own pockets."

"Dont forget that the great mass of humanity makes up 95 per cent of your clientele—and that mass wants relief from the conventionalities and worries of existence."

"The photoplay reflects everything. The sudden coming of peace, on top of the influenza, cost the industry about five millions."

"I wouldn't want to be a producer these days without having a sense of humor."

Backsliding?

FREDERICKS

"Close to three hundred million dollars a year passes thru the ticket windows of the many film theaters—and not a single producing company is making money or paying dividends."

"You cant turn out photoplays like loaves of bread and have them anything but alike."

"Every day every motion picture theater in the country loses at least one patron. We must clean house if we are to save the photoplay."

cut-and-dried thing, insulting one's intelligence and putting audiences to sleep.

"You cant turn out photoplays like loaves of bread and have them anything but alike. I wish I could cut Metro's output down to twenty pictures a year and make them real photoplays. Then we would have time, for instance, to seek out a big drama for Nazimova and devote weeks to the production. We would produce when we had the story and not, as we do now, create a story from somewhere in order to rush out a schedule picture on time.

"Producers will be able to cut down the mad rush of making fifty and a hundred pictures a year to fifteen and twenty noteworthy plays when they solve the distribution problem."

Mr. Rowland believes the only solution lies in an amalgamation of interests. "The 'dog eat dog' method of today must go," he says, "and sane business succeed folly. The motion picture business may be the fifth industry of America, but it certainly isn't fifth in good business methods or ethics.

"The producers will have to pool their interests. I see ultimately the formation of two or three big exchange systems, manufacturers uniting on the expenses and each contributing twenty or so pictures a year for distribution. With the present ruinous waste eliminated, producers would make money with twenty productions where they now lose money with a hundred. Moreover, these amalgamated exchange systems would soon develop a high standard of production which would quickly eliminate the poor picture. Then—and then only—will the photoplay cease to backslide.

"Just now we have to maintain the star," continued Mr. Rowland. "I have been quoted as saying that I do not believe in the star. I do believe—*now*. Since producers, in the haste of grinding out pictures, have ceased to develop anything else, they must have the star to attract business. By making fewer pictures, we would see the development of the story. This would help the star hold his popularity, but, at the same time, it would keep the producer from being at his mercy. Suppose Metro made twenty thoroly big pictures a year and no more. The name of Metro would have the drawing power now possessed by the name of, let us say, Charlie Chaplin."

Mr. Rowland then began to quote actual figures. "Metro has figured that $1,500,000 is paid by theaters in film rentals each week. Statistics prove this. The average screen theater pays one-third of its receipts in rentals. This shows that the film houses draw five million dollars a week—or something close to $300,000,000 a year passes thru the ticket windows of the many film theaters.

"And not a single producing company is making money or paying dividends. Not one! Most of them wouldn't admit that, but I do!"

Another problem of the manufacturer lies in studio organization. "Studio organization is one of the weaknesses of the present day. When has the photoplay taken its biggest strides? At Biograph when Griffith supervised, at Triangle when Ince and Griffith supervised and at Lasky when De Mille supervised. Intelligent organization is everything. But to find competent supervising men! That's the task! Still, I believe that, in Maxwell Karger and George Baker, Metro has solved this.

"Again, the script, complete in

(*Continued on page* 107)

Nazimova, Maxwell Karger, manager of Metro production, Mr. Rowland and Director Albert Capellani snapshotted during the filming of "Eye for Eye"

At the Well

By GLADYS

seventeen, lips as soft and pliant as an adolescent's, the artless form of the Young Modern and a careless sort of a voice, a casual sort of a manner.

Of course, after much, much press-agentry and a' that, we were prepared, when we jaunted forth, for an effect of youth. A more or less cleverly conscious effect. The total unconsciousness of her youth is what disarmed us. The veritableness of it. The dewiness. Now we believe no longer those things which we

PONCE DE LEON, if you eruditely recall your history (or was it mythology?), was the Spanish cavalier who, after much of wandering, much of living, came to the belief that there must be, hidden somewhere among imperishable flowers, a fountain of perpetual youth. He dedicated, if we remember rightly, his life to the quest. Further than this we have forgotten our history. We have forgotten Ponce de Leon, almost to his symphonic name. He didn't make a very deep impression upon us, because, being gray and wrinkled ourself, along with our contemporaries, we felt a dubiety for Ponce's famous fountain. We are changed. Quite changed. Quite. We believe in Ponce de Leon. We believe in his fountain. We believe in his eccentric quest. We go still further. We believe that if *he* didn't find it, Fannie Ward did. We know, because——

We have talked with Fannie Ward.

We talked with her in the uncompromising daylight. At the uncompromising Claridge, where she stops when in Gotham. We talked with her after she had spent three wakeful, diabolic nights with a raging tooth and several hours in *Painful* Parker's automatic chair. We took tea with her and leaned across a narrow table and focused our feministically feline eyes, and were lost—in admiration.

Now, we are very innocent. Very guileless. We have been told, thrice-told indeed, that Fannie Ward is, charitably, in the meridian of life. Being guileless, we have believed this to be so—or partly so. We believe no longer.

We have *seen* Fannie Ward—toothache and all—and we have found—skin like a little child's, peach-blowy and downy, eyes with that starry sparkle only seen at

Fannie Ward has dipped deep into the well of Ponce de Leon

# of Ponce de Leon

HALL

have heard. We do not believe—just think!—the press-agents nor the newspapers nor the letter-perfect fan publications. We only believe the Bible—and the tale of Ponce de Leon. *C'est tout!* We know that Fannie Ward has done the paradoxical thing . . . a sum in addition rather than the habitual generous sum in subtraction. We refer, specifically, to ages.

Miss Ward, (Mrs. Jack Dean, at home, in California), ordered, truth impels this from me, a pink and piquant cocktail. Truth further impels me to state that she did not drink it. She "toyed," as as our best-sellers put it, actually *toyed* with it.

She wore a cunning blue serge frock, utter simplicity, and a jaunty old-blue and black hat. Over all there was a sealskin wrap, and on her small, rather restive hand, a single mammoth pearl. It was such a very magnificent pearl that we commented thereon. Miss Ward heaved a sigh. "I never had a nerve," she complained, "until I had jewels. Never knew what a nerve *was,* my dear. Now . . . ! I am forever stopping suddenly in the street and exclaiming loudly, 'Jack, my jewels!' I generally find them in my pocket or in my top bureau drawer, or some such safe and sane place, but in the meantime I have had the nerves! And now that hotels wont be responsible any longer—ridiculous! What are hotels *for,* I should like to know!"

Fannie Ward has, in addition to the amazing youngness of her appearance, that youthful frame of mind which, as it were, expects much, very much, of the world. "What are hotels *for,* I should like to know!" is a characteristic remark.

Three scenes from Fannie Ward's beautiful California home. "I want to learn to cook and to run a car," says Miss Ward. "Some day I'm going to"

"You know," she was going on, in her rather at random manner, "I hate interviews—suppose you have heard that before with more or less sincerity—but I do—really. Not that I have nothing to say about myself, but that I have too much, and generally dont say it right. And it's such a bore, as a rule. For instance, everybody knows I love the screen, else why should I exhibit my face thereon with such painful regularity? Money? Yes . . . but there are other ways, other means. Of *course* I love the screen—but not myself on it! Next to my perpetually disappearing pearls and diamonds, nothing makes me sicker. I feel, when I go into a theater where my pictures are showing, just like I was entering a front-line trench. It's a beastly dose of medicine. The shock nearly kills me. But—I love the work—I love the stage—the profession—and everything even remotely connected with the stage and screen—and so I persist."

I delicately alluded to ambitions detached from the profession.

"I've two," thus promptly Miss Ward, "two which I have never had time to learn well—and, you know, I am just spunky enough to hate to do a thing I cant do *really* well. I want to learn to cook and to run a car. Some day I'm going to. I do lots of other things about my home—arranging and fussing and fixing things in different ways. But, of course, for the past eighteen months I've been working steadily, from morning until night, and that doesn't give one much of a chance for other things.

(*Continued on page* 112)

Mars Brings Julia Arthur Back

© Strauss & Peyton

"When I decided to return to the stage, my friends remonstrated. 'It cant be done,' they said. 'You left the stage—and you cant go back!' 'Piffle,' I said, 'I'll show them!'"

WE knew Julia Arthur as a great actress. We had seen her striking impersonation in the emotional rôle, "The Eternal Magdalen," her well nigh perfect portrayal of "The Madonna," and we remembered her queenly figure, her sumptuous robes and her finished acting in "Seremonde," the artistic production in which she starred and also acted as stage director. Best of all, we remembered her glorious speaking voice, and when it came to us over the wire one day, it seemed so deep, so near, so awe-inspiring that, tho the owner of the voice consented most graciously to an interview, we felt a bit fearsome as the hour drew near. She would be very dignified, of course, and would, quite likely, talk of art and technique in a highbrow way that we couldn't understand at all.

Then, after we had taken the wrong elevator at the Hotel Biltmore, wandered thru interminable halls vainly seeking suite 312, had gone down to the first floor and started all over again, we found the correct number and were admitted. Almost at once Miss Arthur came to meet us. She is of medium height, and seemed girlishly slender in simple pink negligée. Her hair was covered by a dainty boudoir cap, but we are sure that it is as brown as her big, serious eyes. As she extended both hands in cordial greeting our shyness vanished. We forgot Julia Arthur, actress, and saw only Julia Arthur, woman—sincere, wholesome—the kind of woman who makes the world better just by living in it.

And, as one woman to another, she talked simply, naturally. Of her love for the stage and the wonderful people in the profession. Of her marriage to a Boston business man and her retirement from the stage—forever, she thought at that time. "Then came war—and the need of every bit of help in every possible way that women could give. My husband could not supply all the money I wanted to give," said Miss Arthur, very frankly, "and anyhow, I wanted to work and earn money as so many women were doing. But not in an untrained, incompetent way—not by attempting work that I knew nothing about—but in a way I was sure of. I would go back to the stage.

"My friends remonstrated and my husband objected. 'It cant be done,' they said. 'You cant establish a precedent like that. You left the stage—and you cant go back.' 'Piffle!' I said. (Yes, that's just what Julia Arthur said. 'Piffle!' just like that!) 'I'll show them.' So I started a big benefit in Boston, staged it and appeared in it—and, well"—modestly—"the receipts were thousands of dollars. Then I came to New York and 'started' another one, and it was even more successful. I have done nothing but war work for two years—one

"When the War Came," Says the Star, "I Simply took My One Talent and Used it to the Best Advantage"

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

benefit after another—speeches innumerable—of course, having this big voice, I *had* to make speeches, tho I nearly died of stage-fright at first. I have accomplished considerable in the way of war work, but I simply took the one talent that was given me and used it to the best advantage, and I believe that's what every woman should do," she said, very seriously, "do the thing she can do best.

"And in the midst of it all," she continued, "the script of 'The Woman the Germans Shot' was submitted to me." We sat up now and took notice quite carefully. That was what we wanted to know, of course. How came she to "go in pictures," and what did she think about it.

"It was not my first offer by any means. I had been approached many times by picture producers, but always refused them, principally because of this scar on my face—see?" she said, turning her head. "When I was a child in Canada, I was bitten by a dog and the scar still remains. I can conceal it with make-up for the stage, but I was afraid of the relentless eye of the camera. But the rôle of Edith Cavell so appealed to me—it was one more thing I could do to help and I received no money for it—that I didn't think of the scar on my face or of how I would appear as far as mere attractiveness was concerned, but could I put the heart and soul into the character that the part demanded?"

"Yes, I shall do more pictures," says Miss Arthur. "I am no longer fearful of my ability to portray a character on the screen. . . . Pictures are a big thing." Below is a glimpse of Miss Arthur in J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause"

"It was an unique experience. I was a perfect novice in camera ways. But the players were so kind to me—even the old character man and the supers—'extras,' you call them—tried to help me. I was so interested and anxious to do my very best, and not knowing about the few feet of camera space, I acted all over the place, until the camera-man would smile and stop working and the director would say, 'That's splendid, Miss Arthur, only you're *not* in the picture.'"

"Needless to say, Miss Arthur," I said, "that you made Edith Cavell one of the most real, vital characters ever seen on the screen. It should be a great satisfaction to you."

"It is," she said. "I tried so hard to live the part. Then, when I went to the theater to see myself on the screen, I was positively sick with suspense. When the audience thundered their applause I knew they liked my work, and it made me very happy. But the most wonderful appreciation came to me from a woman who had intimately known Edith Cavell. 'Miss Arthur,' she said, tears streaming down her face, 'you do not resemble Edith Cavell in features, but your gestures, your expression is exactly like her.'

"Yes, I shall do more pictures. I am no longer fearful of my ability to portray a character on the screen. And when I say portray a character, I dont

(*Continued on page* 105)

But the Great Is

Thru the generous coöperation of stage and screen folks, the Stage Women's Relief is making a series of two-reel productions, to be released thru Universal, the money earned by the pictures going to the fund of the organization. This fund is used for the entertainment of soldiers, principally the wounded and sick "dough-

David Belasco, the famous stage producer, has given his services to the cause, being filmed on his own stage, at the Belasco Theater, in the act of rehearsing an all-star company

At the right is a glimpse of Mr. Belasco putting Hilda Spong, Elizabeth Risden and Bruce McRae thru their paces

Above, Mrs. William Farnum, the late Shelley Hull, Julia Dean, Yvette Guilbert, Phœbe Foster and Edmund Breese in the fourth picture of the series, Frederick Arnold Kummer's "The Armirable Cad"

est of These Love

boys" in the debarkation hospitals. The production of the films is a labor of love, for every one contributes his or her services without receiving a single cent. Thus the actor, always generous in donating his time and efforts to a worthy cause, gets another honor mark.

Above, Cyril Maude, the well known English actor, and Violet Heming in the third of the series, Katherine Kavanaugh's "Winning His Wife"

Shelley Hull and Phœbe Foster in "The Admirable Cad." Mr. Hull was fatally stricken with influenza just after this picture was filmed

Left, A comedy moment in the first production of the Stage Women's series, with Maclyn Arbuckle doubtfully debating a possible aerial flight. John "Mugsy" McGraw, leader of the New York Giants, appears in this photoplay

A House Divided

Narrated from the J. STUART BLACKTON Production

By GLADYS HALL

December 25th.

GROWTH is not gradual—it is sudden. It is abrupt. It is transition. An hour ago I was a little girl, with a little girl's hopes and plans and fears and fancies. Now I am a woman, living in a different world, dreaming a different dream.

All my life I have been conscious of two things, a sense of waiting and a great loneliness. Now that I am a woman and a child no longer, I know it for a *bitter* loneliness. Waiting and loneliness . . . and I should not have known so much as the shadowing of their wings . . .

Now the waiting is gone, all gone. That for which I have been waiting has come to pass—in this wise: I was standing in the drawing-room with Jessie and Ben Baldwin and their mother and father. We were greeting people, a great many people. They were blurs to me, all of them. Pleasant blurs. The men were etched in black and white. The women were tropical flowers, sweetly scented and low-voiced. I was longing to get away . . . longing for the time when I could get back to the library and read . . . if I had not been a guest and it had been ungracious I would have slipped away. I felt sharply lonely, even in the midst of them. Suddenly mists began to break and everything became very clear. At first I didn't know why. I felt that my eyes were shining with a new, a vivid sight. I could feel the living power in my heart. Jessie spoke to me. "Mr. Carmichael," she said.

I looked up at him, into his eyes, into his heart. I felt the tears stinging my eyes. My throat went together like a vise. What could I say? The miracle of my life had come to pass there in that London drawing-room, and I was dumb before it. Childhood days and childhood things . . . all were passing from me . . . and I was dumb. Then I became aware that he had gone. I felt as tho I were groping for him. Ben Baldwin was speaking to me. My guardian, Sir Arthur Stanhope, was speaking to me. I felt as tho they were violating me, as tho they were calling me back from a delicious ether into a world of pain. I escaped them.

Yes, it has come to me. Two things. Womanhood and love. Love and womanhood . . .

School-days . . . back there with the girls . . . the closing exercises . . . Jessie, my room-mate . . . the things that used to count so much . . . how little they count now! How insignificant all that went to make up my life has become. There is only one fact. Only one reality. Just one *thing*. I could be hungry and thirsty, poor and friendless and alone. It would not matter. "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me . . ."

Philip Carmichael . . . Philip Carmichael . . . thy voice and thy touch . . . they comfort me!

December 26th.

I woke up sane. Sanity is often pitiless. I wonder if perhaps insane people are really not quite, quite happy, providing their delusion is a happy one. I rather imagine so. If I could live with the thought of Philip Carmichael . . . I would be happy . . .

I know now that he did not even see me last night—as a person. There was no significance to me for him. I was as much a part of the throng as he was separate from it. I am not waiting any more—but I am more bitterly lonely, because now I know what *life* might be if *loneliness* were not.

An hour ago I was a little girl, with a little girl's hopes and plans and fears and fancies. Now I am a woman, living in a different world, dreaming a different dream

"My love," he was whispering as he took my lips, and under his caresses I answered back, "*My* love," and it seemed to me as if I said, too, "My life," because I knew that this moment *was* life

January 5th.

Ben Baldwin has proposed to me. Good Ben. He stuttered and stammered, and got first on one knee and then on the other, but of course, I knew what he meant. I might not have known a week or more ago—but *women* know because, first of all, God created them mothers, and the instinct never dies. I wish I might have said yes to Ben. He is going to India to join his regiment, and I wish he might have gone there happy because of me. They have all been so good to me, the Baldwins, from Jessie, who has been my pal, to her mother and dad and brother Ben. But I couldn't say yes to Ben. Ben has a right to a better thing than the shadow of a dream. He has a right to expect more than the shadow of Philip Carmichael ever between him and fulfillment. He is too young for that, too vital. He has a better, bigger right. I knew that I would not want Philip like that if God should ever let me have him. I would not want Philip unless I might have all of him—part would be torture to me.

I have never seen Philip again. I read of him and I wonder what his life must be—his life which is not lived, all unconsciously, here in the hold of my heart. It must be very full, his life, very full and vivid. Women must love him even as I love him. Soon, Sir Arthur tells me, he is to be elected to Parliament. "He is the sort of man our party need," Sir Arthur said, "brilliant, clean-cut, forceful."

Ben has gone now. The holidays are over. Even the lights seem to burn dimly. There is a veil, gray and impalpable, over everything. It is sad to be lonely when one is young. I am only eighteen. I should have roses springing round my feet. I should have a lover to swing hands with me. I want strong arms to lift me, head high, to the moon. I want young feet to dance with me a measure mad and glad. I am so lonely. I am afraid . . .

January—
Five Years Later.

I came across these wan little sheets today as I was settling my secretary in the new morning room—but are they wan? Now, after five years, are they not the recording of the beginning of my life? The meeting with Philip Carmichael . . . In retrospect there is nothing which has come to me so deep to the core of me as that meeting when I stared after his heedless figure as it moved among the guests, my awakened soul in my guileless eyes . . . nothing so vital . . .

But I was so lonely. And I was so tired of being lonely. I had been lonely all my life. If I had had a mother from whose arms the world might have seemed warm to me . . . or a father to whose hand I might have clung while the storms first broke . . . but always I was alone . . . And after Philip came . . . and went . . . I was desolate. Sir Arthur Stanhope loved me . . . what did it matter? What did *I* matter? What difference did it all make? Now I am Lady Arthur Stanhope. I have a place in life. I have a definite mission. Sir Arthur is happy because he loves me. And Philip . . . Philip Carmichael . . . he has come to love me, too.

It happened one night about two years ago. Philip was spending the evening with us, as he had got into the habit of doing after he and Arthur became so closely allied, politically. I sang for them "Just a Song at Twilight," and as my voice bearing my heart swelled out there in that flower-crowded air it seemed to meet another heart . . . to close with it . . . to blend . . . bitterness was gone . . . loneliness forever . . . doubt . . . and the pain of doubt. I looked up and met Philip's eyes. We were one . . .

No, there has never been so vital a thing for me as that meeting with Philip Carmichael. There never will be again. It was the miracle of all my life come to pass.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED"

Narrated by permission from Anthony Paul Kelly's scenario based on Ruth Holt Boucicault's novel, "The Substance of His House." Produced as a superfeature in seven parts by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast:

Mary Lord	Sylvia Breamer
Philip Carmichael	Herbert Rawlinson
Ben Baldwin	Lawrence Grossmith
Jessie Baldwin	Shirley Huxley
Sheelah Delayne	Sally Crute
Sir Arthur Stanhope	William Humphrey
Duke of Northland	Eric Mayne
Duchess of Northland	Marie Burke
Charles	Charles Stuart Blackton
Violet	Violet Blackton
Michael Carmichael	Baby Ivy Ward

Violet laughed at him. "Dont do that, silly!" she told him

The Next Morning.

Last night when I followed him home he told me that he has suspected for a long time. I felt infinitely sorry for him. Always before he has seemed so self-sufficient, so sort of pompous and self-confident. Last night he appeared to be an old, old man whom somebody had beggared. I knew that it was I.

Sir Arthur loved my mother once. I was her youth come back again, even better, even stronger, tempered and tested by a waiting that never flickered, never faltered, never failed.

But he was kind.

"I saw my sister's kiddies playing one day," he told me, "and they were playing that they were you—and Carmichael. Charles bent over and shook Violet's hand. Violet laughed at him. 'Dont do *that*, silly!' she told him; '*kiss* it!' He did."

I felt so sorry for him. He tried to tell of the kiddies playing lightly, but there was a terrible hurt in his eyes as he spoke—kind eyes—always so kind, so tender, to me.

"That only happened," I told him, "once . . . oh, my dear!" I added, because, from my heart, I knew the hurt of love . . . the terrible hurt of love . . .

He shook his head, his head growing so old, so white. "Love is the greatest thing in life, Mary," he said, sadly. "Never deny it. It is *all* of life . . ."

"Honor," I faltered, because my love was crushing at my heart, "honor . . . still finer . . . still bigger . . ."

"Honor *is* where love is," he answered, as he left me, "the two—are one . . ."

I did not sleep last night. I lay staring into the dark, and all that I saw there were Sir Arthur's face, growing old and very sad . . . older and still sadder . . . and Philip's . . . *beseeching* . . .

January 15th.

Tonight it passed our lips for the first time. I think that must show we have tried. We are strong people, Philip Carmichael and I. We are vital people. It has not been easy. We danced tonight . . . and all at once it seemed as tho the people dancing round us fell away, as tho the Corinthian pillars became trees and the frescoed ceiling a wild, wind-swept sky. We were back where love was free of fetters, unbound of shackles; we were clear of all pretending. There was nothing in his world or mine but the love that stood between us. "My love," he was whispering as he took my lips, and under his caresses I answered back, "*My* love," and it seemed to me as if I said, too, "My life," because I knew that this moment *was* life—all of life that I had ever known. "The rest of it," he was muttering in my hair, "the rest of it is—sin—and blasphemy—my beautiful, my beautiful," and I seemed to hear strange laughter . . . my own . . . in my ears as I answered, "There is no 'rest of it' . . . this is all . . . my beloved!"

When the world became normal again and the people realities, we were in the conservatory, and Sir Arthur and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Northland, were looking at us! Sir Arthur left immediately, but he knows!

He knows!

Evening.

Today, at breakfast, Sir Arthur told us that he had sent for Philip. "But I have decided," I told him. "Why do you do this, Arthur?"

"It is not for you to decide," he thundered at me. "You are not alone in your love. If you break your heart——" He paused as tho he dared not go on.

Philip came immediately. Arthur was quite terrible. He made a rush for him, but Lord Northland restrained him. Then I interposed. I went over to Philip. "I have decided, Philip," I said, "this is good-by. Sir Arthur speaks of divorce. Divorce outrages me—in every fibre, every instinct. It is against my religion, against my heart. Good-by." I tried to keep my heart out of my voice, out of my blinded eyes. I tried not to see the dear face, the beloved face I might never see again. I tried to put from me the warm, the crowding years that rushed in upon me freighted to overburdening with promise and delight. I tried to see only Arthur . . . needing . . . and growing old . . . Arthur, who had always been kind . . .

He was speaking again . . . denouncing us . . . Philip and me. "Hypocrites!" he shouted. "I demand of you both a higher courage . . . a greater strength! Would you live in shame, in degradation? I denounce you both!"

Then he fainted. When he revived, Philip was gone and I was hovering over him. He didn't seem to remember. Sir Arthur is growing old . . .

A Month Later.

Life and Death . . . Death and Life . . . in my mind they seem intermixed, strangely confused and befuddled. One merges into the other and there seems to be no sharp significance to either.

Arthur is dead. All England knows the manner of his dying. I feel as if it, England, were pointing the finger of scorn at me, were making me, in a manner, at fault. He went straight from us that morning he denounced Philip and me, straight to the House of Commons. There, in a terrible speech, he denounced Philip before all of Parliament. Philip is ruined, politically. Arthur is dead. I am here. Alone, it seems, in a charnel-house. About me are the bleached bones of pity, the scarifying bones of love and hate and pity.

Oh, Love . . . oh, Death . . . oh, Pity . . . the greatest of the three . . .

Philip writes to me, but I feel that we, between us, sent a soul into the Vastness. Arthur died because we loved. There must be a term of expiation.

I have never wanted Philip unless I could have him wholly. There must be nothing between us . . . nothing to dim the splendid living flame . . . the faltering, flickering candle of poor Arthur's life . . . I must not see that between my eyes . . . and Philip's.

A Year Later.

I met Philip today—for the first time. I had gone to the cathedral to ask of God the rod of strength I needed, for I was famishing . . . famishing . . . and fainting. "Whatever you send me," I had said at my prieu-dieu, "I will accept, O Lord."

He sent me Philip. My love . . . thru the purple shadows. Straight as a lance thru the twilight, thru the shadows that deepened and merged, with the incense of the acolytes still wistful on the air, with the memories of prayer hovering about our heads, with a murmur from the dim confessional stirring past us, my love . . . to me . . .

"I have come," he told me, and he added, "Mary" . . . and I thought, with a little shudder, that he meant "the Mother of God . . ."

"God sent you," I whispered. Then I reached, groped in the prayer and the incense for the touch of hand. "I shall not send you back," I murmured. "God sent you . . . to me . . ."

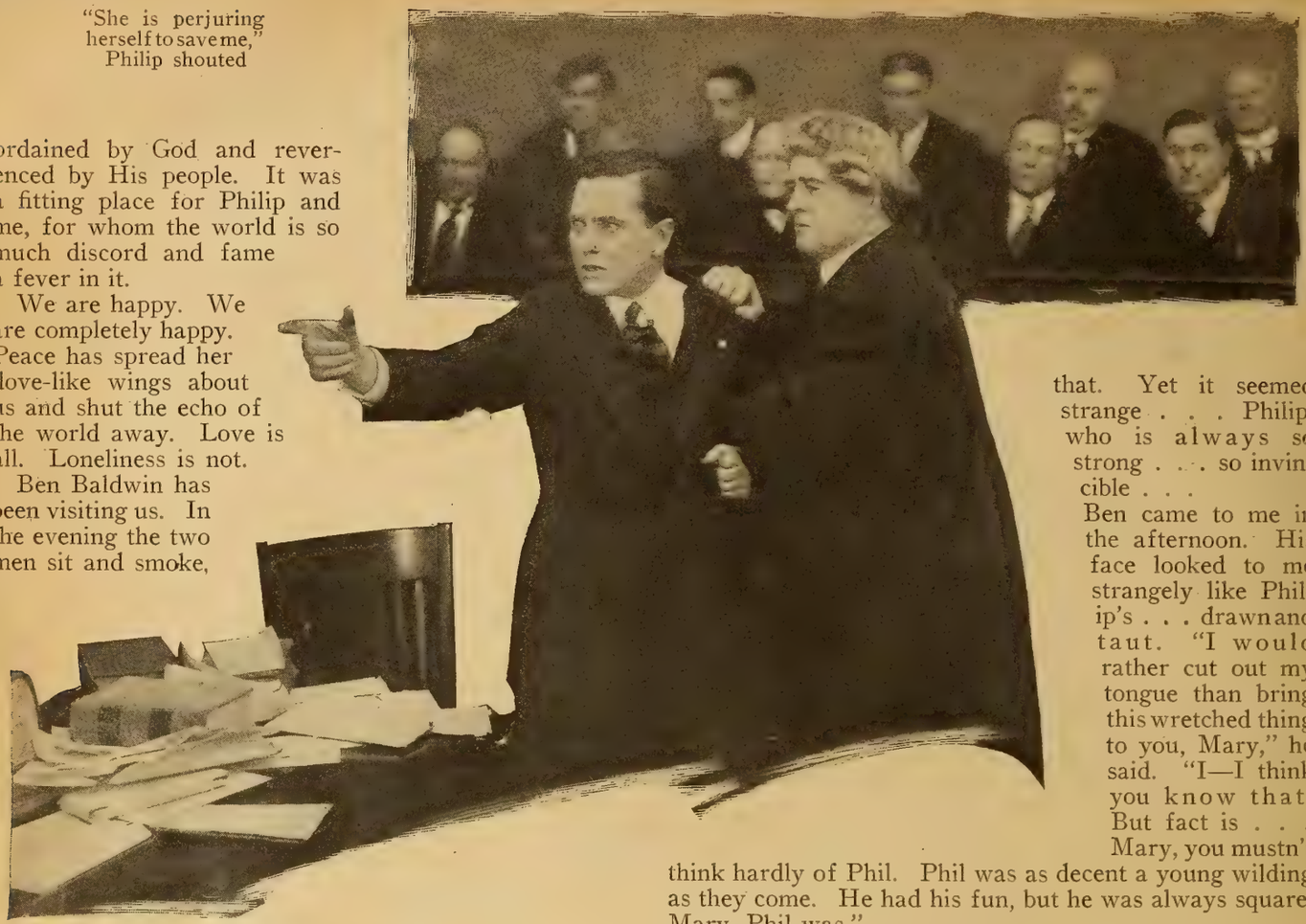
Long after I learnt that Ben Baldwin had seen me enter the cathedral and had sent Philip, but that made it seem none the less sacred. Ben did it from the godhead in him, for he loves me—as I love Philip.

Two Months Later—Belleau, France.

One seeks happiness and one does not find it. One suffers and is still, and, all at once, happiness comes and seeks one out and blesses one. I am so blessed.

Philip and I were married in the quaint little chapel of Belleau by a quaint, old priest of the peasantry. So many simple loves have been made consecrate there. Frank, glowing passions. Loves raw with the earth and the growing things. I am glad I was married in such a place, where marriage is the sacrament

He was speaking again . . denouncing us . . Philip and me. "Hypocrites!" he shouted, "I denounce you both."



"She is perjuring herself to save me," Philip shouted

ordained by God and reverenced by His people. It was a fitting place for Philip and me, for whom the world is so much discord and fame a fever in it.

We are happy. We are completely happy. Peace has spread her dove-like wings about us and shut the echo of the world away. Love is all. Loneliness is not.

Ben Baldwin has been visiting us. In the evening the two men sit and smoke, and I sing "Just a Song at Twilight" to them over and over again. When I have done their eyes are dimmed with tears . . . Philip's for the pain he has been thru . . . Ben's for the pain he must always know. And yet I feel there is a beneficence in the suffering of both of them . . . that they had rather know their pain than lose it . . .

Tomorrow we are going over to London with Ben. We are going to stay a day or so and see a theater and take dinner.

"Suppose," I whispered to Philip, fearfully, "that while we are gone an angel with a flaming sword comes in and bars our way from Paradise."

"Sweetheart," he laughed, "no angel with a flaming sword could keep me out of Paradise when I have you!"

A Week Later—London.

But it has. The angel with the flaming sword has come—only, oh, it is not an angel and there is no flaming sword! Just a tawdry figure with such a broken, tarnished sword. As I write my tears fall down because the little lusts in man must rise to dim the splendor of the mighty things. Philip . . . Philip . . . erring . . . beloved . . .

The night we came to London we had a box at the theater. Sheelah Delayne was playing. Sheelah Delayne meant nothing to me—then. Save only a clever woman with a rich personality. I liked her. I told Philip so. I told him, but he only nodded his head, and, as I remember now, moistened his lips. Later, he left our stall and did not return till the last act.

The next day he left early and seemed nervous and preoccupied. I knew that he had come across on sort of delicate mission with his publishers and attributed it to that. Yet it seemed strange . . . Philip, who is always so strong . . . so invincible . . .

Ben came to me in the afternoon. His face looked to me strangely like Philip's . . . drawn and taut. "I would rather cut out my tongue than bring this wretched thing to you, Mary," he said. "I—I think you know that. But fact is . . . Mary, you mustn't think hardly of Phil. Phil was as decent a young wilding as they come. He had his fun, but he was always square, Mary, Phil was."

"Of course," I said, "I know that, Ben. What—what have you come to tell me?"

"It was ages ago," Ben managed, with a rather painful difficulty. "We—we were having a party once. Long before Philip loved you, Mary. Right after—that first party at our house."

"I remember," I said.

"Yes . . . well, we were having a bit of a gay party. This Sheelah Delayne was there. Are you going to faint, Mary . . . Mary dear?"

"No," I said firmly, and smiled. I had put my hand over my heart at mention of Sheelah Delayne. I think I sensed what was coming.

"Sheelah was there," Ben continued, his dear, nice face all twisty with pain, "and they had a mock wedding. Of *course,* they thought it was mock."

"Of course," I managed, to help him.

Ben gulped. "It—it wasn't mock, Mary," he got out, at length. "They—they have just found out. The chap who did it was a legal sort of a chap. Sheelah Delayne has been in America, where—where, Mary dear, Phil's son was born. They've arrested Phil for—bigamy."

I felt strangely calm. The whole tale was strangely clear and sharply etched. When I spoke I knew that the tinkling coolth of it alarmed Ben, who was looking for hysteria.

"What is to be done, Ben dear?" I asked.

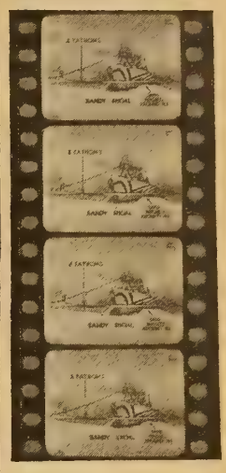
After he stared he said, "Everything has been done that can be, I think, Mary dear. Counsel engaged and the trial prepared. It will be called in about a week."

"He must win," I said, "somehow . . ." In that moment it came to me just *how.*

A Month Later—Belleau.

I am a ruin in the midst of ruins. Belleau has been laid

(*Continued on page* 103)



Bert Green, the movie cartoonist

The Making of Animated Cartoons

By BERT GREEN

Cartoonist to Pathé News

TO begin with, if an animated cartoonist had any sense, he wouldn't be an animated cartoonist. The art of animated cartoons is just a new form of manual labor which requires no sense, but untiring patience.

I have been asked a hundred times, "How is it done?" The process involved is so complicated that it is difficult to explain intelligently because of the great number of parts to a "subject"; by this I mean the drawings, celluloid, tones, cut-outs, etc., and their relation to one another in order to complete a certain scene.

It must be borne in mind that film passes thru the projector (of your pet theater) at one foot a second and that the cartoons you see on the end of a Pathé News run in length from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. This means that if you should see a cartoon of one hundred and twenty-five feet it would be before your eyes just two minutes and five seconds; or in other words, you would have seen two thousand individual pictures, as there are sixteen pictures to every foot of film.

Now the fun begins. I have from two days to one week to draw that film if the editor wants that particular cartoon for a certain issue. This means that I have to "get over" an idea as elaborate as possible, as instructive or as funny as possible with as little technical work as possible, as the amount of tracing and camera work consumes all kinds of time. I have reached a point by experience that if I figure a cartoon to be finished under the camera by five o'clock, I am safe by just adding three more hours for luck.

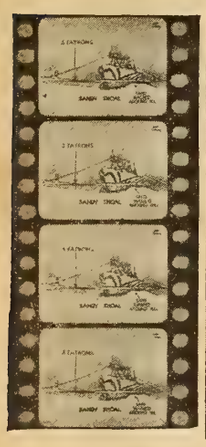
For instance, a week ago I made a cartoon on "Prohibition," in which I showed a street scene at night, and as you would look a block down the street you would see a man come around the corner, rush to the front of a saloon on which there was the sign, "Closed." He then rushed across the street to the next, to find the sign, "Closed." He did this all the way down the street, pausing and jumping before a half-dozen saloons, until he got to the foot of the street, or the foot of the screen, after which he went thru several fool stunts before taking to the "water" that awaited him. I roughly figured I would have to make about one hundred and sixty drawings of the man as he came down the street, but before I had him up to the water faucet I had made about four hundred and fifteen drawings. The same thing happened in a "Zeppelin Rail" cartoon made recently. I had figured the aeroplane to catch up with the Zeppelin and bomb it from the top in about three hundred and fifty drawings, but before I was finished I had something like five hundred. So you see it's no use making any engagements while in this business, as you might as well be serving a sentence in Joliet. I think that if an animated cartoonist had any time to himself he would go to pieces.

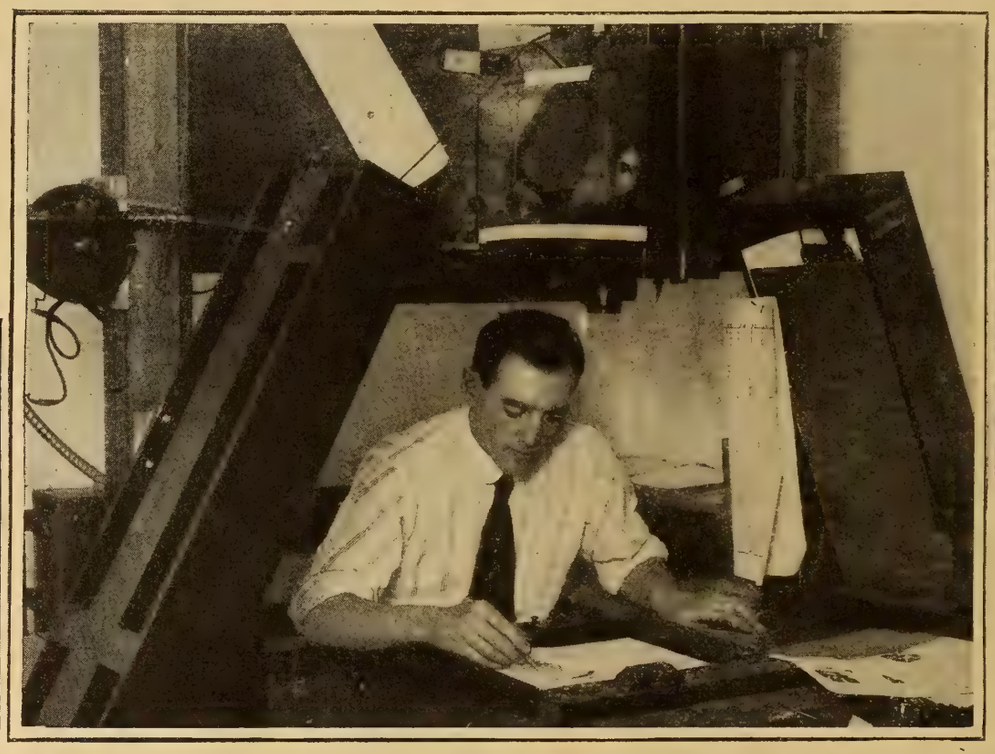
Cartoons like the "Katzenjammer Kids," "Happy Hooligan," "Mutt and Jeff," etc., that run five hundred feet, require a staff of from fifteen to thirty people, men and women, to produce this amount of animated cartoon a week, with salaries ranging from ten to three hundred dollars per week, so you can readily get some idea of

the time and expense involved. Cartoons such as these contain from two thousand to three thousand drawings, and it takes two photographers one solid week working into the nights under pressure to photograph these drawings.

Since Winsor McCay invented the business and produced "Gertie," which took him nearly three years, many short-cuts and inventions have been developed which save time, but I can truly say that there never has been a cartoon that could touch Winsor's "Lusitania Disaster" for animation. The most rapid animator in the game is Frank Moser. Moser literally shakes them out of a hat. I have seen Moser take a scenario of "Happy Hooligan" and in thirty days hand you a pile of between two and three thousand drawings that you couldn't jump over and live thru it. Yes, and catch the 5.15 for Hastings "nine times running."

To explain the art, let us take, for example, one of the news reel cartoons like this: First we see a line gradually drawing itself across the screen to form the horizon line. This is done by drawing under the camera about a half-inch of line, then stop-





"The art of animated cartoons is just a new form of manual labor," says Bert Green

ping and photographing, then another half-inch of line and photographing and so on until we have the line complete. Next we draw in a small part of Uncle Sam's hat, then photograph, draw some more, etc., until we have Uncle Sam complete. Now we have Uncle Sam standing on the horizon line representing America. Immediately we start to draw the top of the Kaiser's helmet, stop, photograph, etc., until we have Uncle Sam on one side of the water and the Kaiser on the other. Drawings are now made of Uncle Sam throwing a brick. The act of throwing the brick across the ocean may go into one hundred and fifty drawings, and when the brick strikes the Kaiser it changes to the Liberty Loan. In other words, the drawings are so made that the brick gradually changes into a huge block, which crushes him, and then the words "Liberty Loan" shape themselves.

This is a simple example, but when we go into scenes that contain two or more figures and which contain tones it requires endless tracing, and of my assistant, Miss Kelly, I cannot say too much, as she has the patience of Job. I think Miss Kelly has traced more legs, arms, hats, faces than there are fleas on a dog's back, and believe me, that's going some. And if it wasn't for Miss Kelly I'd probably be selling canary-bird swings at Forty-second Street.

When a stack of drawings are finished we have a bunch of "paper actors," and it is then a most difficult task to make them move at their proper speed. In short, you are the director. You take the "exposure," for instance, of a man who walks across the room to sit down. These are all drawings of the man walking. Each drawing is from 3/32" to 3/4" ahead of the last, and you then proceed to "expose" or direct his movements at your command. The drawings are then gone over carefully from one to a thousand, and the speed of each "paper actor" is listed on an "exposure sheet," and the sheet, together with the drawings, are turned over to the camera-man to photograph.

An animated cartoon is photographed by "stop motion," by which we mean one picture to one revolution of the crank instead of sixteen pictures, as is used exclusively in photoplay. This is one reason that makes it a time-consumer.

Nearly all "trick photography" is done by "stop motion."

I took great delight once in watching two fellows making an advertising film in which the screen showed a knife come out of a drawer, the bread out of the box, the butter unwrap itself, the knife cut the bread, then spread the butter and a lot of other junk doing such tricks, all photographed by "stop motion." These poor chaps had been working for about two weeks, night and day, and at the time I saw them you couldn't get near them. They only had about thirty-five feet photographed, and the sweet things they were calling each other, the knife, the bread, etc., was wonderful to me, as I could appreciate it. They were about ready for the "nut factory," for they had to keep books on the movements of the knife, the bread,

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The Man Who Doesn't Want Fame

As Shock-Absorber We Explain, Subtitularly, That Chester Barnett Doesn't Want Fame *Only*

By GRACE LAMB

YOUTH has a great many attributes, a great many *common* attributes, has, in a manner of speaking, a common denominator. Flaming faith is one of the attributes, castle-building ambition another, hope-springing-eternal still a third. It is, almost always, maturity which brings the value of the saner, safer things—the stiller things—children, home, the red of the hearth—faith subdued, perforce—castles made homes wherein men may dwell, their feet on terra firma.

Chester Barnett is a very serious young man. His outlook on life is essentially sober and balanced

Particularly when one talks to a rising young man of the movies one expects the castle-building. One looks for the Rolls-Roycian ambitions, the celluloid aspirations, the dreams in five reels or serials. Which brings us to Mr. Barnett.

For the benefit of the few among the many who do not know the biographical why and wherefore of Mr. Barnett we will elucidate chronologically as follows: He comes from Missouri! "Orful" admission, but biographies is biographies! Still further to harass the young romancer, who might have had Chester Barnett's natal place an isle of Greece, we must admit to *Piedmont,* Missouri. He was predestined to be a priest—and no doubt of it but what the altar lost by the stage's gaining. Filmically speaking, he has been, in order of their giving, with Famous Players, Crystal, Eclair and World. He has appeared, most notably, in Tourneur's "Woman," in "The Challenge Accepted" with Zena Keefe; prior to these as Little Billee in "Trilby" and with Vivian Martin in "The Wishing Ring." He is most fond of his rôle in "Trilby."

On the flippantly termed "speakies" Mr. Barnett played the pianist in "The Climax," was in "Rose of the Rancho," did Shakespearean rôles and much of Ben Greet. Now, O Few, be ye answered! The prolog is done. The play will go on . . .

Mr. Barnett is a very serious young man indeed. On first talking with him one is impressed with his *extreme* seriousness. A very grave young man. He takes life, as it were, reverently between his fingers and examines it, turns it over, inside and outside, up and down, looks thru it, with speculative eyes. He sees it, not as a bauble, a gew-gaw or a farce to be got thru as well as may be, but as a scheme to be dealt with thoughtfully, as a problem worthy of intensive philosophizing. He philosophizes accordingly.

Not that he is a pessimist. Far from it. He is an optimist, and the truest of all optimists, because while he sees quite clearly the leaden cloud, he sees, just as clearly, the silver lining. Merely his outook is

essentially sober and balanced, on his profession as on life in general. It is the make-up of the man.

He hopes for fame and he is going to work for it, *is* working for it, but he does not for one moment expect that he will find fame *all*. He does not believe that, when they have placed the final laurel on his brow, he will have within his grasp the golden apple of perfect happiness —*unless*—and he is definitely emphatic about this—it goes hand in hand with the things of life which do not ebb with the outgoing tide of youth nor recede on the frothy wave of popularity nor slink away under the fanfare of a new personality.

"Home and children," he said to me, "these are the things for which, primarily, man was created man. The other things —they have followed on. They are adjuncts. Props. They are charming—some of them—and never to be despised, but they should not be confounded with the bed-rock essentials. They should be kept for what they are—attributes of the whole.

"I am fortunate, because I love the screen—and I go better than that, I *believe* in it. I believe in its worth. I believe in its dignity. I believe in its majesty and power. Not so much as it is today, for there is still much, very much, that is trashy and sensational, but as it may be, will be. It is the most magnificent medium on earth. It is the most far-reaching, and that seems to me to be the worth-while thing. And then, it touches alike the very lowly and those of high estate. It reaches the heart, the mind, the very spirit of man. It has the most infinite possibilities of things great and good. It could be the great universal teacher—both missionary and amuser. Some day there will be an awakening——

Chester Barnett loves the screen, believes in its dignity, worth, majesty and power

Chester Barnett talked fervently of the screen as medium and teacher. The silent drama is a curb to him in that it loses for us the deep earnestness of his voice, the penetrative power . . . It was more difficult for him to talk of himself. Much more. His oratory failed him. He spoke haltingly and with reluctance. Nevertheless, what with judicious and certainly with persistent querying I deduced various facts, like spotlights, here and there . . . He is married. Completely and happily married. For just one year. A cynic will now step forth and attribute the ideals to the brevity—but a cynic would lose his color before the convincing honesty of Chester Barnett's rather naïve personality. He is *real*. Perfectly real. And there is an air of potentiality about him. A sense of imminence. One feels that, almost any time, he will give some tremendous performance—break traditional bonds . . . he savors of Booth, I think . . . more modernly, of Henry B. Walthall, whom he thinks, by the way, the greatest screen artist. He has a ready and a catholic sympathy.

His wife is not a player, not in any way connected with the profession, and he says that it is, or must be, very hard for an outsider to "get" the things a player does and is called upon to do. "My wife is awfully dear about everything," he told me, "and she is trying all the time, but I try to put myself in her place and think as she must think about some of the things we do, and I dont believe *I* could be as nice about it."

Writing, he thinks, is the greatest of all the arts. "Everything else," he mused, in his rather contemplative manner, "depends to some extent upon externalities, a trick of the hand or eye, *something*. Writing comes solely from *within*—must be within—it is wonderful to me—almost incomprehensible."

He would like to do more of the serious things, in so far as his work is concerned. "Funny to me," he commented, "but Tourneur and others seem to like my comedy. To me that is very strange. I feel constrained doing comedy, as tho it were in no

(*Continued on page* 107)

So, instead of presiding with the hickory stick, Muriel has been playing with World, Thanhauser, Vitagraph and again with World, in the order named

What Little Johnny Jones Missed!

Instead of courting the favor of the stern old red schoolhouse board of ed'ication, Miss Ostriche lives close by Gramercy Park in luxurious comfort. Such is fate!

Muriel Ostriche wanted to be a school teacher! Little Johnny lost a promising instructor when Muriel went round from Wadleigh High School to see David Griffith at old Biograph. "Some lamps!" said one of the directors, "y're hired!"

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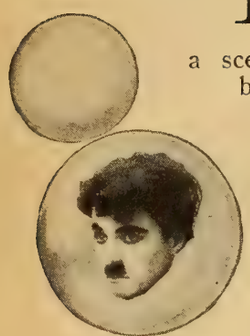
Where Do We Go From Here?

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith have united in an association to release their combined productions thru their own organizations. They have engaged William G. McAdoo, former Director-General of Railroads, ex-Secretary of the Treasury and son-in-law of President Wilson, as their counsel-general. Of this Big Five Combine, the most startling ever attempted in picturedom, Mr. McAdoo says:

"They (the Big Five) have determined not



"THE worst company for stalling in Hollywood," said the man from Lasky's.

We were standing in front of a scene which might have been lifted bodily out of old Mexico. The atmosphere was perfect. Not a thing was missing. Conspicuous in it were very real Mexicans and Indians sitting around and looking natural; that is, lazy.

"What company is it?" I asked. The man from Lasky's looked surprised at my ignorance.

"Douglas Fairbanks'," he answered.

I was interested. For some time I had been wanting an opportunity to study Fairbanks at work, and here, I thought, was my chance. And so I told the man from Lasky's that I wanted to stay there and watch. He said, "All right," and went back to his office. I sat down and waited. After tiring of sitting, I stood up and waited. After a time I walked around and waited. That was all there was to it. I waited.

This was a good many months ago. I have tried often since then to catch Douglas at work. On several occasions I have been almost successful. One of these was the time that I went out on location with him. The day was very hot and Doug had been boxing all morning. They were using Allan Dwan's house, "The Outpost," as location for a hunting lodge. It is on the top of a hill with pine-trees for background. Fairbanks was dressed in very old clothes. He was stretched out on a couch, taking things easy. Notwithstanding the heat, he looked rather cool and comfortable, but his words belied his looks. "Too much exercise in the heat had made him so dizzy that he could not work," he said. Apropos of nothing at all, he added:

"There's a Russian here who can bend a dime with his fingers. I'm convinced that it is some sort of a trick; no man has that much strength in his fingers."

"I saw a fellow bend a dollar once," said Allan Dwan.

Fairbanks sat up suddenly.

"How did he do it?" eagerly. "Did he go crazy?"

"Go crazy? Why, no," answered Dwan.

"Well, this fellow does. He starts in, going 'E-e-e-e.'" Fairbanks was on his feet illustrating. "And the blood rushes to his face. Then he dances around, shrieking louder and louder, until the dime bends. It cuts his flesh sometimes. I cant see how he could do it except by some sort of mental concentration, such as makes it possible for those religious fanatics in the Orient to walk over hot coals without burning their feet." In his interest in the Russian, Fairbanks had forgotten that he was a sick man and was racing up and down the veranda.

"I think," said Dwan, gravely, "that you are feeling much better. Suppose we go to work." This had the immediate effect of sending Doug back to his couch.

"Listen, Allan," he said, earnestly. "Really, I do feel awfully sick. I had that numbness in the back of my head that a touch of the sun gives you, together with that awful swimming feeling." He said it in the manner of a ten-year-old boy explaining to his mother why he didn't go to school.

"Dont you want some lemonade?" This, solicitously, from Dwan.

"Thank you," meekly, from Doug. "I'll just take a piece of ice and chew on that; I'll be all right in a minute."

There was a pause. The "invalid" closed his eyes. After he got the ice he rolled it around in his mouth. Dwan was sitting in a comfortable rocker, his feet on the veranda railing. Obviously, he did not feel any more like working than did Doug. There was a restful silence. Then Doug opened his eyes and fixed them upon Dwan.

"That fellow," he said, pointing at him, "used to be one of the most commercial directors in the game, but since he's tied up with me he's changed entirely. We've tried every way to make pictures, and we've found out that when *we dont feel like working our work doesn't have any punch in it.* Look at the fellows who are making *pictures*—shall we say works of art?—Chaplin, for instance. Can you imagine him working when he does not feel like it? You *cannot.* But when he *does* work, he accomplishes more in one day than he could in a week of 'efficiency' methods.

"The same thing applies to Griffith, and to me, for that matter.

"Suppose I had to work under 'efficiency' methods. I couldn't do it—*that's all!*"

And this statement of Fairbanks, made and noted many months ago, seems to me the epitome of the strike of the big five. It is, in effect, a rebellion against the too-much-efficiency, which, in its turn, was a rebellion against no efficiency at all.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the craze for efficiency went to such lengths that one producer is said to have limited his scene painters on the number of tubes of paint that they could use. Whether this is so or not, it is certain that the directors worked from script on which every move to the raising of an eyelash was noted. They were told exactly how much footage each scene was to be given and just exactly where the

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

to permit any trust to destroy competition, or to blight or to interfere with the high quality of their work. They feel that it is of the utmost importance to secure the artistic development of the motion picture industry, and they believe that this will be impossible if any trust should get possession of the field and menace the business."

"How," asks the producer in discussing the agreement of the Big Five, "is this going to affect me?"

"Where," asks the player, "do we get off on this?"

and

"What does this mean to me?" says the fan.

camera was to stand in making the shot. It was estimated how much time, to a minute, they would spend on the picture and, like a train, they had to get thru on schedule. Under this system no director was worth more than two hundred dollars a week.

"How do I make pictures?" Fairbanks said, repeating the question after me. "We dont use a script at all. Just a few notes—tho, of course, we make a complete continuity. Allan Dwan (directing him at the time) and I are both thoroly familiar with the story before beginning work on it, but we believe in leaving much to the inspiration of the moment, so that our imaginations may have something to do with the picture, as it were. Otherwise the action would look cut-and-dried."

That is the nub of the whole matter; the action must not look cut-and-dried. There must, to quote the statement of the "big five," be no "machine-made entertainment." The un-machine-like method of direction employed by D. W. Griffith is too well known to require a lengthy discussion here. Suffice it to say that in making many of his greatest pictures he worked almost entirely without script. With only a vague idea of what he was going to do with them, he took his players to an empty stage and here moved them around like so many pawns until his story began to grow before his eyes. He would then have a stenographer out, and she would take down the action as it transpired, thus forming a sort of final working script for reference.

Chaplin works in very much the same manner, tho he will frequently make many notes, which no one but himself ever sees, before beginning a picture.

The result of this "writing a story on film" instead of on paper is, of course, an enormous use—or waste, some would call it—of footage, which, however, the results certainly justify.

I remember in much detail a week I spent on the lot with Mary Pickford. This, too, was several months ago. The memory carries with it a suggestion of dust, cobwebs, shelf after shelf of books, an old chest in the corner which might have held anything from old lace and lavender to Spanish gold (as a matter of fact, it was empty), a picture which hung crooked on the wall, a small but lively goat (this was Captain Kidd from Catalina), a parrot which could cry like a baby, cough like a "lunger," crow like a rooster and hold long conversations with itself on nearly every subject imaginable, but couldn't—or wouldn't—say "Buckets of blood," tho the director and the star coaxed all day; these things and a quaint old English bookstore, and in the midst of them all Mary Pickford.

One scene that I remember particularly:

A regular "mamma's boy," who is rightful heir to the "treasure," comes to the store of "McTavish & Co.," because he knows that a book containing the chart has been sold to them by mistake. He doesn't approve of so much dirt, so he decides to purify the atmosphere by burning a little disinfectant. At first Mary McTavish (Mary Pickford) cannot understand what he is doing. Then, seeing her expression of bewilderment, he explains, "So much dirt," and, pointing to her pet, "Goats—filthy creatures—all full of little what-nots."

The little McTavish tries not to laugh. She turns toward her "cousin" and attracts his attention to the proceeding with a backward toss of her head and a wink.

The scene was simple? Yes, but it was not only rehearsed in every possible way, it was *made* in every possible way before the star was satisfied.

"I work thru a process of elimination," she said, when the scene was over. "That is, in the rough draft of a scene I put in every little bit of action which I think could possibly serve to illuminate the part I am playing. Then, in successive 'shots' first one detail and then another is eliminated until only the essentials remain."

Mary Pickford works slowly and with infinite care. There is a scene in "Stella Maris" where, as the ugly Unity Blake, she makes love to John's coat, pretending that he is inside of it and is making love to her. Miss Pickford began working on that scene at nine o'clock one morning and with her director and two camera-men—two negatives are made of every Pickford picture—worked all day, only stopping for meals, all that night, and it was five o'clock the next morning before the scene was finished. At a rough guess, it ran about two minutes on the screen. However, she works out every detail as completely as possible before she goes near the set.

In this respect, W. S. Hart works very much as does Miss Pickford, tho he is the most rapid producer of the five. Tho it is a perfect continuity, his script allows him plenty of latitude. One is continually coming across such sentences as "Chance for a fight here?" or "Man might fall over the balustrade?" always followed by question marks; in other words, the matter is left to be decided on the inspiration of the moment. His rapidity of production is, of course, partially due to the fact that

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Flying to Success

By DORIS

Two youthful aunties preside over the Clifford household, both former stage favorites, when they traveled as the "Valerie Sisters." Ruth's parents were stage folk, but her mother gave up acting upon her marriage. Mrs. Clifford comes of an old English family and, as all the relatives live across seas, Ruth's following in pictures in old England is very large. Her people have never met Miss Clifford in the flesh, but they know how she acts, talks and walks, because they never miss one of her pictures, and write her their impressions of them. Just imagine becoming acquainted with

Ruth Clifford posed as Innocence. Ruth plays the 'cello, dances and stars in motion pictures

FOR the first time in three busy years, Ruthie Clifford is resting at home. Her contract with the Big U has expired and Ruth wont sign another. Universal City without Ruth Clifford! Everybody is gossiping about the change, carpenters and electricians mosey about mournfully, and Carmel Myers, her intimate chum, spends disconsolate luncheon hours. All of them concede that with the little girl who posed for Innocence left out of the U.'s plans, the "life of the place" is gone.

Ruth lives about twelve minutes' drive from Universal City, in an entrancing white bungalow court, near Hollywood Boulevard. Great hedges of blossoming geraniums, "weeds of the West," border the trim paths. Rose-vines bloom as colorfully as morning-glories and peep inquisitively into the upper chamber window, whose casement Ruthie flings wide to catch the mild breeze of a January mid-day in California. You see, these are two-story bungalettes, rather distinctive houses for one-storied Los Angeles.

Ruth Clifford First Played the Part of An Angel

DELVIGNE

one's kin via the camera route Isn't it rather romantic?

Ruth has a sister seventeen months older than herself, but who is so like her that if she would consent to live in California, she surely could pose as Ruthie's double. Then there's a bright little brother of sixteen, who is in his second year at high school and whom Miss Clifford is educating. She says he may go into pictures when he is thru high school, but first of all he must have an education.

The children all get their good looks from the mother, whom they sadly miss. Mrs. Clifford was a stage beauty of her time, and Ruth is quite as proud of her handsome ancestors on the maternal side as she is of her own success on the screen. The mother died some years ago.

Ruth Clifford had this picture taken holding a postal card received from the boys in France to whom she sent smokes

Miss Clifford was born in Pawtucket. It wasn't long before the family moved to New York, and Ruth attended a convent school for a time at Bay View, on Narragansett Bay. When Ruth was ten years old, she and her sister were as alike as acorns, wore the same frocks, made their first communion together, and were as inseparable as twins. Indeed, every one thought them two of a kind, and they had great fun doing private theatricals, even tho their earning power at that time was measured by—*pins!*

Acting was in the blood—it always will tell, they say. Ruthie's talent told when she was in her second year at high school. She used to peep thru a knothole in the Edison studio fence, hoping she might learn something about motion pictures. Then one day she was given a chance to play the part of an angel. It really was not a bit emotional, but it made her an extra. She was "atmosphere" frequently after that first bit, and as vacation came on just then, she had a summer of light experience at Edison.

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Wallie and the Missing Links

Golf is the bulliest of exercises — and exercise is quite necessary to a film star who spends his days doing such dry and uninteresting things as riding bronchos, racing motor cars, swimming whirlpools, and so on

Wallie Reid has become a golf fanatic and all Los Angeles is wondering where the fever will lead him. Wallie seizes his sticks the moment the day's filming is over and races to the nearest course. Then he proceeds to forget all about Cooper-Hewitts and studios, directors and feminine fan letters, and all the things that go with screen stardom. The lure of the green sward is everything!

Note Wallie's natty golf regalia. There's nothing quite like it in all Los Angeles—not excepting Cecil de Mille's puttee scenic setting

Here is the Reid person demonstrating the right sort of something or other appertaining to the game of golf. We hope you understand

Three Is a Crowd

Fictionized from the Paramount Photodrama

By GLADYS HALL

"YOU are going to consider me a very unwelcome guest, Mr. Farrington." Nora Gail said this with a little moué of distaste and allowed Farrington to remove her wraps, ensconce her by the fire, simmering almost as tho waiting for what it might hear, and offer her his special brand of Russian cigarets.

"That seems to me quite impossible," smiled Hilary Farrington, with the ease that made him as beloved socially as he was literarily.

"You know," Mrs. Gail was saying, "I have often fancied that if I should ever have the honor of talking with you we might be very abstract—that I might learn so much. Instead of which I come, I fear, to teach you—something you will not care to know."

Farrington looked genuinely perplexed. This was something for which his knowledge of best-sellers had not prepared him. Here was Woman riddling him again. The Sphinx come anew. His bafflement showed in his singularly direct gaze. Nora Gail studied him. "Darrell McKnight is attractive," she observed, at last, "and very young, which has its charm—but you——" Then, abruptly, "I can scarcely see how Eloise can . . ." She paused and did not fail to note the sudden jerk of Hilary Farrington's head at the mention of his wife's name.

Darrell came with his ardors —for which she was starving

"Eloise," he repeated after her; "I did not know that you—and she—had met. You must pardon me—I am very remote at times—but your name—it is not familiar. I thought I knew, at least to speak to, most of my wife's friends."

Hilary Farrington felt a sense of irritation. It was all very well for him to unravel, like a skein of fine silk, a woman's soul in his novels . . . it was distinctly irritating for him to be compelled to do so in his library at home. Not at all the same thing. And, damn it all, this woman's soul seemed to snarl abominably. If, indeed, she had a soul. He had begun to suspect some women hadn't. He had thought of making this the context of his next novel. Then he concentrated on Nora Gail.

"We are both in love, Mr. Farrington," she was saying, "you with your wife, I with Darrell McKnight. The chief difference between us rests in the fact that you are in love with your eyes

"THREE IS A CROWD"

Narrated from the photoplay of the same name, written by Fred Jackson and Edgar Selwyn, directed by John S. Robertson and produced by Paramount with this cast:

Eloise Farrington	Marguerite Clark
Hilary Farrington	Frank Mills
Darrell McKnight	Gaston Glass
Nora Gail	Helen Green
Maid	Blanche Standing
Butler	George Stevens
Bishop	Albert Busby

Behind the table, napkin flung professionally over arm, was Hilary

closed and I, because I am a woman perhaps, with my eyes wide open. What I see—hurts me." There was a pause, during which Farrington had the odd notion that he could see the woman's heart quiver and throb. "I have never had love before, Mr. Farrington," she was continuing, "and far too little of youth. Darrell McKnight has been giving me both of these things. I have starved so long that now—I cant go without food."

A log fell apart on the hearth. The flame abated. Gray ash assumed proportions. A deadness came on the room.

"But really," Hilary Farrington found himself saying, "how can this possibly concern me? I am obtuse, but——"

"Your wife," said the woman who faced him, regretfully, "your wife loves Darrell McKnight. He—he told me so at dinner only last night. I felt helpless alone . . . inadequate . . . together I thought that we might . . . you and . . . I . . ."

Hilary Farrington laughed. He had so many memories of Eloise girded about his heart. Their first meeting . . . their love . . . their honeymoon spent beyond the tracks of man . . . her arms about him . . . her mouth on his mouth . . . his hands among her hair. This woman was a fool, a trouble-maker. He should show her the door, politely but firmly. Eloise . . . pshaw!

Nora Gail was still talking. "Darrell has been making love to your wife for some little time," she was saying. "I have known that there was some new flower, but I bided my time, because there have been many new flowers and they have all . . . faded . . . in time. Darrell has never said anything about them. There was, in some inexplicable way, an understanding between us. Last night he told me that this time he was in earnest—that he and your wife were leaving for the West—today."

Hilary Farrington was silent. He knew the human heart. When he had a leisure moment he knew women. He was having a leisure moment now. He was knowing this stranger, Nora Gail. He was knowing Eloise, his wife . . . "Darrell told me that she came to love him thru your neglect of her," Mrs. Gail was saying. "She is very young, Mr. Farrington, and has been very much in love—with you. A man cant turn a woman's love in upon itself. Or else—strange things occur. Then loneliness . . . oh, I tell you, it makes potent devils out of women . . . sheer devils. It does more harm than wine, more harm than flattery, more hideous harm than all of these things. Eloise married her lover. She finds herself living with a machine, a cold, abstracted creature who grinds out books, and grinds out, too, her heart, her beautiful youth, her birthright of happiness. Then Darrell . . . dont condemn her, Mr. Farrington. I dont—and I might. Darrell came with his ardors—for which, remember, she was starving . . . with his fervencies, his protestations, his glamor and magic. She was like an empty vase—iridescent—quivering. He filled her with distilled sunlight . . . with the joy of young wine . . . with her youth again. You cant blame her. You cant. You starved her and she found food elsewhere."

After a long interval Farrington spoke. "You have done me a great favor, a great kindness," he said. "It is true—if my wife left me she would have crushed my heart. Yet I—have worse than left her. She has asked me for bread—I have given her a stone. Yes, you have done me a great kindness."

"What are you going to do?"

Farrington smiled. "I am going to act very strangely," he said, "but Eloise is a whimsical little soul. She has a warm, deep heart, and a great sense of humor. I knew her—once. All I ask of you is that you come down to my country place at Norwich tomorrow afternoon. You will find us all there."

When Nora Gail took a somewhat reluctant departure, Hilary went up to his wife's dressing-room. He found her as he had expected to find her—in a flurry of preparation. For an instant it smote him. She was in this flurry of preparation to go away with Darrell McKnight. Once, no doubt, she had been in just such a flurry to go with him—to that garden close beyond the track of man. There, together, they had rediscovered Eden. They had closed the gate again which the angel with a flaming sword had opened. They had eaten of the first apple and found it very sweet. This was a sacrilege Eloise was committing. He would treat it as a farce. If he showed his heart too suddenly Eloise, like a petulant child, might trample on it.

He spoke to her pleasantly. "I intercepted your maid on the way up, dear," he said, "and got your note—telling me that you are leaving today with McKnight."

Eloise fell back. Her childish eyes widened. Her childish body stiffened. She seemed about to avert a blow.

Farrington took out a leisurely cigaret. He lit and settled himself on the rose-and-gold chaise-longue on which, habitually, Eloise, round-eyed, perused his best-sellers.

"Dont let me delay you," he said, pleasantly; then, as an after thought, "I'm sorry, hon, that I haven't been—satisfactory."

Eloise turned mechanically to her dressing-table. Her trembling hands placed a hat-brush in her traveling case. Her heart turned from palpitant flesh to a sickly lead. Hilary, as always, was beyond her. Hilary, as always, did not care. He was pleasantly agreeable to her departure. He was mildly acquiescent. A fierce pain assailed her. It was not for the amative Darrell. It was for the man who had been her husband, who could never be her husband again. She was going forth to regain Paradise. She was a fool. Paradise was irrevocably behind her.

"Is Mr. McKnight calling for you?" pleasantly again inquired Farrington.

"Yes. We are catching the—the five o'clock."

"My dear," protested her husband, "I wont consent to it. You know, you should really allow me just a tiny finger in the pie, which is, paradoxically, just a bit mine after all. I simply *could* not think of you honeymooning on a train. What a death to romance! The grind of it! The crowd! Almost indecent. After our . . . . no, really, Eloise, I insist upon you and Darrell going to the Norwich Lodge. You will be quiet there. Secluded. Apart. Of course it will not exactly be Eden where we . . ."

"Oh, please, Hilary!" Eloise put her hand over her heart, which hurt her.

"No, but really, I insist." Hilary helped her with her wrap, took her case, and followed her decorously down the stairway.

In the hallway Eloise faced him. "W-why are you doing this?" she asked.

Hilary laughed pleasantly "From an innate sense of the fitness of things," he rejoined, lightly,

Farrington returned just in time for the ceremony

Farrington took her in his arms. "Alone" he muttered and then he kist her hair

but with conviction. "You and Darrell are in love. I, by my own fault, have failed. I am, I hope, enough of a humanitarian, enough of a philosopher and psychologist, not to hold petty vengeance for that which I have brought upon myself. Therefore, why should I permit you, who have loved me, to embark upon this beautiful adventure of yours in a railway coach. It offends me. It is out of focus. You are beautiful. You have been mine. I want you to live in beauty—even now. I am of the romantic school, you see."

"What will Darrell think?" Eloise interjected, miserably.

"Here is Darrell now," observed Hilary coolly. "Let us see what he thinks."

Darrell's mental processes were rather painful to witness. He was seldom put at a loss. Put at one now, he did not know how to conduct himself. He had made love, rather professionally, to a great many women. He had, consequently, found himself in more than one tight place. He had always managed an affable extrication. This was the new. The unexpected. Here was the last word in *un mari complaisant.* Here was a husband, not only complacent, but actually solicitous.

"You must see the advantages, Darrell," Hilary was insisting to the rather gaping, rather stupidly vacuous face of the young man. "Norwich is quite deserted. So is the lodge. You and Eloise will be in a world apart. I have always looked after Eloise's comfort. I—if you will permit me—shall do so this one time more."

There seemed nothing further to be said. Hilary escorted them, silent and rather blank, to his waiting limousine, instructed his chauffeur to go slowly and waved them a cheery farewell from the porch.

Eloise turned dilated eyes to Darrell. Darrell turned dilated eyes to Eloise.

"He was . . . *glad,*" whispered Eloise.

"Yes," whispered back Darrell.

When the lodge loomed up before them Eloise choked. She had forgotten love. Darrell's kisses. His protestations.

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Dangerous Game of Polo

By ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

ANY of you people want to commit suicide? Eddie Polo told me the nicest way—by hanging! He says it is a wonderful sensation, and he ought to know, because he really was almost hung during one of the scenes in his serial, "The Lure of the Circus." At any rate he was unconscious when they cut him down, and many of the people who were watching thought he was really dead. But he wasn't dead—it would take more than being swung over a cliff with a hangman's noose around his neck to kill Eddie Polo. Barely a month afterwards I was sitting in the Universal projection-room with him looking at some of the episodes in his serial.

The hanging was shown. I gasped at the audacity of it. Here was no faked effect. There was absolutely no covering whatsoever on his neck or shoulders that could conceal any contrivances that would ease the heavy rope around his neck. "Oh," I gasped, as I saw him struggling at the end of the rope, "you didn't really—what did it feel like?" It was then he told me how nice it was to be hung.

"Hanging is the sweetest death in the world," he said. "I shall never forget the sense of rest and contentment that stole over me when I was being drawn up one hundred feet in the air to be dropped and the noose pressing ever closer around my neck. It almost was my last stunt, tho—they caught me just as I was nearing my last breath."

More thrilling scenes followed. Jumping from one express train to the fast-moving locomotive of another is a mere detail in one of Mr. Polo's working days. Jumping from a wharf to a fast-moving ship some distance away, missing it by a hair and having to swim the distance back to shore, was another scene which drew a gasp from me. Mr. Polo smiled as he noticed it. "I gasped, too, when I hit the side of that boat," he said. "I broke my arm and had to swim back with it in that condition."

"Aren't dummies ever used in taking these hazardous scenes?" I ventured.

Mr. Polo did not take at all kindly to the suggestion.

"If dummies are used, then I am one," he declared.

"Does that look like a fake?" he asked, exhibiting a wound-scarred hand as a memento of his last dive thru a pane of glass. "Or that?" pointing to an eye that still bore almost imperceptible effects of his 140-foot dive in which he struck a

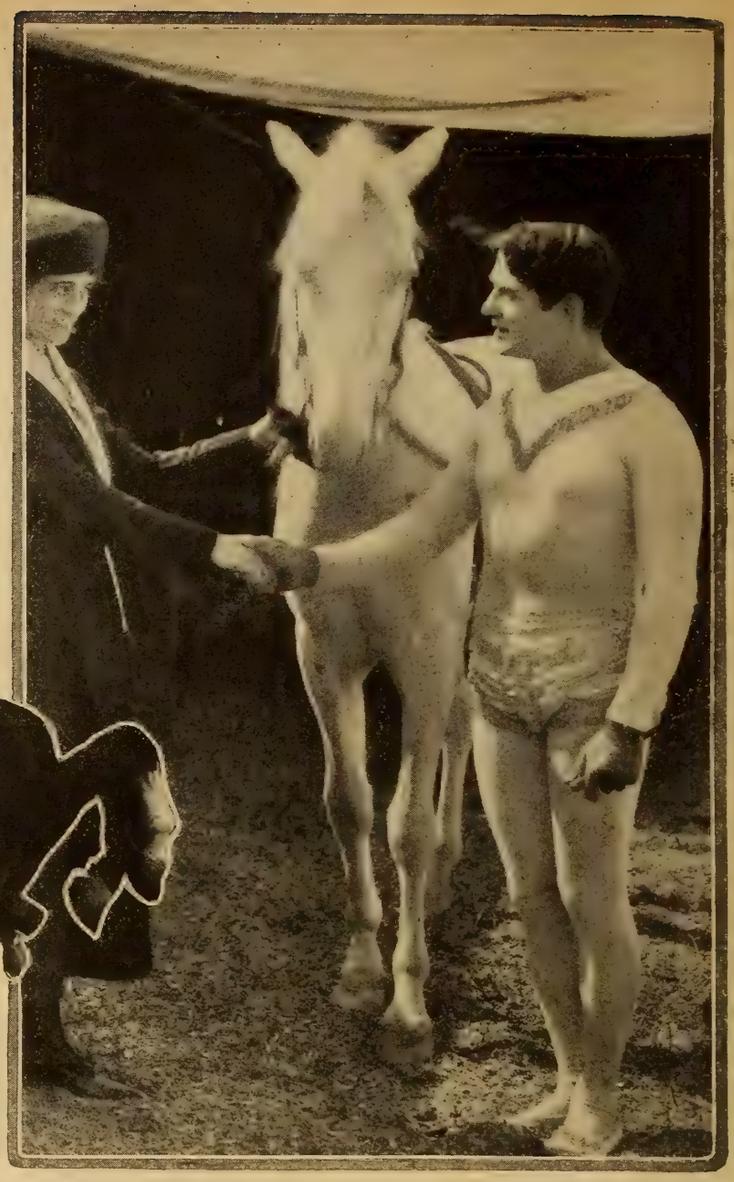
Eddie Polo used to be in Barnum and Bailey's circus. He has performed before all the rulers of Europe

piece of kelp. "None of the life insurance companies will take me," he went on. "They dont regard me as a risk at all, but as a certainty—for losing their money. The only sort of arrangement I could make with them was to pay twenty-five dollars a week against an allotment of seventy-five a week for any length of time I should be laid up because of injuries. I didn't take them up on it—I'd rather put aside that twenty-five myself for a time when I should need it. In fact"—there was a twinkle in his eye—"I do put a little more than that away anyhow."

Mr. Polo told me a secret—this, that not one of his stunts is ever rehearsed. "I do not believe in rehearsing a thing of that sort," he said. "It is the spontaneous action that counts, not the long premeditated thing. Of course, I figure out everything in advance before I do a stunt. I am not a fatalist, but at the same time I am not afraid. It is a matter of science whether I live or die, and we all have to take chances of some kind, you know."

A few moments later he broached his favorite topic, extensive physical training for children.

"If parents only knew what it really meant, what wonders can be accomplished for children thru it, every home would be fitted up with a miniature gymnasium and every child encouraged to spend all its spare time, that was not spent out of doors, in it. I have seen delicate children made strong by really drastic methods—methods that their parents were almost afraid to try at first, such as ice plunges and sleeping out of doors in zero weather. It's a strange fact, but true, that the more sheltered and coddled a child is, the more delicate that child will become, while a harsher treatment would produce widely different results.



Mrs. Frank Compton, niece of President Wilson, compliments Eddie Polo after seeing him perform some of his hazardous stunts in the taking of "The Lure of the Circus"

"I find in my correspondence many letters from boys, asking me how they could do the stunts that I do. I answer that there is just one way of learning my secret—by exercising. These letters interest me, for they show that the moving picture serial is accomplishing more than just entertaining the public—that it is invoking a desire among our boys to live the sort of life that will bring them strength and muscles.

"My parents realized the value of training. When I was two years old I walked on my hands, and at seven I was an acrobat and high-diver. All that I have accomplished I feel is directly due to them, for it was at their insistence that I began the training I have always kept up. During my seventeen years with the Barnum and Bailey circus I did just as dangerous and difficult stunts in my training hours as I did in the main ring

In making this leap, Eddie Polo broke his arm

(*Continued on page* 102)

By
TAMAR
LANE

WILSON has made his fourteen points for peace famous. Here's fourteen points for a perfect picture:

1. That the villain shall be a blond, minus a mustache, and go thru the play without smoking a cigaret.

2. That the hero shall not be 6 feet 6, nor a lady-killer with a pinch-back coat and wavy hair, nor a perfect man, but a regular guy just as apt to make a few mistakes as the next man.

3. That the ingénue shall neither wear curls nor depend wholly on a sweet, sweet smile.

4. That the vamp shall wear some clothes, refrain from fantastic get-ups and not writhe like a snake. Any one violating this shall be forced to sit thru "The Girl with No Regrets" without sleeping.

5. That the producer shall not mention his name more than three times, and shall see that the author is given credit down in the corner somewhere.

6. That there shall be no close-up of the star grimacing behind glycerine tears.

7. That comedians shall refrain from the old gag of kicking a fat woman in the slats.

8. That the villain shall not lock the door and proceed to attack the heroine.

9. That there shall not be more than two reels of padding by means of ballroom scenes, landscapes, etc.

10. That the story shall not be about the youth who is kicked out of college and goes West to make good, or the girl who has to marry the wolf of Wall Street to get the family out of debt. For any violation of this the shall be forced to write for the Universal scenario nent for three months.

11. That there shall be no barroom fight, struggle on the cliff, nor one bottle broken over a man's head.

12. That if a girl is to be wronged, it shall happen out on the farm, and not on Broadway, where there are only wise ones.

13. That the play shall close logically and not necessarily with a sugar-coated, happy-ever-after ending.

14. That the play shall not end with a loving embrace and a sunset fade-out.

"REGISTERED" MAIL?

See by the advertisements in movie publications that they can teach screen acting by mail order. Now we know where several of our "stars" learnt their profession.

Richard Rowland, president of Metro, says: "There isn't the slightest excuse for a poor picture." Boy! Show Mr. Rowland the Metro program.

Enid Markey left the screen recently to appear on the stage. She has one of the principal rôles in "Up in Mabel's Room." As she was walking down the street recently, in Boston, a passerby spied her and exclaimed, "There goes Enid Markey! She used to be in the movies. Now she's an actress." The man's identity was not discovered, but he is known not to be the author of "The Art of the Movie."

The producers have got thru settling the Kaiser's fate to their individual satisfactions, and now they are picking on Edith Cavell. The British Red Cross nurse has been shot in so many different ways and for so many different reasons that film fans are beginning to believe that if there is any truth in all this stuff, then perhaps she was a nuisance after all.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Contest Girdles

Countless Beauties Seek

THE Fame and Fortune Contest of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is now girdling the earth. Portraits are coming from every part of the globe. For instance, just as this month's honor roll is going to press, comes a portrait from Miss Dulcie Foston, of No. 19 Seah Im Road, Keppel Harbor, Singapore, Straits Settlements. Which shows the far-reaching qualities of The Fame and Fortune Contest.

There are a number of oddly interesting entries. One, for instance, is Miss Dona Beaver, of Wann, Oklahoma, a three-quarters blood Indian girl of the Delaware tribe. Interest in the contest is increasing remarkably, demonstrated by the growth in number of entries. The number of

© Edmonston, Washington

Above, Gertrude Garretson
Right, Ethel Mae Chadbourne
Below, Margaret Falconer

© Geisler & Andrews

Sidney Drew

ROBERTS

perhaps her breezy Western manner, for she was born in Sedalia, Missouri, and educated mostly in the Far West.

So, as I stood there in the doorway, it was Polly who dominated the scene. The "stage" was set as a living-room, and standing about were the characters in the scene, the camera-man and assistants, all listening to Polly.

"And now that you have spoken your line," she was saying, "you run right down-stage, and that brings you before the camera. Henry is seated and rises as I come in. The rest of you exit when I say 'What are you doing here?' "

The camera-man was standing, with one ear cocked in her direction and his eyes fixed on the focus, listening with the rest. Henry, from a big chair beside the fire, took it all in. Stage hands and the electrician were there, too, for Polly wants them all to understand their part. Not a nail was driven or a rope pulled while she spoke.

Next the scene was rehearsed, and Polly jumped into her place at the given moment. Everything seemed to be going very smoothly. Suddenly she seemed to think of something very funny and began to laugh. Then she rushed over to Henry. He guffawed, slapped his knees and howled till the tears were fairly running down his cheeks.

"You'll be the death of me yet," he gasped, when he could speak, and I watched the scene

(*Continued on page* 112)

Polly and Henry, the foremost domestic screen players, lead an ideal home existence in real life

Alice Joyce's gowns are a decided feature of "The Lion and the Mouse" (Vitagraph)

Across the

Reviews of Current

By HAZEL SIMPSON

It does not seem too engrossing a statement to say that at the present moment the only director who shows a marked advance from what has been done before is Cecil B. De Mille. Here at least is a man who is not traveling in a rut. His photoplays—vivid, timely, pulsating life-dramas—show a perfection and artistic improvement with each new release.

"DONT CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND" (ARTCRAFT)

is the latest Cecil B. De Mille attraction and one of those seldom found but always appreciated productions, a photoplay that points a moral but doesn't bore. The story is an ungilded cross-section of life as it is lived. James Porter is a young business man who has neglected exterior ornamentation—in other words, he has become careless, frowsy, down at the heel. He works hard all day making millions; when he comes home, he wears slippers, eats onions, goes collarless. His wife, Leila, on the other hand, is a pagan little creature, who loves luxuries, devotion, compliments. Just when husband, adding insult to injury, totally forgets their wedding anniversary, the other man appears. He is a slick slinger of soft-spun phrases, an immaculate dresser. The contrast is too much for Leila; she tells her husband she wants a divorce and in time marries the other man. Appearances, they say, are deceitful, and Leila finds herself out of the frying-pan into the fire. Hubby No. 2 has as many annoying habits as hubby No. 1. Not only that, but he squanders Leila's money on silly light o' loves. A chance meeting with hubby No. 1, who, having learnt his lesson, is well groomed and fascinating, makes Leila pause to reflect. Another trip to Reno is followed by a reunion with hubby No. 1. This tale is picturized in perfect tempo by Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson and Lew Cody. In fact, we do not hesitate to proclaim Gloria Swanson one of the distinct acquisitions of the silent play, not only pictorially, but dramatically. As for Elliott Dexter, we have already noted him as one of the most promising actors on the screen today.

Lovey Mary has been made the stellar rôle in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," starring Marguerite Clark

WHERE are the plays of yesterday? After struggling thru an eventless month in celluloid production, our mind wanders back petulantly to the days of Fannie Ward's "Cheat," of Dorothy Dalton's vivid Triangle plays, and that combined triumvirate of colorful screen artists, Charles Ray, Frank Keenan and Louise Glaum. Is the screen play of today getting stale? Or is it simply that it needs new blood pumped into its veins? New players, new writers, directors with a novel viewpoint?

Silversheet

Photoplays

NAYLOR

Gloria Swanson is a distinct discovery, not only pictorially, but dramatically, in "Dont Change Your Husband" (Artcraft)

"PEGGY DOES HER DARNDEST" (METRO)

We always said May Allison would do it. She has. There are a few episodes in screen lore that make history. "Revelation" was one, for it was the first vehicle to present the genius of Nazimova properly on the screen. "Hearts of Humanity" was another, because it gave Dorothy Phillips the dramatic opportunity she had been needing. "Peggy Does Her Darndest" is the latest, for it gives May Allison a story which proves her very nearly the cleverest comédienne on the silversheet today. What Billie Burke was in her "cutest" stage days, May Allison is as Peggy, the will-o'-the-wisp younger sister who wants to dress like older sister, have sister's beaux, be a detective and run the family in general. May Allison fairly romps away with the play. She is a petulant child, a hoyden, a vampire, a beauty, a rough-and-tumble boxer all in one breath. We didn't know blondes could have so much pep. Never have we seen so many varied moods, each more charming than the last. When Miss Allison reaches out, takes Frank Currier's hand and, without the slightest effort, swings him over her head onto the floor for a cropper, the audience gave an excellent imitation of people viewing a Charlie Chaplin comedy. The subtitles are fitting, as are the settings. Augustus Phillips lends distinction to the rôle of the burglar, Robert Ellis is satisfactory as the hero, and Rosemary Theby is pleasing as the older sister. [illegible] to be congratulated for a splendid production, as is Miss [illegible] for a remarkable performance.

"THE LION AND THE MOUSE" (VITAGRAPH)

This should have been tense drama; it is, however, theatrical claptrap. With one of the most vivid stage plays of Charles Klein's as basic material, the director has spent most of his time getting people in and out of buildings, ships, motor-cars. The footage expended in entrances and exits is something appalling. Alice Joyce is sincere, pleasing and beautiful as the girl who saves her father from the grasp of an unscrupulous financier. Conrad Nagel, as the callow hero, fails to measure up to the good impression he made as Laurie in "Little Women," and seems not only camera-conscious, but to be having great difficulty in navigating his feet and hands amid Vitagraph settings. Miss Joyce's gowns are worth while featuring as an added attraction.

Farrar is always impressive. In "Shadows" (Goldwyn) she wears Paris gowns as a dance hall girlie

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" (PARAMOUNT)

For those who like this

Corinne Griffith is indeed easy to look at in "The Girl Question"

"Mandarin's Gold" (World) contains four universally liked players, Kitty Gordon, Irving Cummings, Warner Oland and Tony Merlo

John Barrymore gets a lot of fun out of playing in "Here Comes the Bride" (Paramount)

sort of thing, we'll admit it couldn't be done better. Alice Hegan Rice's popular novel has been translated to the screen, nice barn-like orphanages, muddy alleys, homely characters and all. The principal character, that of the optimistic Mrs. Wiggs, has been painfully submerged in order to make Lovey Mary a stellar rôle for Marguerite Clark. We tried conscientiously to get into tune with Miss Clark's interpretation of Lovey Mary, but it was seldom that she struck a genuinely sympathetic chord. She failed to feel her part. Finished actress that she is, she has capably expressed the required emotions, but not once has she felt them. Vivian Ogden gives an excellent characterization of Tabitha Hazy, who has such difficulty in landing a man. We couldn't help wondering where Lovey Mary of the orphanage, upon seeking refuge with Mrs. Wiggs, procured so many changes of costume. Such things are no longer excusable under the title of "Just Movies."

"FALSE FACES" (PARAMOUNT)

If you like melodrama, you'll like "False Faces." It is one of the slickest thrillers we have ever seen put on. The story of German intrigue and American courage travels at third speed all the way of its five reels. Henry Walthall has the leading rôle and, while he has no opportunity for strong emotional work, he has for speedy action, and proves himself physically unafraid. Mary Anderson is charming as the heroine. Here is an ingénue who radiates sincerity, than which not even beauty is so to be admired on the screen. Practically all of the scenes contain a thrill, but those on board the submarine are especially to be commended as technically perfect.

"SHADOWS" (GOLDWYN)

seems to us proof positive of a thing we have long suspected. Namely, a well-known name attached to any tomfoolery will sell it. Willard Mack's, we dare say, sold "Shadows" to Goldwyn. It is a mechanically made plot, and yet it is not an uninteresting photoplay. We quarrel with its sincerity, but we like Geraldine Farrar's gowns. The prima donna is a prima donna always in this picture. In spite of the fact that she takes the part of a dance-hall girlie who, by using her wits, escapes from the man who had not married her, she still wears Paris frocks. There is a lapse in the story, and we find Jerry married to a rich gentleman and the devoted mother of a boy of five. The man of her past turns up, as pasts have a horrid way of doing, and demands that Jerry encourage her husband to back him in a business fraud. Jerry determines not to bribe, but to hold what is hers by her wits, and invites the man to her home. While there, she pretends he is a burglar trying to rob her, and calls a policeman, who is conveniently courting her maid. The man of her past is accidentally shot, and the picture closes with the boy safe in his mother's arms. Farrar is always impressive. We never forget she is the star of the picture, a prima donna and a beautiful woman. The picture is easy to look at, if hard to contemplate logically.

"MANDARIN'S GOLD" (WORLD)

This photoplay contains four players who, we will venture to say, are universally liked: Kitty Gordon, Irving Cummings, Warner Oland and Tony Merlo. It starts off with a bang. The handsome young wife is becoming irritated because of her bridge losses, her husband because he has to pay them. The situations are dramatic, clean-cut and well photographed. The immediate necessity of obtaining more money to pay new debts without her husband's knowledge worries the wife. There are two ways of obtaining it—one is from the other man, but he wants his collateral; the other to sell a Chinese girl entrusted to her protection, to a loathful mandarin. The woman does the last with the most terrifying results —only to find that she has dreamed and that her husband has once more shouldered her debts, whereupon the fade-out leaves her a sadder but wiser woman. A few of the

(*Continued on page 92*)

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

TOP of the morning to you! Once more we meet. Someone once said, "Save your best thoughts for your best friends," and so I have saved mine for you. The doors are open, the show is about to begin. Walk in!

I. H. C.—Good suggestion, yours. *Je vous remercie.* Lois Wilson and Warren Kerrigan in "Come Again, Smith." So you dont think I am very prosperous. Too much prosperity makes most men foolish and that's why I am not foolish. Commodore Blackton's latest picture is "A House Divided" with Sylvia Breamer and Herbert Rawlinson.

DREAMYODD.—Thoughtful of you to remember me. Thanks.

AMELIA R.—Yes, it is true that Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart are going to start a company called the United Artists' Distributing Co. Some company, what? No, no, Olga isn't my pet any more than you are.

USTER WUZ.—Well, why aren't you now? Right here let me apologize to Albert Roscoe for saying he was no more. I must have been dreaming. Your letter was a gem and I appreciate the good words in it.

ELMAR.—Trip in some time, and we'll have it out. Mary Miles Minter was interviewed in March 1918 Magazine.

OLGA PETROVA ADMIRER.—Thanks for the cigars. It isn't such a bad world to live in after all. Some one said that the world is a workshop and only the wise ones know how to use its tools. Most people know how to use the hammer, however, and it is the most overworked tool. All of our interviews are direct with the player—one of our editorial policies of insurance against error.

MACKAY.—Vera Sisson was Mary and Kathleen Kirkham was the other girl in "The Married Virgin." Oh, but you always want to look ahead and plan for the rainy day. Our eyes were put in the front of our heads so that we can see where we are going; yet we can all look back and see where we have been much better than we can look ahead and see which way we are going. Your first is right. No, I am not Hazel S. Naylor nor anybody else than myself.

DOLORES.—So, it's William Desmond, is it? So you think some of our interviews are much too sugary. I guess that is so, but it cant be helped, because when the interviewer is charmed by the interviewee, milk and honey flow freely from the pen. You bet I love every one of our soldiers. No, I dont speak French fluently; just after a fashion.

MARION W.—I thank you. Long may Albert Roscoe live.

CEE BEE.—Ethel Clayton and Elliott Dexter in "Maggie Pepper." Try the World Film Corp.

WALLY HUBBY.—Delicate subject, but Annette Kellermann's waist measure is 26 2/10 inches. Venus de Medici's was 27 3/10. It depends on what humor I'm in when I talk of cigarets.

IDA A. A.—Yes, I can picture Mabel Normand as Sis Hopkins, particularly after seeing her in "Mickey." Why not run over to New York some day?—it isn't far from Australia.

REMUERA.—Well, I like that! You say you have come to the conclusion that I dont exist, and, alas, I cant prove to the contrary. I can picture what you all think I look like. However, I'm still with you. Elsie Ferguson is about 36 and is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke in real life.

MILITARY CROSS.—You can reach Geraldine Farrar at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. Dorothy Dalton at the Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal. Much thanks.

URA PET.—That so? Ruth Stonehouse is 25 summers. Get the coupon from the Magazine. But I always strive to tell the truth—whenever convenient.

JEFF MACK.—Dont be alarmed, I'm not always sarcastic. Send it via American Expeditionary Forces. Please dont ask me to settle such quarrels. Domestic peace can never be preserved in family jars.

SUGAR CANE.—Why, there are about 700 theaters in New York showing pictures. Yes, and there are 300 hotels of first and second call, too, and it is estimated that 150,000 guests every night occupy 100,000 sleeping rooms.

BONONIA.—Robert Gaillord's picture in April, 1912. Rosemary Theby was Judith in "Love's Pay Day." Kate Lester was with World last.

CALL ME.—Is it any pain for a bird to fly, a fish to swim, or a boy to play? Well, just that easy did Elsie Ferguson fall down the stairs in "The Danger Mark." Of course, the stairs were well protected with pads, and possibly she was, too.

LIZZIE, DUNEDIN.—I agree with you about Enid Bennett. She kindly sent me an autographed photo of herself, for which she has my sincere thanks. She is playing with Niles Welch in "Nemesis." You Australians should send International coupons for your quick answers.

ANNIE H.—Dont be alarmed, come right ahead. All players should be addressed at the studios. Dont be good just for today or tomorrow, for heaven is not to be had merely by wishing for it. It's the plugger who finally gets there.

DOUGLAS.—Send a stamped envelope for "The Birth of a Nation" cast.

HILONIAN.—Oh, but I always try to live within my means even if I have to borrow the money. You will get our new premium if you subscribe. George Walsh and Regina Quinn in "The Pride of New York." Madeline Fairbanks is no relation to Doug.

W. T. C.—Prohibition dont bother me any. As long as they leave me my buttermilk, I'm all right. Ralph Kellard is not Madge Evans's father. Thank you. You say if A.M. stands for Master of Arts, then M.P. must stand for Master of Parts or Moving Pictures. So you dont care for "The Blindness of Virtue." Didn't see it.

ANITA, CHRISTCHURCH.—Your letter was a prize. Thanks for the invitation.

The Answer Man

SALT BUSH BILL.—Your letter was enough to bring tears to a glass eye. You say you were out kangaroo hunting. You might have taken Doug Fairbanks with you—he would have made them step lively. Evelyn Greeley in "Love in a Hurry."

NELL A., AUCKLAND.—Mrs. Carl Laemmle, wife of Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Co., died January 13th of influenza. Vegetable matter is formed from oxygen and hydrogen, the animal matter from these two and carbon. Mary Pickford has hazel eyes. No, no, the Classic isn't against Mabel Normand, we're all for her.

HERBERT H. D.—That's all good stuff, but hearts may agree, tho heads may differ. Fritz Leiber was Caesar in "Fox's Cleopatra." Leslie Austin was the hero in "American Buds." Oh, yes, I enjoy Emerson much, but I'm not strong on transcendentalism. Your letter about your friend was indeed human. Oh yes, Silver Spurs is a girl.

JOAN C.—By "Box Office Attraction," which is a name given to a big picture, they mean the picture will swell the box office receipts; in other words a picture that is a good drawing card. It depends upon the age of the film.

LONELY SOLDIER.—See here, I dont want you to be lonely. Cheer up, and learn to look for the silver lining. The June Magazine goes to press on or about April 1st and comes out May 1st. "By Right of Purchase," Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge.

NORWELL HODGES.—Zowie! More air! You say this department is a veritable compendium of clever sayings and learned knowledge. Thanks. You certainly have traveled some. You say you also visited Robert Louis Stevenson's grave in the island of Samoa, and that his former residence is being used for the troops. The picture you refer to was taken in California. Selig did "The Ne'er Do Well." Some of the South Sea Island tales have been done. I enjoyed you immensely.

CONNIE M. B.—My dear, never tell your secrets to a woman; speak them in a phonograph—they may not get around quite so fast, but they will be repeated accurately. Pauline Stark was Pegeen in "Irish Eyes." Haven't Dorothy Davenport's private address. Pedro de Cordoba was Renchaalal in "Barbary Sheep." You Australians know how to write interesting letters.

TUI.—Constance Collier was on the stage before. She has played Shakesperian roles. Saw her in "Macbeth" on the stage with James K. Hackett and she was great. Your letter was chatty, but I haven't time to say any more.

STELLA L.; K. H.; IRENE J.; MRS. R. S.; EILEEN F.; M. C.; NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER; MISS NEW WRITER; SWEET SIXTEEN; NO MAN'S LAND; MICHAEL C.; OPAL M. C.; B. V. D.; JULANE; CARMEN F.; JENNIE W. PEGGY S.; QUIZ & QUIZ; AGNES J.; BROWN BETTY; O. U. HAM (you're another); KID KELLY; ELMO L.; MARY C.; MICHAEL; VIVIAN REED FAN; WOPOWOG; LIB L.; TARZAN OF THE APES; DOT; SYRACUSE; J. M.; ALICE M. M.; JACK R. H.; STEVEN M.; PETE D.; ALL ABOUT ANITA; JULIA E. G.—Nothing doing this time and better luck to you next time.

JIMMY.—You ask why are we disposed to laugh, even when our best friend falls down? Yes, and haven't you noticed it in pictures? It seems to be human nature. So you think I am about 50 and get $150. Well, I do—in about fifteen weeks, and as to the 50, add about twenty-eight summers and you will come pretty near it.

LOUIS K.—Harry Carey and Neva Gerber in "Roped." You want me to tell you where you can learn to spin a rope. You'll never learn in Broadway. Go West, my boy. Might ask Fairbanks or Hart.

FRANCES.—But remember that revenge, however sweet, is always dearly bought. No, I never practiced vegetarianism. I think the vegetarian should be made to observe Lent by abstaining from vegetables. Judging from the looks of some of them a little meat would do them good. Ruby de Remer has been doing "Fires of Fate" at the Famous Players-Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BETTY MELROSE.—'Deed I have missed you. Yes, I still love you for I do not hold any mosity to anybody. So it's Irving Cummings, is it?

HAM AND EGGS.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of correspondence clubs. Harry Casey is about 38, Irving Cummings 31, Douglas Fairbanks 36, William Farnum 42, and Earle Foxe 31.

VIDA G.—Mother Maurice passed away some time ago. You call me Daddy-long-legs, Cinderella Man and Santa Claus. Have you forgotten Rip Van Winkle? Consistency may be a jewel, but it does not appear to be a very fashionable one.

WILDROSE.—So you'll not dance at my wedding unless you are the bride. Here's hoping. Nope, never was married in my life. Yes, "The Spreading Evil."

VIRGINIA.—Yes, dear child, I have missed your eloquent epistles.

CENTENARY.—Niles Welch is married, Wallace MacDonald is not.

FAYE S.—Certainly I smoke, and that is one reason why I am so good. The man who smokes and enjoys it is never wholly bad. Great smokers are seldom great criminals. Tobacco is an antiseptic that keeps the heart sweet. Both Anita Stewart and Norma Talmadge went to Erasmus High School in Brooklyn. But you ought to make good. Why not?

LITTLE MILDRED.—Pauline Frederick is in California, likewise her husband. They will play in a Goldwyn picture. Grace Darmond is playing in "What Every Woman Wants." (Exhibitors' Mutual release). Wish I could have a talk with you, but cheer up. Vivian Martin is with Paramount.

OLGA R.—Beautiful ink you have. Ink the blood of an idea? Ha, ha! Yes, I know him very well. Fannie Ward and not Julia Dean in "The Narrow Path."

MILDRED C. F.—Send anything you have to the Fame and Fortune Contest. No, indeed, I couldn't do that example you gave me; figuring is out of my line since I became an Answerer. Milton Sills in Viola Dana's picture. Nazimova in "Out of the Fog." Louise Glaum in "Sahara." May I beg to be excused?

LONELY YANKEE GIRL.—So sorry, dear. During the war 196 persons were killed and 417 wounded in Paris by the German long range Big Bertha. In the last ten months there were 1,211 casualties from air bombs in the same city.

IRELENE G.—Zoe Rae is with Universal. Little Ben Alexander of "Hearts of the World" is playing in "The White Heather," "The Girl and the Horses" and "The Turning of the Road."

V. B. D.—I think you are right. Woman was created to do pretty much as she pleases, by pleasing to do pretty much as she does. Oh yes, Charlie Chaplin really is married. So you dont think the hero should be bald-headed. Humph! no encouragement for me.

LITTLE MAY DIMPLES.—So you think I look like Eugene O'Brien. Thanks muchly. Keep the change.

DOROTHY.—Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India. Gladys Brockwell and William Scott in "The Call of the Soul." Richard Barthelmess was Tom in "The Hope Chest." Stop in again, Dorothy.

DAVID B.—Pardon me. Never saw or heard of Claire la Voie. Dont you happen to know the company. Oh, but I always get the better when I argue alone. The ordinary flour barrel contains 196 pounds of flour. Dont know how much a beer barrel contains.

L. W.—Yours to Harold Lockwood was very beautiful.

VIÆO.—Earle Foxe is with Goldwyn. No, indeed, you haven't worn out your welcome.

MADELINE.—There's no Mrs. Answer Man that I know of. I have my eyes on several prospects, but cant get my hands on them.

(*Continued on page* 96)

To smooth your cuticle, work around the base of the nail with Cutex
For snowy nail tips add a touch of Cutex Nail White under each nail
For brilliant nails rub briskly with Cutex Nail Polish
"I have found Cutex the most effective way of taking care of my nails." ALICE BRADY

How to give yourself a "professional" manicure

A few minutes care once or twice a week keeps your hands flawless

WITH the least bit of time, the least bit of trouble and expense, your hands can *always* be as well-groomed as though you had just come from the manicurist.

To make the cuticle smooth

The most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. *Never* cut it. Beauty specialists agree that such cutting causes hangnails and rough, uneven cuticle.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle.

Rinse off the dead surplus skin thoroughly in clear water.

To whiten nail tips and polish nails

Next apply Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. This leaves the nail tips snowy white.

Finally rub Cutex Cake Polish on the palm and pass the nails briskly over it. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

Some people, after using water, find that the cuticle at the base of the nail tends to become rough and dry. If you are one of these, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to them every few days. This softening cream is especially designed to keep the cuticle soft and pliable. Do not think that by spasmodic care you can *keep* your nails well-groomed. Whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. Then *regularly* once or twice a week, give them a quick Cutex manicure. In this way, you can keep your nails *always* lovely.

Six "professional" manicures for only 21c

Mail the coupon below with 21c, and we will send you a *complete* Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six wonderful manicures. Send for it today. Learn how beautiful your hands can look.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 805, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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The Crimson Iris

By H. H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS"

Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, disappears strangely from his London hotel. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, a man of fashion, notifies the police. It transpires that Gebhardt was not an American, but a German born in Laupheim, and that he had been travelling with a false passport.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the "Chronicle" and expert criminologist, becomes interested in the case. He goes to Scotland Yard and discloses the fact that he had found Gebhardt's opera hat and wallet containing his card on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge. Brenon Hodges is suspected of implication. At this juncture word is received that Arthur Gebhardt has been found at the Victoria Studios—*murdered!*

Letherdale and Inspector Henry of Scotland Yard go immediately to the Victoria Studios and there find the body of Gebhardt attired in conventional evening clothes, with no sign of struggle or suffering. They assemble together the people working in the studio and question them with little or no result. The coroner is summoned and is equally at a loss. As they are leaving they overhear Charles Dunn, the assistant laboratory man, questioning the camera-man about an iris he "shot" that morning. "You shot two," he tells him; "I only made one iris," declares the camera-man. "You made two," reiterates Dunn, "and I colored them both crimson."

The camera-man, Pliny, is sent to the Yard for further questioning and the police proceed to "follow up" Rita di Garma, star at the Victoria Studio and known to have been a friend of Arthur Gebhardt's.

CHAPTER V

(Continued from April)

Rita remained silent a moment. Her pretty brows knitted a deep frown, as she stared at the Inspector. "I—I don't quite understand you," she said.

"He had been reported as missing since Monday night," said her caller. "Now then, the question is: Where did Arthur Gebhardt spend the intervening time, between Monday night and yesterday afternoon?" Then, as the inspector leaned his elbows on the table and stared into the frightened eyes of the actress, who felt her whole being tremble with fear, he added: "Are you certain you left Arthur Gebhardt at the Ritz?"

"I am speaking the truth," she replied.

"Didn't he spend Tuesday night in this house, alone with you!" He almost hurled this at her.

The beautiful creature was startled by this apparent inference. Then, as the full import of his words sifted thru her troubled mind, the fear which had possessed her but a moment before changed into anger. His words cut deeply into her soul.

"Such a vulgar retort is not worthy of a reply," she remarked in disgust. "But, I wish you to understand, my relationship with Arthur Gebhardt was honorable!"

Despite their usual shrewdness and artfulness, Inspector Henry knew there are times when women speak the truth —and this was one of them. He would have staked his reputation that Rita di Garma had been sincere in her reply.

"I'm sorry, Miss di Garma," he said, as he noted the sadness in her countenance, and realized he had put it there. "I am simply doing my duty, as an instrument of the law. I did not come here to hurt you, but to try and clear up the mystery which surrounds the death of Arthur Gebhardt. I am here to show you every consideration, but there are several points in connection with this case which I had hoped you would assist me in clearing up. Evidently, you have seen fit not to do so. For various reasons, some of the facts, pertaining to the discovery of his body, have been withheld from the press. I will give them to you graphically.

(*Continued on page* 80)

$300.00 Cash Prizes *To be Solved by OUR READERS* A Great Mystery Story

The mystery that baffled the Scotland Yard Detectives to be solved by our readers.
A contest that is taxing the ingenuity and imagination of everybody.

Read the wonderful story, *"The Crimson Iris,"* by H. H. Van Loan, and you will agree with us when we say that, not since the days of Sherlock Holmes, has a story been written that so holds the interest and excites the curiosity of the reader.

It is a detective story and you are to be the chief detective.

We are quite sure that the mystery will baffle you just as it baffled Scotland Yard. At one point in the story, you will say, "Oh, I see; this person did it—well, the cat is out of the bag—the mystery is solved." But in the next chapter you will find that you were wrong. And in the next chapter you will again change your mind.

We shall award $300.00 in cash prizes to those who send in the best solutions, and we wish these solutions sent in monthly. Your *first* guess, and even your *second*, may be wrong, but that may not prevent you from winning first prize. All solutions must be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine. You should mail your postal card addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn N. Y." Do this every month and write on the back of the card in as few words as possible, who you think committed the crime, or the motive, or anything which will guide us in determining whether you have grasped the situation and guessed how the story will unfold. We shall award the prizes on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card should be numbered, thus: your first card should read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1;" your second card should read "No. 2," and so on. We expect you to be wrong in one or more of your guesses—perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions were logical, or probable, or possible, you have a chance for first prize. Your last card must contain a solution. It must contain a very brief synopsis of what the last instalment will be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

The prizes will be as follows:—

1st prize	$100.00	6th "	20.00
2nd "	50.00	7th "	15.00
3rd "	40.00	8th "	10.00
4th "	35.00	9th "	5.00
5th "	25.00		

One half of this will go to the winners and one half to any soldier or sailor designated by the winners. For example, the winner of first prize will receive $50.00 cash and a certified check for $50.00 payable to any soldier or sailor he or she may name. Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes. The judges will take *everything* into consideration. If any two are considered equally meritorious the prize will be divided. No coupons are necessary—only postal cards.

How to Build NOW at Before the War Costs

$945 for this 7-room Aladdin Bungalow Home Complete

Eliminate the Usual 18% Lumber Waste and the Usual 40% Labor Waste

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$1213 for this Aladdin Home

The Aladdin System of Home Building has been practicing for 13 years the principle the world has only learned during the war — the *elimination of waste.* By saving the usual 18% lumber waste and the 40% labor waste in home building, as effected by the Aladdin System, it is possible to build now at Before-the-War Costs.

How to Beat the Present High Cost of Building

Saving waste is more important when prices of material and labor are high. The Aladdin System of Construction has reduced lumber waste to less than 2%. This means in saving to the home builder an amount that approximately brings the cost of a home built this year to what it would have cost before the war. Because the Aladdin System of Construction prepares all the lumber in our mills ready to be nailed in place, you can pay the present high wages and still keep the labor cost where it was before the war. One man will do in six days with Aladdin materials what it requires ten days to accomplish without Aladdin's System. The Beautiful Aladdin Catalog explains this very completely and thoroughly.

"One of the best uses for money earned during the war is to set it to work on building a home of your own."--Secretary Wilson, U. S. Dept. of Labor.

Secretary Wilson further says: "During the war it was patriotic not to build. Now, we can best show our patriotism by building a home." The great Aladdin organization is planned, arranged and operated to serve home builders. Every phase of the home building project from the excavation to the completed home is in charge of experienced brains. This service becomes a part of every transaction and smooths out the usual difficulties and troubles ordinarily encountered by the home builder.

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A better home for less money! That's the verdict of thousands upon thousands of Aladdin customers. Certified records of 25%, 35%, 40% saved by the Aladdin System of Construction are on file in our offices. Ask for copies of these records in your own community. Talk with your neighbors who have built Aladdin homes. Get the facts at first hand. Waste saving is the chief reason. Valuable high-priced lumber is saved from the waste pile by the Aladdin Readi-Cut System, and this money **stays in your pocket.** "The lumber that's wasted costs just as much as the lumber that's used." Read all about this remarkable system in the Aladdin Catalog.

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The Aladdin Book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages, profusely illustrated in colors, leading home designs are represented to you. Aladdin houses are cut-to-fit—no waste of lumber or labor. The Aladdin price includes all materials cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paint, varnishes. The material is shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of "Aladdin Homes" No. 278.

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Enclosed find stamps for your book "Aladdin Houses" No. 278.

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"His body was found behind a screen in one of the 'sets' at the Victoria Studios, yesterday, after he had been missing two days. I am convinced that none of the people working yesterday were familiar with the manner in which he came by his death. All they know—and their testimony is corroborated by one and all—is that when they returned from lunch, his body was found behind the screen. It is highly improbable that there was a general conspiracy on the part of the company to murder him—to do away with a man few of them even knew. There is nothing to show that any member of the company, then working, was in the studio at the time the crime was committed. But, there is evidence—and it is powerful, too—that he came to the studio with someone." He hesitated as he watched the effect of his words on the girl across the table, who was plainly undergoing a severe mental strain. Then, as he looked her squarely in the eye, he went on: "That someone was a woman! And she killed him!"

He waited for her to speak, but she evidently preferred to remain silent.

"She escaped in a car—a dark blue limousine," he continued.

There was a long silence. Finally Rita, with an expression of deep discomfort, in which a sense of injury, of being misunderstood, played no small part, slowly raised her head and turned her sorrowful eyes towards the man from Scotland Yard.

"Th-there are many cars of that description in London," she said slowly.

"But, there is only one with the license number, L-C 5445!" the inspector added mercilessly.

"What makes you so certain that a woman committed this crime?" she asked wearily.

"I have absolute proof," replied the Scotland Yard man.

"How do you know she escaped in this dark blue car, you speak about?" continued Rita, who had now become the interrogator.

"It was the only Jolls-Royce machine at the studio yesterday."

"And you are quite sure of the number?"

"The camera-man was able to recall it—after we took him to the Yard, and gave him a severe grilling," answered the inspector. Then he switched to the offensive. "You say you were in Tunbridge Wells yesterday. What time did you leave the city?" he asked.

"I—I do not recall the exact hour," she said.

"It was late in the afternoon, wasn't it?"

"I think it was shortly after lunch," Rita replied. Then she thought of Phil, her chauffeur. She knew she could rely upon his loyalty. He was probably at the garage now. "My chauffeur probably remembers the hour," she said. "I will send for him." And she started to rise.

"He says it was about four-thirty," said Inspector Henry calmly.

Rita dropped weakly back into her chair. The color had left her cheeks, and her face was pallid. "You have seen him?" There was no inflection in her speech now.

"He was taken to the Yard early this morning."

Her slim figure straightened as at a challenge, then became adorably supple again; and she rested one of her elbows on the table and placed her hand against her cheek. She had counted on Phil, but, if the inspector was speaking the truth—and he probably was—then the hand of the law was slowly closing in on her with a terrible certainty. "Oh, why had she told Phil he needn't come today?" she mused.

"The chauffeur says he drove you to the studio, and from there to Tunbridge Wells," said the Inspector, smiling.

She sat breathless for a moment. Then, confused and flushed with anger, she declared: "I had supposed that, in England, the word of a servant was considered inferior to that of his master or mistress!"

"Your supposition was correct," agreed the inspector. "But, in this case, we are compelled to seriously consider the word of the servant."

Then she grew rather defiant. "Suppose I did go to the studio yesterday," she remarked, "I had a perfect right to."

"Under ordinary conditions, yes. But, the fact that you went there, when everybody was absent, and left before they returned, would seem to indicate you were not desirous of meeting anyone. And yet, normally there would be nothing extraordinary about your actions. However, the discovery which followed your departure puts an entirely different light on, not only everything you did, but everything anyone else did. The moment a crime has been reported, everyone who has recently been in that vicinity becomes a subject for inquiry, and remains under suspicion until he can prove an alibi. We know that you visited the studio yesterday."

"What proof have you?" requested Rita.

"I found this card on the floor of your dressing-room, this morning." And the inspector took from his vest pocket a small white card and handed it to Rita.

She took it, and, holding it with trembling fingers, studied it. It was a calling card, with the name of Arthur Gebhardt engraved on it. Written in ink, below his name, was the word "(over)." On the back were the words "I must see you," written in broad masculine handwriting.

"You will note that the card bears yesterday's date," said the Inspector. "It was rather careless of you to drop it; don't you think?" he added. "For it is a very damaging piece of evidence."

"Well, go on," said Rita softly, for she was growing tired of the ordeal.

"Where did you get this card?"

"It was left here with my maid."

"You were not at home, at the time?"

"I was on my way to the studio."

"What for?"

"Some of my gowns needed a little fixing, and I was going to take them to my modiste," replied Rita. "It is only when we have an occasional day to ourselves that we have time to attend to such things."

"And Gebhardt followed you?"

"His taxi overtook my car, just before we reached the studio. He left it, and insisted that he accompany me, as he had something very important to tell me. Under the conditions, I could hardly refuse."

"He entered the studio with you and——"

"He wanted to go to my dressing-room, but I refused," continued Rita. "I never permit anyone in my dressing-room. So, he waited in the foyer 'set'. I looked over my wardrobe and selected the gowns which needed fixing, after which I gave them to my chauffeur, who took them out to the car. Then I joined Gebhardt in the foyer. I could see he was in an angry frame of mind. He was furious." She clasped her white hands in agony, and closed her eyes in her effort to blot out the scene.

"Yes—go on," urged the inspector.

"I saw the strange look on his face, and realized he had come to try and use me further: to force me to submit to him, in order that his own selfishness might be further satisfied. At first he was calm, but I knew he was struggling to hide the fury which was seething behind his cunningness. He was playing a rôle; men like him have to be good actors in order to achieve their ends. He made a strange request of me. He had come to ask of me something which, had I submitted, would have destroyed every vestige of my honor and self-respect. I would never have been able to lift my head again. As I listened, I realized what a low, miserable creature he was. All the admiration and respect I had held for this man, who had been everything in the world to me, was crushed in an instant. The love I had cherished and guarded, as one of the most sacred things in my life, had been torn away by him as tho it was valueless—as tho it was nothing," she sobbed.

The inspector was listening with great interest, and his sympathy went out to this poor, defenseless girl, who was baring the secrets of her soul to him. It required tremendous courage for her to open her heart thus, and reveal these things, which he knew were held dear to her, even tho they had now been robbed of their sanctity.

"He pleaded, cajoled and demanded that I submit to his wishes," she finally continued. "When I remained firm, he became enraged with fury, and raved like a wild beast. Then it was I discovered he was revealing his real self; his inner soul and its despicable workings, which he had been able to suppress, up until now. I realized then the contemptuous rôle this monster—this hell-dog—had been playing! I had merely been his plaything; an instrument he had used for the purpose of accomplishing his own ends. I saw the mo-

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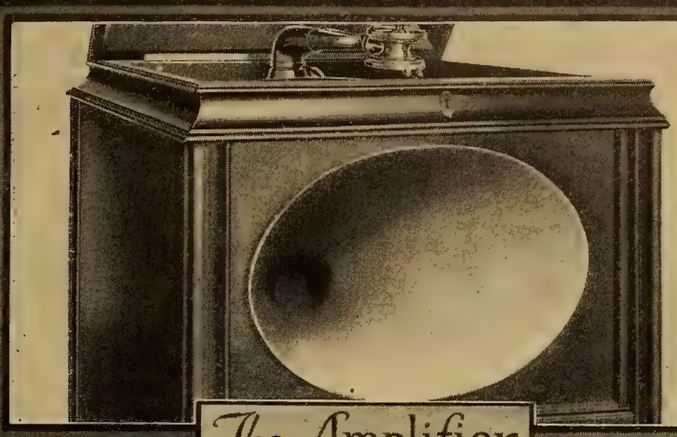
The BRUNSWICK Method of Reproduction



The Amplifier

How We Banished Metallic Sounds

BEFORE The Brunswick Phonograph ever came to market, Brunswick executives were insistent upon a vital betterment: Reproduction.

We had been making phonograph cabinets for others for years. We had won top place during the past 74 years in the wood-crafting art. To stake our reputation on a Brunswick Phonograph was a momentous undertaking.

And so tone reproduction was studied for months. We tried every known method, the ones then accepted as supreme.

But every phonograph we ever heard in all our tests had good tones and bad tones, alternating in annoying frequence.

Higher Standards

Our task was to do away with the so-called metallic sounds. These, we found, came from metallic construction. Tone waves must vibrate to attain their volume. And so, as a superlative feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, we evolved the scientific Brunswick Amplifier under our own patents. It is built entirely of moulded wood.

This achievement, all acknowledge, is one of the great steps in the progress of phonographic art. It brings out tones hitherto lost. It banishes the raucous.

Another amazing advancement is the Ultona, our own all-record player—in-built, not an attachment. This reproducer, at a turn of the hand, presents to each make of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each record is played at its best.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is one of the greatest triumphs of The House of Brunswick since its establishment in 1845.

Hear—Then Judge

You owe it to yourself and to your family, as you decide upon *which* phonograph, to become acquainted with The Brunswick. In your town there is a Brunswick Dealer who will be glad to play this super-phonograph for you.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto

The Brunswick

tive which had guided his every action, and the shrewdness—the cunningness—which had prompted his every move. He had taken that which a woman holds sacred, and had used it to benefit himself and the power that ruled him. Then, when he realized I had learnt the truth, and had stripped him of his brutish hide—read what was in his soul—he proved himself the creature I had suspected, and stood ready to trample the bruised remains of my affection beneath his feet. But he didn't need to!—he didn't need to!" she cried hysterically. "For the love I had borne him had now changed into a terrible, destructive, deadly hatred! He vowed he would compel me to do his bidding...He would destroy my good name...Blast my reputation...He would ruin my self-respect! You are a man—you dont realize what it means to a woman—a woman who is good—to have her name blackened by some fiendish creature, who calls himself a man! But what he demanded means almost more to a woman, today, than her honor!"

She was softly weeping now, and the big tears which filled her eyes, rolled down her cheeks, and she made no effort to brush them away. One of the saddest things in the world is the picture of a beautiful woman weeping. And the inspector realized this as he gazed with pity upon Rita.

"I understand," he said softly.

Rita slowly raised her head and surprise showed thru her tear-dimmed eyes. "No, you dont understand," she cried; "you couldn't understand, unless—unless you have been thru what I have. He was a part of that barbarous institution which has no heart...no feeling...no mercy... because it has no soul! Its one aim is to destroy!"

The inspector was startled at these words; he was beginning to understand.

"You dont mean that Arthur Gebhardt was——"

"I mean, he wanted me to become a traitor to my country!...To sell myself to Germany!" she cried.

"What!" exclaimed the inspector. He was amazed at her remarkable revelation.

"He was a traitor to the United States," she replied. Then, as her voice rose, she added: "Arthur Gebhardt was a German spy!"

"It doesn't seem possible," mused the man from Scotland Yard. "When men of such standing turn out to be our enemies, one hardly knows whom to trust."

"I had learnt this only a few days before," continued Rita, somewhat relieved, now that she had revealed the truth. "When I was convinced what I had heard was true, I decided our friendship must cease. That is why I went to the Ritz. I am an American. My brother is connected with the Shipping Board, and has been in London for some time, where he has had a great deal to do with arranging for the arrival of troop transports. He carelessly disclosed certain information—regarding the departure and arrival of ships—to me, frequently. Unconsciously, I dropped this information over my tea or while at dinner with Gebhardt, little suspecting I was aiding and abetting one of the most dangerous of our alien enemies. This information he took and used in the service of Germany.

"When I learnt he was a spy, I decided to sacrifice even my great love for him. He suspected I had learnt the truth. And his object in coming to the studio was to compel me to join him in his dastardly work against my own country. When I refused he admitted the service I had been to him; sneered at the false love he had given me and vowed he would condemn me in the eyes of the world."

"I swore I would report him to the English government," she went on. "Then he threatened to kill me. He came towards me, with fiendish hatred gleaming in his eyes, and as his fingers reached for my throat——"

"We have the rest, right here," interrupted the inspector, as he reached in his pocket and drew out a photograph.

He handed it to Rita. It was an enlargement of "The Crimson Iris," and she gazed at the picture for some moments in silence. She trembled with emotion, for it recalled the tragic scene in which she had played such a powerful dramatic rôle. Again she saw the horrified look on the face of Gebhardt, as he recoiled from the feminine hand, tightly holding the revolver in its grasp.

As Rita gazed at the picture, the eyes of the inspector glanced about the room, with its rich furnishings. There was a pleasing air of luxuriousness about the place which testified to the excellent taste of its mistress. The scheme of decorations and color were in fine harmony and were the result of an artistic mind. There was nothing sensational nor loud in the room. The general effect was pleasing and conservative. He had expected to find the home of an actress decidedly different, and he welcomed the surprise.

His gaze suddenly rested on a small object, which was curled up in a little round ball, on a brown silk pillow, in a big, leather chair near the window. Then, his curiosity aroused, he rose and stepped over to the chair. As he did so, the object moved, uncurled itself, and thrust up its head. It blinked its eyes as it looked at the stranger, whose mere presence seemed to have disturbed its rest. It was a young monkey.

The inspector smoothed its rusty-colored hair with his hand, and stroked its head, as the monkey gazed up at him in a way which seemed to indicate it was pleased. Then it sat up and looked around the room. As the inspector turned away, it leaped from the chair and the next instant was off, apparently, for its morning exercise. It jumped on the backs of chairs; then sprang to the big leather sofa, where it paused, evidently to plan some more mischief. Then with a couple of leaps, accompanied by low jabberings, it landed on the top of the mahogany victrola. Here it sat down, and throwing back its head, proceeded to study the ceiling for a brief period. Finding nothing very inviting up there, it became interested in its immediate surroundings. It amused itself for a moment, by blinking at its reflection in the highly polished lid, on which it squatted. Then, evidently deciding the excitement here was limited, it threw itself on its belly and began studying the handle, which projected from the side of the cabinet. This seemed to offer possibilities for an active monkey, and, accepting this as final, it reached down with one paw and began turning the handle.

"Stop that, Peepo!" said Rita, as her eyes followed the inspector's gaze. Then, as she turned to the latter, she added: "He's a little mischievous Brazilian. That seems to be his idea of dissipation. He's constantly playing with the handle of that cabinet. He turns and turns, until it's wound up; and then he gets angry and tries to turn it some more. It's had to be repaired several times, as the result of his enjoyment. "Peepo! Stop it!"

The mischievous monkey sat up, blinked at its mistress a moment, and then went scampering into the next room.

The inspector, who had been engrossed in deep thought, finally turned to Rita. "Do you ever take him out with you?" he inquired.

"Oh, Peepo is always with me," she replied. "He's my only companion. I take him everywhere with me."

"Was he with you yesterday?"

"I never go out without him."

"I see."

Both were silent for some time. The inspector was gradually clearing up one of the most important points in this case: one which, up until then, had puzzled him considerably. On the other hand, Rita was sadly gazing at the photograph which rested in her lap. It recalled every scene which had been enacted at the studio the day before. As her mind went over everything that had transpired there, a strange curiosity spread over her face. She glanced at the inspector and then at the photograph. Then, as her gaze met the stare of the man across the table, she said thoughtfully: "Would you mind telling me where you got this enlargement?"

"It was included in the stuff the camera-man took yesterday," replied the Inspector.

Rita frowned. "B-but, he didn't take this scene, did he?"

"He insists that he didn't; and I'm inclined to believe him, now," mused Inspector Henry. He added: "It was discovered by a fellow in the laboratory."

"Strange," she said thoughtfully. "There was no

(*Continued on page* 84)

ARTISTIC?

It's a Typical 'Blackton' Set

1—Splendid Story

2—Selected Cast, and—

3—Beautiful and Artistic Interior Settings

FROM **THE HAND OF BLACKTON**

In the Latest 'Blackton' Production

"A HOUSE DIVIDED"

Pictures with the mark of ***Blackton*** *are worth while*

25 West 45th St., New York City
423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn

one in the studio at the time. I cant understand who took it."

"This question has puzzled all of us, up until the present," admitted the sleuth. "But it is quite clear to me, now."

CHAPTER VI

It was just before midnight. Two strange-looking men walked rapidly down Whitefriars Street, turned into the Embankment and proceeded east until they came to Blackfriars Tavern. They entered the lounge bar, ordered their drinks from the blonde barmaid, and carried them to a little booth at the rear of the room. Placing their glasses on the table, they dropped into the big leather cushions and straightway started to imbibe.

After a long draught, one of them put his glass back on the table, heaved a sigh of contentment and looked across at his companion. His face was interesting. It was unpleasantly plump and pulpy. In color, it resembled a sunset off the coast of Algiers. He was shore and squatty, and a glance at him seemed to reveal that he enjoyed sitting, for he spread himself over the leather bench, and what he couldn't put there, he distributed about the table. He was so fat that his cheeks threatened to grow right up over his eyes and connect with his brows, the result being that he looked out of two narrow little slits. His only facial ornament was a musty-colored mustache, which had become soiled in its efforts to make way for his habits, and, with its amber tint, it drooped over his broad thick lips. His face was oily, shiny and greasy, from hard labor, and the same might be said of his big, rough hands. He had mottly brown hair, and big, ugly teeth, which resembled tusks, and were prominently revealed when he laughed. In age, he was well on in the forties. He was a German. His name was Herman Gantz, and he had lived in England many years. He was apparently most loyal to the British Crown, whenever Englishmen were about, but, in the privacy of his home, or when among his own kind, he kept up the old language.

Opposite him sat a tall, lean man, grey-eyed and sandy-haired. He was considerably younger than Gantz, and his repulsive face bore a contemptuous look. He was bending over a glass of "mil' an' bitter", as he listened to his companion, who leaned across the table, and spoke to him in an undertone.

Blackfriars Tavern was one of the landmarks of the City. It had stood at the eastern end of Blackfriars Bridge, where the Victoria Embankment begins, for several hundred years. It was to this tavern Henry the Eighth often journeyed when he was King of England, and in its famous lounge he plotted with his conspirators to divorce Catherine.

It was here the foremen, pressmen and other workmen, employed on the various morning newspapers, gathered each evening, during their lunch hour, to eat and drink, before they began running off the country editions.

Like all other English taverns, the Blackfriars had its "pub" divided into three separate stalls or compartments. These consisted of the saloon, lounge and public bars. The saloon and public bars were always well patronized; because the drinks were much cheaper than those served in the lounge. These stalls were roughly furnished, but, the lounge was fitted up with neat little booths, with backs and benches upholstered in leather. Then too, it offered more privacy than the others.

"Vell, it's ben didt," said Gantz as he grinned at his companion.

"Pwhat?" inquired the other.

"Aint you hardt der news?" asked the big man as he gulped down the rest of his stout.

"Nein."

"Dont speke German, Mayer; some vun iss liaple to heer you," Gantz cautioned him. Then, as he leaned across the table, he added in a whisper; "Hahn iss deadt!"

"Dot iss goodt," said Mayer as he rubbed his hands with satisfaction. "Now ve are safe."

"So iss Klemp," added Gantz. "Py this time he must be vell on his vay to der Vaterland."

"Dey do not suspect, den?" inquired the other as he drained his glass.

"Shure, dey suspicions a vomans vot works oudt in der shtudio," said the other.

"Listen, Mayer, und der funny part iss dot she tinks she killt him! She tells she did it!"

"Und, didt Von Weden git der message about der Campian?" asked Mayer.

"Everything vas just right," replied Gantz. "She sailed on der twenty-fort vid five tousand troops. She vill be in der zone py next Tuesday; und den ve see sometinks. Ve will show dem dam Yenkees dot dey are so clever, pwhat?"

"Der piggest ship pwhat dey got, eh, Gantz?"

"She vas der Deutches ship, Vaterland, pwhat dey stole from us in New York," explained the other, his countenance filling with rage.

Mayer was silent for a moment as he studied the face of his friend. Then he remarked: "Und der Englische help us, py Gott!"

"Dot code you make vas klever, Mayer," said Gantz. "Von Weden got der Chronicle in Blackwater. He bringt his U-boat py der Irish coast und slip to der shore in a collapsible boat. Den he py der paper und gits back und no vun sees him. Pwhat fools are dem Englanders!"

"Und ter tink, dot dam Hahn vud heve shtopped dis hull pisiness," Mayer reminded him.

"He vas no mens fer dis vork," added Gantz. "Dot's vat Thein said."

"Didt Thein git der message from Von Weden?"

"Shure. Just so soon the U-boat gits oudt to sea, Von Weden sendts a message to Thein."

"It comes Gerrard street, yes?"

"Shrewsbury Shtation. I seedt Thein apout eight o'clock, undt he tellts me he just receivedt the message," said Gantz.

"You seedt der news from Amerika tonight—dot wrecks of der train vid dem Yankee dtroops?" asked Mayer.

"Na," replied Gantz, with a show of curiosity.

"It vas goink eastd from Kansas City und sometink happens," explained Mayer. "Swei hundert killdt und one hundert vounded."

"Ah, dot iss Karl Duisberg," said Gantz as he grinned with deep satisfaction. "Fine vork he do since he vas go ober dere."

"Dey tell me to leave it oudt of der News," continued Mayer. "But ven der pages vas closedt I unlock der form und slip it in."

"Dot's righdt, Mayer, dot's righdt. You must show dis to Thein, so he vireless Nuen. Dis iss goodt news for der Vaterland."

"It's dangerous, Gantz," said Mayer, rather seriously. "Dtwice I already do dis ting, und dey get suspicions in der office."

"But dey suspecdts you never, Mayer," declared his companion. "You hef ben dere too longd." Then he arose, and taking their glasses to the bar, had them refilled; after which he returned to his seat.

"Vat time vas Hahn killdt?" inquired Mayer.

"Dis afternoon dey findt him," answered Gantz. Then he looked up in surprise. "Heve der News nuttinks apout it?"

"Nein. Und der Chronicle?"

"Nuttinks...dot iss...so soon as now. But I tink ve heve sometink in der mornink editions."

"Und dis vomans," reflected Mayer, "meybe she seys sometink."

"She vouldn't dare," quickly replied Gantz. "She vas too much friendly vit Hahn. He learndt apout der Campian from her. Und heve you forgot der Lanshire? Vasn't she der vun pwhat give him der news apout it? Dot vas a goodt vork, Mayer. Two tousand apoard und nopody safed. Der Emperor he give der Iron Crosset to Von Weden und his crew fer dot. No, Mayer, she vont speke. Deey vould shot her if she open her mouthd."

When Gantz and Mayer entered the lounge they saw no one on this side of the bar, and thus concluded the stall was deserted. As they started talking, they spoke in undertones; but as the conversation continued both men grew rather careless, and most everything they said could easily have been heard in one of the adjoining booths. It was. A young man occupied the booth behind them. Before him stood a half-filled glass of ale. Apparently, he had been imbibing

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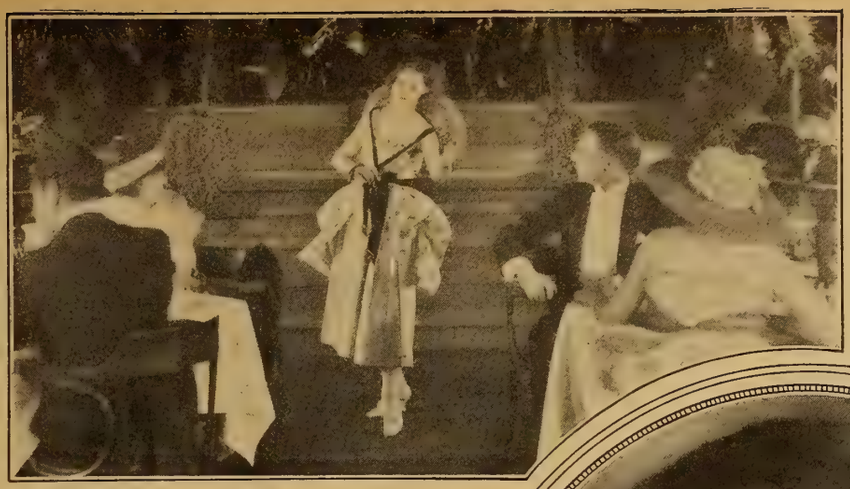

Enid Bennett

in "Partners Three"

One might mistake Enid for a Japanese dancing girl. But her parasol is not a parasol at all, it's a hat. Oh yes, it's quite proper to wear hats of this design across the shoulders. Ask Enid, she knows.

Paramount Picture

Miss Enid Bennett is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

To give your complexion the wrong kind of care is as harmful as though you gave it no care at all. Every skin needs to be kept well cleansed and soft but also needs to be kept toned up and healthful.

It is the therapeutic quality of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in combination with its softening and cleansing properties that has made it the ruling favorite for 32 years. Time and use have proved it the best for you. Get a jar today and begin to use it every night and morning.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on.* Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light. Medium and Dark—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

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(148)

Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
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I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

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too freely, for his head was resting against the leather back; his eyes were closed and he seemed to be fast asleep. His hat had fallen from his head, and lay beside him on the seat. Altho he seemed totally unconscious of his surroundings and uninterested in the conversation carried on by the men in the next booth, occasionally he would open his eyes, reach into his pocket and taking out a pencil and some paper would make a few notes. Then, when he heard them move, he would thrust the paper and pencil into his pocket, rest his head against the back of the bench and close his eyes.

He had heard enough to realize that the two German rogues had convicted themselves, and his blood surged thru his veins with deep hatred for these despicable creatures, who sat there grinning as they recalled the murderous crimes in which they had played certain rôles. At first he had been tempted to whip out his gun and shoot them both. But, on second thought, he realized such a punishment would not be severe enough for these culprits. It would be folly on his part, for they had told enough to convince him that they would tell much more. He knew these men were only small parts of the big German machinery which was working in London, and providing they were allowed to continue for a few hours longer, he felt certain they would reveal more, and possibly lead him to some of the men who were higher up. As he reflected, he decided the present was not the time to strike.

A little later the Germans left the booth, and when the young man heard them pass out and close the door, he arose and left the place.

With the exception of Jim Fisher, the News editor, the "star" reporter of the Chronicle was the first man on duty the day following the tragedy at the Victoria Studios. He went over to the mail box, glanced thru the bunch of letters, and seeing there was nothing for him, started for the art department, which was located at the rear of the city room.

As he passed the city desk, Letherdale glanced at Fisher, who, with his sleeves rolled high, was busy looking over a pile of early telegraph copy, as he puffed on the stub of a cigar, stuck in one corner of his mouth.

The news editor looked up as the reporter passed his desk.

"You had a pretty good story on that Gebhardt mystery this morning, Letherdale," he remarked.

"Thanks," replied the reporter, smiling. The words of Fisher were appreciated by Letherdale, for the news editor of the Chronicle held the uncoveted reputation for being the best grouch in Fleet Street. Fisher rarely complimented any member of his staff.

"Any new developments?" he continued as he went on with his work.

"No, but there will be before night," Letherdale assured him.

"We ought to have a big story tomorrow morning," Fisher warned him. "I'm going to leave a couple of columns open for you."

"I think I'll be able to use them all right," remarked the reporter as he started away.

"Try and get a picture of the woman, too," added the news editor.

"Righto." And Letherdale started for the room at the rear.

As he entered the art department, the reporter paused and glanced around the room. Several staff artists were bending over their boards. Some were touching up photographs, while others were working on cartoons for the daily and Sunday editions.

"Where's Tom Gantly?" asked Letherdale of one of the men.

"There he is: down there talking with Moseley," replied the other as he motioned to the rear of the room.

Letherdale approached the staff photographer, who was discussing a snapshot he had just brought in for retouching.

"Get your camera, Tom," said the reporter as he laid one hand on his shoulder.

"What's up?" asked Gantly as he faced Letherdale.

"I've got a job for you."

"Where?"

"Out in Whitechapel. I'll tell you all about it, on the way out. How soon'll you be ready?"

"In five minutes," said Gantly. "I'll run upstairs and get my camera."

"All right," agreed the reporter. "I'll meet you downstairs in front of the building."

With that, the photographer left him, and Letherdale returned to the city room. He entered one of the telephone booths and called up Superintendent Frost.

"Are you there?" he inquired after he had been connected with the chief's office.

"Superintendent Frost speaking," came back over the wire.

"Good-morning, superintendent," said the reporter. "This is Letherdale."

"Oh, yes."

"Say, superintendent, is Gebhardt still at the morgue?"

"Yes," replied Frost.

"I'd like to photograph him," continued Letherdale.

"Not for publication, I hope," said Frost.

"Decidedly not!" the reporter assured him. "I'll bring it down to you later in the day."

The superintendent was silent for a moment. Then he finally replied, "Well if, as you say, it is not for publication purposes, I suppose it can be arranged."

"Thanks," replied Letherdale. "You'll phone the morgue-keeper," he added.

"Yes. Go ahead." And the superintendent hung up.

Gantly was waiting for him when Letherdale reached the street, and they stepped into a green taxi, the reporter had hailed, and started for the East End.

They returned to the office of the Chronicle, about an hour later, and, as they stepped from the taxi, Letherdale paused.

"Develop that plate, Tom; make me a couple of prints, and have them ready in about an hour," he said to the staff photographer.

Gantly nodded.

"And, by the way," added the reporter, "guard them carefully, and under no consideration show them to anyone."

"Righto," agreed Gantly. And with that he disappeared thru the main entrance of the Chronicle Building.

He then directed the chauffeur to drive him to 182 Gerrard Street, and, entering the car, dropped back into the soft leather cushions. An instant later the taxi swung around Blackfriars and started up the Embankment. It proceeded along the side of the Thames until it reached Victoria Street. Then it headed towards Trafalgar Square. Passing thru St. Martin's Lane it finally reached Cambridge Circus and was starting towards Holborn, when Letherdale opened the door and spoke to the chauffeur.

"You'd better stop at Vine Street," he said as the driver turned his head.

"Right you are, sir." And he swung the car around and started in the direction of Leicester Square.

A few minutes later the taxi rolled up in front of the Vine Street station and Letherdale jumped out and entered. Except for the lieutenant on duty, who was seated behind the raised desk, the place appeared deserted.

"Is Sergeant Smith about?" asked the reporter.

"'E's 'avin' a quiet little game of pinochle, in room 3," replied the lieutenant, as he winked slyly at Letherdale.

"He's been several years trying to learn how to play that game and he doesn't know it yet," said the other.

"If hit's all the same to you, old chap, I wouldn't tell him that," the lieutenant cautioned him. "'E's rawther sensitive about it, y'know."

"I discovered that, one night—after I relieved him of ten quid," added Letherdale as he started down the hall.

He paused before room No. 3 and knocked on the door, which was opened by Sergeant Smith, himself.

"Hello, Letherdale!" he said as he stepped out into the hall, closing the door after him.

"I thought I'd drop around and pull you out, before

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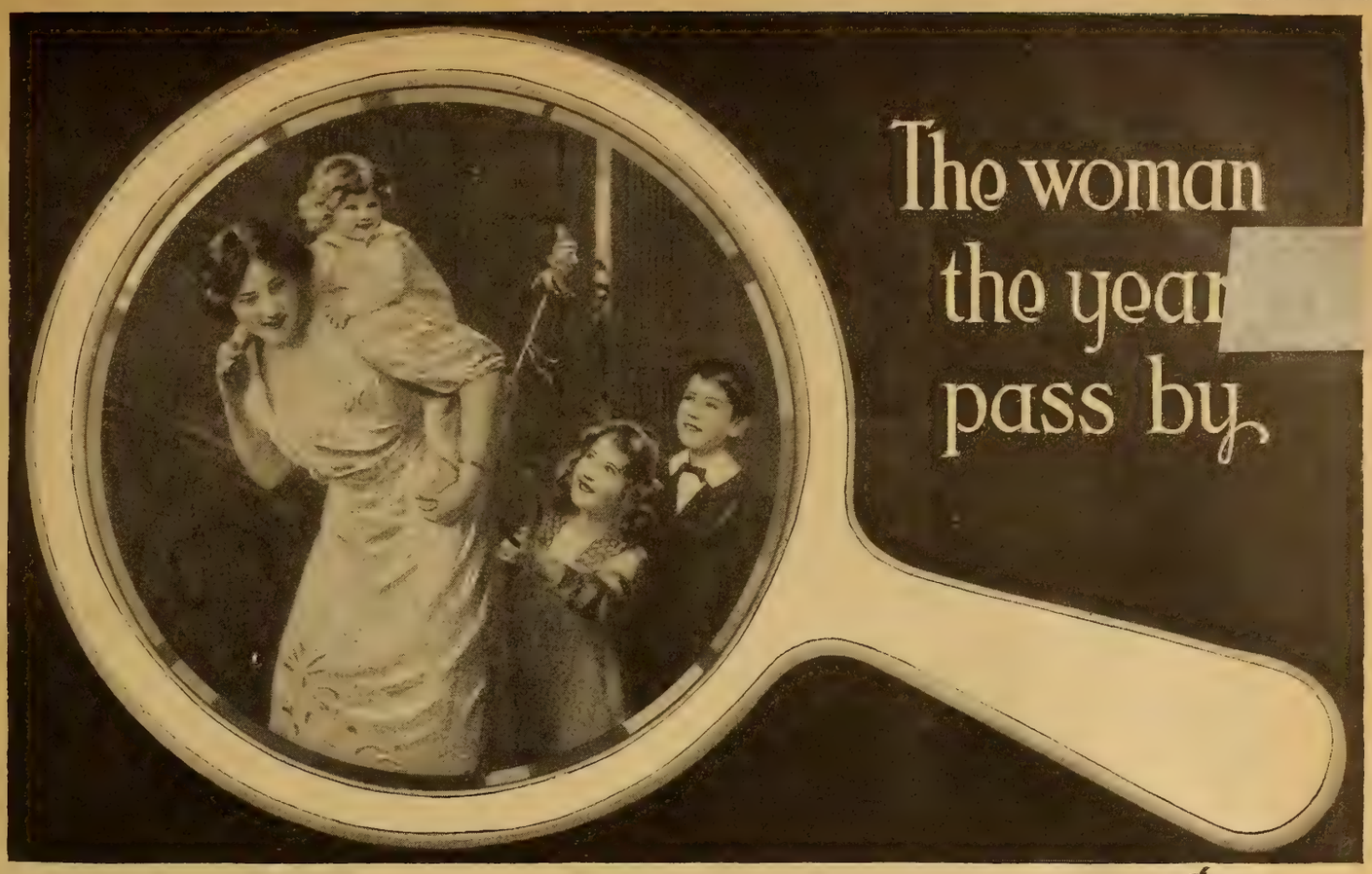

What is the secret of her enduring youthfulness?

You see her everywhere—admire her beauty—wonder at her charm. What is the secret of her enduring youthfulness? Nothing but what you, too, can possess. Soft, silky, abundant hair, retaining the natural color and lustre of girlhood—framing your face in loveliness that defies the passing years.

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer will preserve the youthful color of hair or gradually and uniformly bring back the dark, natural shade to hair that is gray, faded or streaked with gray. Thoroughly revives and stimulates each strand. Invigorates the scalp—removes dandruff and stops the hair from falling out.

It is not dye. Simply a harmless preparation containing the natural chemical elements of the hair, that gradually renews its health and lustre, stimulates its growth and restores the color by a perfectly natural process. It is easily applied—and, when the hair has attained the proper shade, needs to be used only occasionally to retain uniform color.

The name Q-ban has meant meritorious hair toilet preparations to American women for nearly a generation. There is a special Q-ban for every need—each one scientifically compounded from purest ingredients—guaranteed to give complete satisfaction.

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you started writing I. O. U.'s," laughed the reporter.

"You picked the right time," returned the sergeant. "I just won a big pot."

"We'll have to present you with a gold shield for that."

It required more than this to make a sleuth like Sergeant Smith laugh. For, he had been pussy-footing it for law-breakers for twenty years, and, when a man has spent half of his life playing dramatic rôles, its a tremendous task for him to wrinkle his brows good-naturedly.

"Well, what's up?" asked the Sergeant, ignoring Letherdale's attempt at comedy.

"I'm going to pull a little trick, up here in Gerrard Street, and, I think I should be chaperoned," returned the reporter.

"Big stuff?" inquired Smith, with a show of interest.

"It will be, providing the gentleman is in," vowed Letherdale.

"Very well: let's go."

Five minutes later the taxi was threading its way thru the traffic of Shaftsbury Avenue. It continued east until it reached Gerrard Street and then turned the corner and stopped. Letherdale and Sergeant Smith stepped out.

"There it is," spoke up the reporter, as he pointed to a two-story, red brick building, three doors from the corner, on the opposite side of the street. It was a very unpretentious-looking structure and revealed the need of a caretaker. The first floor, which was devoted to store space, was vacant and a card in one of the windows notified the passers-by that the place was for rent.

Letherdale stood surveying the building for some time in silence. His gaze swept over the faded structure, with its fog-stained windows and weather-beaten shutters, from which the paint was fast falling away. The general appearance was a silent testimony of the way it had been neglected by its owners; but, in this respect, it harmonized with its surroundings. The most interesting feature, to Letherdale, was a big electric sign on the edge of the roof, and which notified the community that a certain brand of lozenges was good for almost every throat ailment. The gaze of the reporter studied this for a moment, and then, as he discovered the building ran thru to the next street, he strolled down Shaftsbury Avenue to Cambridge Circus. A smile of satisfaction spread over his countenance as he looked up. For, as he expected, on the eastern edge of the roof stood a tall pole, from which fluttered the British flag.

He passed thru the Cambridge Circus entrance to the building; walked thru the long hallway, and presently emerged at the Gerrard Street doorway. Returning to the taxi, he addressed the driver.

"Wait for us here," he said. Then, after a moment's reflection, he added: "Providing I dont return, you will follow the instructions of the sergeant After he has finished with you, I'll probably be at the Chronicle office, and if you drop around there, you'll get your money. There's my card."

Then, turning to Smith, he said: "All ready, sergeant."

The two men crossed the street and entered the hallway. As they walked thru the gloomy, narrow passage, the curiosity of the sleuth, which had been increasing gradually during the past few minutes, could not be restrained any further. He paused suddenly, and faced the reporter.

"Say, Letherdale, where are we going?" he asked.

"I'm going up to the second floor," replied the other in low tones. "I dont know what I'm running into, but, in case I dont come down within a reasonable length of time, you'd better come up and investigate."

"Hadn't I better go up with you?"

"It wouldn't be wise. I'm not absolutely sure of my man, and if I'm wrong, he could make it very interesting for myself and the Chronicle."

"I see. But I wouldn't take too desperate a chance," Smith cautioned him.

"I've already got an alibi," remarked Letherdale. "Now then," he added after a moment's reflection, "permit no one to leave the building before I come down. In case the interview turns out to be unsatisfactory, and the gentleman eludes me and tries to make a get-away, I'll fire a shot. That's the signal for you, and you can nail him as he comes down the stairs."

"I'll be waiting," vowed the sergeant.

"I wouldn't squeal, but it's a safe bet you'd have to hand in that little shield on your vest, if this boy slipped thru your fingers," the reporter warned him good-naturedly.

"Looks to me as though this is going to be big stuff," mused the sergeant.

"It's big—or nothing."

"There aren't enough men on this job," added Smith. "In case your friend does suddenly decide to change his address, he's got two exits to choose from, and only one man covering them. I'll get the 'Bobby' on this beat to post himself at the Cambridge Circus entrance."

"Righto," agreed Letherdale.

"By the way," added the sergeant, as he lowered his voice and drew closer to the reporter, "of course you'll mention who made the arrest, eh?"

"Why certainly," replied Letherdale as he slapped him on the shoulder. "He goes to Vine Street. Understand?"

"I see."

"You will hold him there until four o'clock, this afternoon," continued the other. "Then take him to the Yard...Superintendent's office. I'll be there, waiting for you."

"Say, what's it all about?" ventured Smith, impatiently.

"You can sit in and listen—after you've taken this fellow to the Yard," said the reporter as he smiled.

Then Letherdale left him, and going to the rear of the hall, he started cautiously up the stairs. As he reached the top, he paused on the landing and glanced about him. Apparently the second floor was deserted, for the only noise which broke the silence was the quivering and trembling of the windows on the Gerrard Street side of the building. This part of the building was an open space, and had probably been used as a loft by previous tenants. It occupied about half of the floor, which was covered with dust and filth. The Cambridge Circus end was divided into offices; two on either side of a narrow, dirty passage. There was a disagreeable atmosphere, and an air of mystery about the place which was quickly sensed by Letherdale and gave him a most uncomfortable feeling. It was an ideal location for the part it was playing in this game of international intrigue. He moved stealthily along one of the walls until he was opposite the first door. As he studied the black letters on the frosted glass he realized his judgment had been correct. For it was the "London Office" of "The Cinema Company of America," with "Shrewsbury & Co." acting as its agents. "Evidently, Arthur Gebhardt was not a very good judge of desirable locations," mused the reporter as he moved on. The next office was at the end of the hall, and as Letherdale glanced at the door, he was immediately interested. His countenance lighted up with satisfaction as he read: "International Mercantile Company, Heinrich Thein, President." As his gaze dwelt on the name of Thein he felt certain he had made no mistake, and that this was the man he wanted. So sure was he that he decided right then that he would not parley with this creature, providing he was in. In an instant he formulated his plans, and he had absolute faith in the outcome. The strategic move he was about to make would be executed before Thein could collect himself, and he probably would fall right into the trap.

After a brief mental review of the rôle he had thrust upon himself, Letherdale shook off a slight nervousness, and crossing the hallway, quietly grasped the handle of the door and turned it. It was unlocked. He opened it cautiously and stepped softly into the room. With a quick glance over his shoulder, he discovered a short, heavy-set man, of about middle age, who was apparently occupied with some papers on a table in the center of the room. As he looked up, Letherdale turned abruptly and started closing the door. Believing the man behind him was observing his movements, he then opened it a little way and peered into the hall; after which he closed it again.

(To be continued)

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM.

Among the pleasant reports of last month is the engagement of **Lieutenant Tom Forman** to return to the screen via Famous Players-Lasky. His contract is for two years and takes effect as soon as he is released from the army.

Anthony Paul Kelly has recovered sufficiently from pneumonia to be able to chat with his friends over the 'phone. While he takes time to recuperate, the output of moving picture scenarios and additions to the great American drama are being greatly curtailed.

The Famous Players-Lasky Company has scored a scoop in obtaining the services of all three famous Barrymores for one picture. **Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore** and **Lionel Barrymore** will all appear in a picturization of "Peter Ibbetson," one of last year's most artistic stage productions.

Metro has purchased the popular novel, "After His Own Heart," by Ben Ames Williams as a screen vehicle for **Hale Hamilton.**

Olive Thomas' first production as Myron Selznick's star has been completed. It is "Upstairs and Down," and we expect she has the men not knowing where they are, for Olive takes the part of a baby vamp.

Shirley Mason will be leading woman for **Bryant Washburn** in his newest picture, which is being filmed in Hollywood under the direction of Donald Crisp.

Theda Bara spent three weeks in Miami, Florida, taking scenes for "A Woman There Was," in which she has the rôle of a South Sea Island princess.

Ann Luther is being starred by Pathé in a new serial called "The Great Gamble."

Alice Brady completes her Select contract on April 1st. This marks nine months during which Miss Brady has worked continuously, before the camera during the day and behind the footlights at night in "Forever After." Miss Brady's plans for the future are indefinite, but she is considering going abroad to make pictures.

Bessie Barriscale recently paid a visit to New York to see her sister, who was very ill, and to buy new gowns for her next production, which will be "Josslyn's Wife," from the book by Kathleen Norris.

Captain Robert Warwick will return to the screen in "Secret Service," the William Gillette play, screen rights of which have just been acquired by Paramount.

A postal card from **Antonio Moreno** tells us that he is in Truckee, California, making snow scenes for his new Vitagraph serial, called "Perils of Thunder Mountain."

George Walsh has a new fad. Recently while he was in Miami, Florida, he rode in an aeroplane and undertook several stunts for his new picture. Upon his return to New York we found him possessed by the indomitable purpose of having a flying machine of his very own. We always knew he couldn't stay quietly on earth; now he's solved the difficulty.

Pauline Frederick's second Goldwyn picture is from the pen of Cosmo Hamilton and is called "One Week of Life."

Juanita Hansen is **Bill Hart's** latest sweetheart in "The Poppy Girl's Husband."

Owen Moore, Vola Vale, Edwin Stevens, Tully Marshall and Sidney Ainsworth compose the prominent cast which Reginald Barker has assembled to picturize the latest **Rex Beach** novel.

Nigel Barrie has been released from the army and is playing opposite Alma Rubens in "Diana of the Green Van."

Bill Parsons is living a life of anticipation these days, expecting a thrill when he gets to Paris.

Henry G. Sell used to be **Henry Gsell.** He introduced the period so his name wouldn't sound so much like a soda fountain.

William S. Hart is said to have withdrawn from the organization of the "Big Five." Big Bill wants that rest more than anything else just at present.

Maurice Tourneur has engaged Pauline Starke for the principal rôle in "Marcene." Miss Starke recently completed work in "Humanity," prior to which she appeared in Triangle productions.

In spite of the fact that she met with shipwreck while filming scenes for "The Island of Intrigue" near the Catalina Islands, May Allison gamely started work immediately upon her return to dry land on another Metro called "Orchestra D2."

June Caprice, the little girl whom William Fox made famous, has been engaged to co-star with **Creighton Hale** in the new company being formed by Paul Capellani. June has not been seen for many months, and this new venture ought to be good news to her fans.

Who has forgotten the good old days when **Alice Joyce,** dressed in Western garb, raced madly on horseback to save Carlyle Blackwell from some horrible fate. "The Cambric Mask," a Robert Chambers' romance, has been selected as Miss Joyce's next vehicle, and in it she will have a chance to prove that she is still a mighty fine horsewoman.

Who'll give **Ruth Roland** a name for her bungalow? Now that she has it, she doesn't know what to call it. Miss Roland is so anxious to find an appropriate name that she will present a large oil painting of herself to the person who sends in the most fitting title. Here's a golden opportunity for the Roland fans.

Harold Lloyd, the Pathé-Rolin comedy star, is writing the chronicle of his experiences in pictures, which he will call "Studio Smiles." It will be illustrated by Harry Lewis, the well-known comic artist.

Near the close of the recent millinery congress, held in the Hotel McAlpin, New York, **Fannie Ward** staged what she called a "Common Clay" culmination, when she purchased a "year of hats," one for each week—fifty-two.

Charlie Chaplin has a new foil for his comedy stuff in the person of Thomas A. Wood, a twenty-four-year-old youth who weighs five hundred pounds. Mr. Wood has never appeared before the camera before, but his work in the forthcoming production, "Sunnyside," proves him to be a great find.

Mary MacLaren wants a plot. Cant some one submit something along the following specifications? Mary wants to play a girl with initiative rather than be just a pawn on the chess-board of circumstances—a girl with brains—a real girl—an American girl.

Constance Talmadge has just completed "Romance and Arabella," a dashing little comedy bubbling over with Connie's special brand of humor. As usual, she leads Harrison Ford thru five reels of purgatory—only to marry him at the end.

Some one has fittingly called **Fannie Ward** "Miss Peter Pan," and added, also fittingly, that Miss Ward goes nearer the heart than Barrie's character—that she is the very embodiment of youth.

Now that the war is over, what will the stars do for publicity? Here's the answer. **Theda Bara** has been voted a loyal Elk by the Elk Lodge of Miami, Florida, because she helped raise a large sum of money at a recent benefit given by the lodge for widows and orphans.

Madlaine Traverse is soon to ather a
novel picture called "Gambling Miss
Traverse stakes herself against g turn of
the roulette wheel—and fortune

Seena Owen, who has liam
Hart's sweetheart in his lat has
been engaged to play oppos oore
in "A Man and His Money."

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly — Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted; "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet — because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

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So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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M.P.M.—5-19

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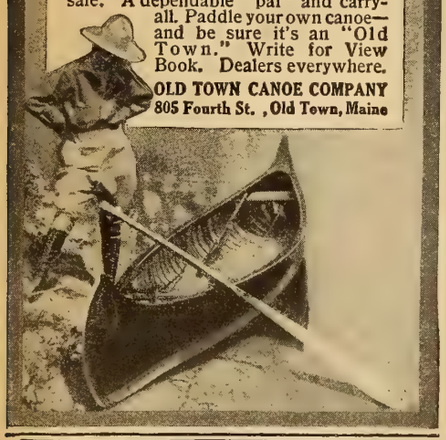

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 74*)

Chinese scenes are excellent, also some street scenes in New York's Chinatown are authentic, but in the main, the picture is fumblingly directed. The personality of the players and the somewhat interesting story cover a multitude of technical sins.

"THE HOUSE DIVIDED" (BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS)

Most of this play is Blackton at his best. Unfortunately, we saw it before it had been fully cut and titled, hence cannot speak intelligently of the finished production, which will doubtless be vastly superior to what we saw. That being so, it will be a winner. The story is fresh, unique, original and gripping, the photography excellent, the acting above the average, and the artistic "hand of Blackton" shows conspicuously in a number of clever scenes. It is a splendid cast, with Herbert Rawlinson a handsome, imposing, gallant hero, William Humphrey a strong "heavy," Sylvia Breamer a winsome heroine, and several others who are intelligently cast and who make the most of their important parts, not forgetting the cunning and clever Blackton children. A duelling scene, a trial in an English courtroom, a theater interior with stage and audience, several scenes in France showing ruined cathedrals and devastated cities, a jolly after-theater supper party and a very pretty commencement at a girls' school deserve special mention for their carefully arranged and artistic settings. In short, this is the best Blackton production we have seen since his famous "Missing." J.

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE" (PARAMOUNT)

When we saw this as a stage play we thought it had some of the most amusing situations ever devised to make a poor hero suffer thru three acts of farce. There is a lack of clarity in the screen production which leaves those unversed in the original version gasping for reasons. However, in spots it is good fun, especially as John Barrymore kids the hero part along in his own inimitable way. It is quite apparent that Mr. Barrymore does not take the screen as seriously as the stage. Faire Binney is passable as the feminine lead.

"THE GIRL PROBLEM" (VITAGRAPH)

Corinne Griffith and her gowns star in this frothy sample of photoplay literature. Corinne is so very good to look at that we know the men will enjoy this, while her gowns are so ultra-fashionable we know the women will, so why say more? The little story that frames the whole is insignificant, being a narrative of literary life as it isn't, but it serves its purpose. Walter McGrail is pleasing opposite the beautiful Corinne.

Charlie Chaplin received a letter from a certain manufacturer of musical instruments, proposing to present him with a saxophone provided he would be photographed with it, and permit the maker to use the endorsement for advertising purposes. Not being particularly interested in saxophones, but appreciating the gentleman's courtesy, Mr. Chaplin in part replied:

"If you happen to have a spare 'Strad' violin knocking about that you dont want, well, you might send it on. I will have my picture taken with it, and I will give you a letter to the effect that I can thoroly recommend it."

Temperament

'Temperament unquestionably has much to do with the success of players," says E. H. Sothern. "I think that most of our first-class actors are painfully nervous, especially on the first two or three nights of a performance in which they may be specially interested. And my experience is, that people with this temperament are never fully satisfied with their labors. They are perpetually polishing, improving and reviewing. The very instant an actor is satisfied with his own work and believes himself to have reached the acme of cleverness, from that moment he begins to deteriorate. I am more nervous in going before an audience now than I was twenty years ago. Sometimes during the first night of a big production I thought I was going to drop on the stage in a faint, for my hands and feet were as cold as marble.

"This, however, is not an anomalous thing in the profession. I have seen one of the oldest and most distinguished actors on the English stage with his tongue so completely paralyzed for several seconds that he was obliged to wet his lips before he could deliver a line.

"Speaking of the 'Crushed Tragedian,' the transition from Lord Dundreary to Fitz Altamont was so great that it commanded all my resolution to take the risk. Having made that reputation, which is so dear to every man, in 'Dundreary,' the attempt to create a character like the 'Crushed Tragedian,' so utterly unlike any other I had ever played, was really a matter of foolhardiness, and yet you see what I did with it. It ran eighty-one nights in a New York theater, and filled the handsome edifice of entertainment nightly, when almost every other in the city was losing money. To make such a success after 'Dundreary' is like a man's coming out of a house on a summer's day expecting to be struck by lightning."

LOST! ONE GOAT

It takes a dog to get the goat of T. Jefferson Geraghty, scenario constructor, who is busy on stories for May Allison at Metro's west coast studios in Hollywood.

For Geraghty recently was given an Alaskan malamute by a well-meaning friend. The husky was a member of the Geraghty ménage for three days and three nights, and besides eating Tom almost out of house and home, set up such a yowling at night that Geraghty's neighbors began loading their shotguns and casting about for some quick, sure poison.

Tom then gave the dog to a Hollywood studio manager. He shed crocodile tears as he turned it over to its new owner's tender mercies. The studio manager tied the malamute to a stake in the middle of the five and a half-acre studio lot. It resumed its yowling. A temperamental star who was working on the stage suffered a nervous breakdown when the husky started to run the scales.

Result: star quit for the day; the company had to be laid off; the studio sustained the loss of a cool 500 iron men.

The studio manager turned the malamute over to a screen actor, who promised to give it a home. He nearly lost his own. He kept the dog in his yard for one night. The next morning his wife left him.

"I dont see where they get that name, 'malamute,'" declared Geraghty, "because this is no more mute than an auctioneer or a steam calliope. It ought to be called a mala-mutt."

Where Do We Go From Here

(*Continued from page 57*)

he has played practically the same character for so long that it has become second nature to him. He directs his own pictures; spends very little time on rehearsals, and has very few re-takes. It will be remembered that Hart recently announced his intention of retiring from the screen.

"But," he said in an interview since then, "with less arduous programs to fill and a chance to market my films as I would, the situation is changed."

Hart's plans are still in doubt, however.

Said Mary Pickford:

"The need for the present organization was brought about by the distributors themselves. We are absolutely on the defensive, fighting with our backs against the wall, so to speak. People ask us why we did not do this thing before. The answer is that we were never forced to before; but now, with the possibility of a merger of distributors looming before us which threatens to dominate the picture theaters of the United States, it becomes necessary for the producing stars to organize as a protection to their own interests."

In order to interpret, exactly, the full meaning of Miss Pickford's statement, it is necessary to review the business relations of the box-office favorites with the distributors since Chaplin made his famous contract with the Mutual Film Corporation, the first picture under which was released early in 1916.

This was a contract for personal service in twelve pictures in twelve months, under which he got a fixed sum for each picture and a bonus for those delivered within the term. This contract made Chaplin the highest-paid laborer in world-history, his pay for the year being about ten times the pay of the president of the greatest corporation on earth—the President of the U. S. A., who gets $75,000 a year.

Twenty-six exhibitors got together and under the name of the First National Exhibitors' Circuit took over Chaplin at the expiration of the Mutual contract, under an agreement to pay $125,000 for his personal service in each picture delivered. It is this contract under which he is now working.

The Chaplin-Mutual contract started an intense competition among producers for box-office favorites. Under Mary Pickford's last contract with Paramount-Artcraft she had a drawing account of $10,000 a week ($520,000 a year) and one-half of the net proceeds of her pictures. Under her present contract with the First National she gets $250,000 for her personal service in each picture. Fairbanks and Hart contracts with Paramount-Artcraft are substantially the same as the one which Miss Pickford had with them. The Fairbanks contract is out this month (February). The Hart contract has a few months to run.

Persons connected with the business end of the industry make the charge that the stars are greedy for still more money. The stars are human and they want as much as they can get. They get what they get because the box-office returns justify it. They owe their present great incomes to their popularity with the fans.

The motto of the five biggest stars in moving pictures is "Let us have fewer productions, if necessary, but better ones," and that, it appears, is where we are going—from here.

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Vegetables are good foods and necessary. But the kinds we picture average about 100 calories per pound in energy value. And the average person needs 3,000 calories per day.

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Cost of 3,000 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	$0.15
In Round Steak	1.23
In Veal Cutlets	1.71
In Blue Points	7.50
In Average Fish	1.80
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In Squash	2.25
In Canned Peas	1.62

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That's Out

(*Continued from page 67*)

What'd We Tell You?

Louis J. Selznick is re-entering the producing field with his son Myron. Now watch your step, Mr. Zukor.

An Element to Be Watched

The motion picture has had much to contend with during its brief career. Between censorship, Sunday closing, unjust taxation, etc., the film business has been kept busy. There is another element slowly creeping in that producers will have to give more thought to—religion. Personally we know of a certain sect that is already planning to form its own producing company and show the product in its own churches. In fact, one play has already been produced. This sect believes that there are elements in the picture business antagonistic to them. The influence of religion has already been felt by several big productions. The failure of "Intolerance" was not due, as some critics claim, to its highbrow theme, but because it "struck" at two prominent religious sects. It was the same with "Joan the Woman." This De Mille production is the only thing that has approached "The Birth of a Nation" for sheer greatness, and it would have been recognized as such thruout the world had not a certain religion risen up against it. This is not presumption. We have actual proof.

It's a funny thing, but when an order is given or a law passed that the saloons shall be closed, the saloons stay open just the same. But when an order is given to close the theaters the authorities are always on hand to see that it is carried out.

Do prize-fighters make the best actors? It begins to look that way. Already such ex-pugs as "Kid" McCoy, "Kid" Broad, "Spike" Sullivan and "Bull" Montana have played prominent rôles on the screen. And who has not laughed at Tom Kennedy's cut-ups in Mack Sennett comedies? But now comes the knockout. Pugilism will have an honest-to-goodness screen star in the person of James J. Corbett, who is to be featured by Universal.

"Convalescents at the Government's military hospital were shown several reels of the latest Triangle plays recently," says a news report. What was it, a German plot, or were they administered as an anæsthetic?

Calamity Note

Sound the dirges of our hope. President Laemmle, of Universal, says that the war picture has not seen its day, that in fact, "The war film has just begun." For that, Carl, may you be forced to read the New York *Telegram* for two weeks instead of the *Telegraph*.

When Helen Keller, the famous deaf, dumb and blind woman, goes to the movies she "sees" the pictures by means of the touch system, by placing her fingers on the mouth of a person who speaks the action of the play. Miss Keller is somewhat handicapped, but she is lucky. She doesn't have to see:

Billie Burke's studied poses.
The blasé Gene O'Brien.
Clara Kimball Young trying to look like Eve.
Lina Cavalieri trying to act.
And so forth.

George V. Hobart, author of the famous stage play, "Experience," has en-

tered the picture business as a scenario writer. Will await with anticipation a revised version of "Experience" after George has been in the movie game a few months.

A Place in the Sun

For Gloria Swanson, who, to our way of thinking, is the most promising satellite in all the screen heavens, bar none. Cecil B. De Mille has given wives some good dope in "Dont Change Your Husband," but, unfortunately, every woman cant get a man like Elliott Dexter.

Our idea of a soft job—writing stuff like "His Parisian Wife" and getting paid for it.

Lucy Cotton, star of "The Prodigal Wife," wants to know why it is that off-screen the vampire is a quiet home body and the little ingénue a "devil." For the same reason that the hero goes home and abuses his wife, while the villain's spouse breaks a broom over his head, probably.

Now some of the critics are beginning to hop on Douglas Fairbanks because of his "sameness." In other words, they want him to cover up the personality which has endeared him to millions. Dont do it, Doug. Stick to your smile and your personality, old boy! We have plenty of actors on the screen and not enough personalities. Does any one ever ask a popular author to change the style of his writing? It isn't so much what a person does as the way he does it that the public likes. If you were to change, Doug, these critics would be the first to roast you for getting out of your element, same as they did with Mary Pickford, Bill Hart and others. Your stories could be better, old top, but yourself, never!

What Could Be Sweeter?

Than a love scene between Robert Harron and Lillian Gish?

Than Geraldine Farrar as the mother in "Shadows"?

Than the cutaway gown Elsie Ferguson wears in the French café in "His Parisian Wife"?

Than the winking owl in "Happy Tho Married"?

Than "Smiling" Bill Parsons' bald head?

Prohibition will deal the saloons and brewers a hard blow, but it will hit the screen still harder. What are the authors going to do now? Half the plays of today revolve around drink in one way or another. The story of the drinking hero who reforms thru the "influence of a good woman" will be dead as a doornail after July 1st, as will every other that depends on John Barleycorn. The attack on the heroine in the fifth reel always takes place after the villain has been imbibing too freely of spirits. How will they lead up to this situation now? The only way for the author, who must have his characters liquor-up, to get around it will be to send his characters to Mexico or on the ocean outside the three-mile limit. We could stand all this, but the discouraging part of it is that the old plot about the moonshiners and revenue officers, which was just beginning to die out, will be dragged from the Kentucky mountains and laid all over the country.

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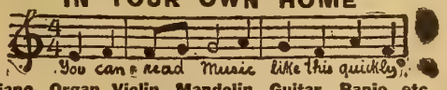

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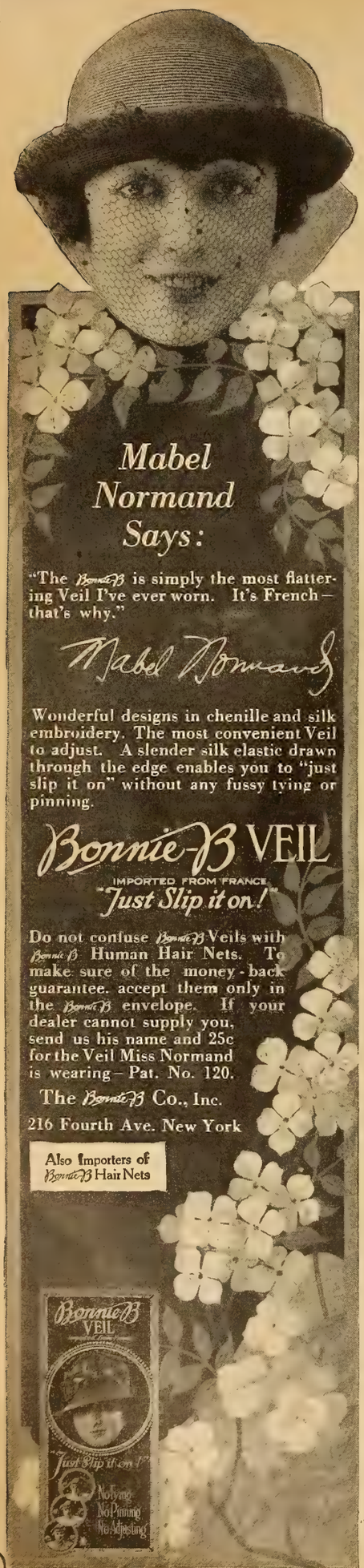
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

BONNIE RYE.—More interviews with Charles Ray, eh? He seems to be a mighty popular young chap. Yes, Gertrude McCoy is married to Duncan McRae, the former Edison director. Ruth Stonehouse is doing a serial in San Antonio, Texas.

BLUEBIRD.—Thank you. Kenneth Harlan is in California now. The boys are coming in fast, and New York is certainly welcoming them home.

D. C.—Tell you how to get in the movies? Sooner can a needle enter the eye of a camel. Why not try the Fame and Fortune contest?

F. V. B.—You can reach Lillian Walker at the Hodkinson Co., 501 Fifth Avenue, New York. Speaking of features—not movie features—I dont consider my nose very long. Anyway, it is not so long but I can keep it out of other people's business. I often wonder why my nose and chin never quarrel, because so many words pass between them.

WARD McD.—Delighted to serve you. Grace Cunard is playing just the same. Arthur Ashley is not married. Why, Marin Sais is playing opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "Bonds of Honor." Bessie Barriscale is with Paralta.

LITTLE VAMP.—*Bienvenu!* You failed to enclose the envelope. While I dont know a whole lot about Greek, "phile" represents a Greek verb meaning to love, and is placed after the name of a country to denote one's partiality for that country, such as Anglophile. As a prefix it becomes "philo," as philo-American, philo-musical, etc. Carol Holloway and Antonio Moreno are playing in a new serial.

I. M. A. FRIEND.—Most of the players are in Los Angeles, and most of the plays are taken there. Virginia Lee is not cast. Yes, I think all the players are glad to hear from the fans, but they dont care for mash notes.

QUESTIONNAIRE PHYLLIS.—If I were you I would quit taking all of those medicines. When the bottle reads "Shake before using," that means shake it! Honest to goodness, 77 is right. Montagu Love in "The Roughneck." Mary Anderson played opposite Henry Walthall in "False Faces."

ARVILLA HOLMES.—You wonder if the vamps will be abolished when the country goes dry. Not necessarily, because did not Eve vamp Adam, and the country was dry then? Ford Sterling is with Mack Sennett.

MARIE Z.—"Heart of the Wilds" was taken in New York. I can sympathize with you very much, but better that the heart break than harden. Frances Marion has denied her marriage in France to Fred Thompson. Miss Marion has returned from the other side. That's so, Mary introduced me to her mother, and, well I aint going to tell any more.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—How long has Pearl White been playing? Whew! Since Hector was a pup. She was one of the first. Some of your questions were impossible.

MADGE G.—You say I am an indefatigable worker. Yes, I am like an auto tire—the farther it goes, the less tired it is. Olga Petrova was very much alive, last our Gladys Hall saw of her, and particularly when I saw her in vaudeville recently. Richard Barthelmess in that Marguerite Clark play. Yes, indeed, write any time. I love to get letters.

WINIFRED.—Here you are: Lillian Gish with Griffith, Los Angeles; Louise Glaum with Ince, Los Angeles; Ethel Clayton, Paramount, Los Angeles; William Russell, American, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Jack Pickford in California; Mae Murray, resting in New York.

MRS. REJECTED GLOOGOO.—Do you think you've got me out for a walk? Not much.

STEPHEN W.—Why, Charlie Chaplin is 30 years old and Mrs. Charles Chaplin is 18 years. Not so bad. No, I dont write personal letters any more. Had to stop it on account of the high price of postage stamps and the famine in time.

DODO.—You're among the impossibles. It is hard to get a new idea in your head till you get the old idea out. You wont be able to grasp the meaning of what I said until you sweep the cobwebs from your cerebellum. Get me? Lila Lee is no relation to Jane Lee. Yes, Mahlon Hamilton. Richard is with Paramount.

SASSIE BOX.—Dont be so hard on the old man. Ben Wilson isn't playing now. Bryant Washburn is with Paramount. No, only this MAGAZINE and the CLASSIC. Dont menshun it.

FRANCES L. B.—But, Frances, even tho you are in the stationery business, you've got to keep moving. Bernard Thornton in "A Camouflage Kiss." Paul Scardon is responsible for the double exposure work in "Silent Strength."

DOUG'S ADMIRER.—Remarkable! You dont see why the villain is always handsomer than the hero. It should not be, never. Yes, thanks, I do save thrift stamps. Bud Fisher wrote "The Adventure Shop," his first scenario, and Vitagraph will produce it. Bud says it's easy. Corinne Griffith stars in it.

SEANNA F.—Some joke, I presume, but I didn't see the point.

SARAH J., 21.—Well, I swan! I read your ten-page letter, all pasted in one long strip, and I cant say, "Well, what's the use?" In other words, you dont like Niles Welch's wife. Well, I'm sure he does. 'Snuff.

T. U. D., PHILADELPHIA.—Not such a bad town. The greatest thing in the world? Why, a woman's hat in a theater (if she removes it, her hair). The thinnest thing in the world? Her skirts. The heaviest? Her work. The lightest? Her head. Bless her dear heart! Hazzard Short will play with Norma Talmadge in "Nancy Lee." Remember him in "The Moth"? Alice Brady played a dual rôle.

VERONICA.—To settle all arguments, once and for all, the name of the dog of the hero Odysseus was Argus. Why, Delight Evans is occasionally one of our writers. Virginia Pearson was born in Louisville, Ky. You want to know where the magazine found me. Ha, ha, ho, ho, and likewise he, he! There aint no more where I come from. Gertrude Robinson was the sister.

AGNES G.—Dont tell me your secrets. A secret is something that is often given but never kept. Owen Moore is with Goldwyn. All three Moores are with Goldwyn. You will see Winnifred Greenwood with Warren Kerrigan in his comedy, "Come Again Smith."

IRMA K.—Oh, if you get a new typewriter, or new pen, or new writing paper, why, just try it on me. I wont balk. If you write to Dustin Farnum, he will answer you direct, I'm sure. Thanks for the fee. The name "Leviathan" was derived from giants.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD FAN.—Francis Perry Elliott wrote "Lend Me Your Name," "Love Me For Myself Alone" and "Haunted Pajamas," all of which Harold Lockwood played in. Robert Chambers wrote "The Hidden Children."

WARRAWEE.—Thanks so much for the snaps. I enjoyed looking at them. Was the one picture of you? If so, you certainly are interesting.

JUST B.—Alma Rubens in "Diana of the Green Van." Olive Thomas in "Up Stairs and Down." Evelyn Nesbit was in "Woman, Woman," and Marguerite Clark in "A Honeymoon for Three." Alfred Whitman will answer you. Since I said Pie was my middle name, you christen me Lemon. Not so bad sometimes, but what's the matter with Peach?

HAPPY HARRY.—Thanks a lot for the fee. When you come to New York, run in and fee me—excuse me, I meant *see* me. Barbara Castleton is not married, 23, and you can reach her at Paramount, New York City. Peggy Hyland is unmarried, and you can reach her at the Pathé Co., 25 W. 45th St., New York; Corinne Griffith declares she isn't married. She is with Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Yes, all three are in the East, as you see.

THOMAS J. O'H.—See here, I dont know Old Taylor, Charles Ray's tailor, or any other tailleur. Cant help you out on the outfit. Look up Bon Tons. You will see James Morrison in "Miss Dulcie from Dixie."

IRENE J.—You want to know if Theda Bara will ever be any bearer than she was in Cleopatra? Respectfully referred to the Board of Censors. Kenneth Harlan's last picture was "Bread."

SCRIBBLER.—Alas for him who does not laugh. I laugh twice a year, spring and fall. But cheer up, spring is coming. Violet Mersereau is with Universal. Dont be afraid of me, I dont bite. Yes, William Taylor. No relation to the above mentioned tailors, tho. Thanks for the fee, but you dont expect me to get a shave, do you? Ye gods, I need a hair-cut.

ANNA K.—Yours was great. Thanks. Yes, Elmo Lincoln. Write again.

CELIA A. D.—So you are waiting for opportunity to knock at your door. Dont. Opportunity no longer knocks. She presses a button and you are to do the rest. Knocking is a lost art, anyway. Come, crank up. That was George Larkin.

GRAY MASKER.—Well, well, well, stop in again some time.

F. C. S.—Wallie Van is to direct for S. L. Rothapfel. Mary Pickford has no children. Nie, nie, to you.

ALPHA.—So far Maude Adams, Louis Mann, Otis Skinner and Laurette Taylor have escaped the dazzling lure of pictures. I'll say Pearl White's a gem. Creighton Hale is in the new Cappellani (Pathé) productions.

ENGLISH GIRL.—Marie Doro, she of the wistful eyes, has gone to England to make pictures. Irene Castle has returned to America and she says she has no immediate intention of marrying anybody. Good for you.

CHINA.—Away from the Orient. I do not smoke cigarets—they are too effeminate. I smoke a pipe. Cigarets are for dudes and ladies. Besides, the paper on them makes them a deadly poison, altho lots of people seem to thrive on it. Some joke of yours. Constance Talmadge is with Select, and Adele de Garde is not playing now. Always glad to hear from foreign readers.

AUDREY.—Your apartments must be heated with hot air! Grace Cunard was never married to Francis Ford. Why, Kate Price is back with Vitagraph, but out West.

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ELMHURST.—After "crooking" it for eight years, Harry Carey has managed to get himself a ranch in California on which he intends to retire. Some people were born lucky. There never was a book on the life of Harold Lockwood.

ARTHUR H. C.—Well, I believe in racing, but not in betting. Otherwise would be carrying race prejudice too far. So you think Constance Talmadge is a female Doug. Thanks for the fee. Call again.

ALICE M.—Bessie Love is with Western Vitagraph. Pat O'Malley was with Universal. His contract recently expired. And you dont think the players ought to be "raked over the coals." Coal is so high, too. You have good common sense, Alice.

S. A.—Eugene O'Brien is not playing in stage plays. Have I curly hair? That's right, take all the joy out of my life. I haven't any hair. Beauty is only skin deep but meanness goes clear to the marrow. Why, Louis Lee Arms is the husband of Mae Marsh.

KNOX, 1914.—Of course Caruso's voice got him into the movies. The Binney sisters will remain in pictures. So you dont like Bessie Barriscale. Well, there are others who do.

MULHALL FAN.—Just so, but if we know ourselves, we are pretty well informed. Harrison Ford in "Molly Entangled." Harold Lockwood in "Such a Little Queen."

RACHAEL.—Absolutely temperance. My only good failure is buttermilk. Hobart Henley is with Goldwyn.

EDITH L.—Nimbus clouds are rain clouds usually characterized by a uniform grayness. Cant define the other clouds here. Read Ruskin. No signs of Cleo Ridgely returning to pictures. Jane Novak and Monroe Salisbury in "Eyes of the World." He played in "Ramona" years and years ago.

KITTY CAT.—A gold chevron on a soldier's right sleeve indicates that the wearer was gassed or wounded. Ann Little in "The Firefly of France." So thou wouldst like to know more about my private life. Aren't some people—well, you know.

I. C. U.—Scandalous! You want Eugene O'Brien's address and apartment number. And the villain still pursued her. Tell me all about it. A good deal of pleasure in life is in its doubts.

JOHN D. H.—Thanks for yours. You say, "Dont enumerate your feathered flock before the process of incubation is thoroly materialized." Are you Bostonese? Charles Ray in "Hay Foot, Straw Foot."

FITZ.—So you dont care for Montagu Love's face as a character. He will be sad to know that, and many will disagree with you. Yes, writing these here answers is my only job. The nightingale has but one song, but it is a good one.

HAPPINESS.—Didn't we fight the war of the Revolution against tyranny for national independence, and the Civil War to preserve the Union and to overthrow the oppression of slavery, and didn't we fight this war for a better union of the nations to set the world free from oppression and tyranny? America has lighted the torch of liberty for the world and it shall not be extinguished. Mary Pickford has played opposite Owen Moore.

SUNNY JACQUELINE.—Yes, Camp Marfa. Yours was very interesting, and let me hear from you some more. According to late estimates, the total casualties were 26,000,000, divided as follows: Germany, 6,900,000; Austria, 4,500,000; France, 4,000,000; Britain, 2,900,000; Turkey, 750,000; Belgian, 350,000; Rumania, 200,000; Bulgaria, 200,000, with Russian and others making up the balance.

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NORA B.—I am glad that you get so much benefit from the movies. As Disraeli said: "Amusement to an observing mind is study." Besides, the mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking. Yes, Wallace MacDonald has been honorably discharged from the service. He was in to see us on the way back, and he looked mighty swagger in his uniform. Charles Spere in "A Desert Wooing."

AMY H.—Some length to your letter alright, and what little it lacked in depth was made up in length. Warren Kerrigan and Creighton Hale are not married. You ask what kind of powder do I use—gunpowder.

LA VETTE.—Yes, I have noticed those long skirts. In these days we always suspect that the lady in the long skirt does not have the courage of her convictions. Dont know where you can get a job.

COMEDY FAN.—Pretty good jokes in yours. A sentence with the word "deliver." Uncle Rastus says, that Carter's pills are good for de liver. Just give me a little tip when anything like that is going to happen, so I can put on my shock absorbers. Corinne Griffith and Walter McGrail in "The Adventure Shop." I enjoyed yours very much. Was it Mack Swain?

K. P. ITO.—Cleo Madison and Kathleen Clifford. George Stone in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." Bessie Barriscale in "All of a Sudden Nora." You're welcome.

RUTH R.—What's the idea of cramping your words so? Give them room to breathe. Jack Mulhall and Jack Sanders. Oh, yes, William Russell is with American. His latest picture was released in December—"All the World to Nothing."

BILLIE.—Why not join one of the clubs?

B. R.—The word "vehicle" is used figuratively, same as you would say, "I killed two birds with one stone"— e. g., "That play was a fine vehicle for Smith's histrionic powers."

EVELYN W.—Yes, 16. Thurston Hale in "The Brazen Beauty." Zena Keefe in "One Hour." Ann Little in "The House of Silence." Doris Lee in "The Hired Man." Oh, I'll be there. That's one thing we ought to keep, even after we have given it to another—our word.

GRACE E. C.—So sorry. Ouida says "A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run." So dont believe all you hear, and above all dont repeat it if it's ill. You really ought to send the necessary 25 cents.

A. H. H.—Be sure to enclose stamps when you want to be answered by mail, and put them on the envelope. I dont want to exhaust my saliva glands licking them. Wonder why the Allies did not print Kaiser stamps; everybody would have enjoyed licking him. Vitagraph produced "The White Feather" some time ago with Myrtle Gonzalez and George Cooper in the leads. Since then the former has passed away.

TITANIA.—Votes for women? Certainly, why not? The eleventh chapter of Genesis tells us how the confounded tongues stopped the building of the tower of Babel and broke up the town. That is as near as I can come to answering your question as to votes for women, but the trouble is, they were not all women. Lillian Gish is about 20 years. Would have to know more about your case.

EDDIE.—I am no more a poet than a sheep be a goat, but your poetry is good for a beginner.

PAT.—Did you see that about the chickens, Pat? Bessie Love is in California, and she has a press representative all to herself now, so you'll hear more of her. Stop in again.

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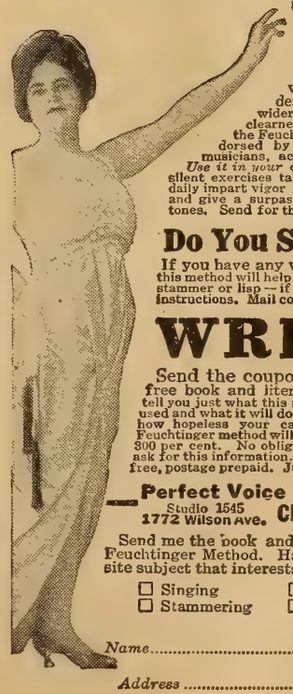

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STEVE.—Thanks for the clipping, old top.

LUCILLE LOVE.—That's not so good. What's worth doing is worth doing your best. If it isn't worth doing, dont do it. Joe Moore is the husband of Grace Cunard. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is going to Europe to make pictures. No, I dont think he is as clever or as interesting as Chaplin, but I certainly would not call him "a grinning acrobat."

INDIANA FAN.—I manage to survive the cold somehow, and being of the masculine gender, I dont need any fox boas to keep my neck warm. You refer to Charles Ogle in "M'liss." Dont you remember him in the old Edison pictures six or seven years ago? Send along the snaps.

O. STORY, DALLAS.—You got me—I dont know why Constance Talmadge kisses so much. Being feminine, she probably enjoys it. No, I dont tie my whiskers when I bathe, they bathe with me. You say it was so hot in Texas you have to feed the chickens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs. Sweet mother o' pearl!

UNA.—Women, women, sweet creatures! Wherever two women are, there is an indignation meeting; and wherever three women are there is a conspiracy. Your letter was very interesting. Hope you have recovered.

M. T. H.—Glad to hear you are back. Anna Nilsson in "Hearts of Sunset." She will be remembered as a famous Kalem star, way back in the good old Alice Joyce-Carlyle Blackwell days. Guy Coombs used to play opposite her.

GREEN EYES.—Dont know but what you are better off. You know poverty has its sorrow, but wealth brings its responsibilities. I'm kinda glad I am poor. Poor, but honest. Touching, isn't it? Richard Travis was in the army. No, I dont think Elsie Ferguson wears a hair net, but I'll ask her. You know the Bonnie Bee is very good. I'm thinking of getting one. Lucky child you are.

CHARLES III.—I enjoyed Mabel Normand in "Mickey," particularly in the diving scenes. Even King Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Earle Williams is still one of our most popular stars, even if you do not see him often.

FRANCIS B. V.—Yes, I have lots of friends, but I usually travel alone. You know the eagle soars high and alone. Sheep stick together and blindly follow. Juanita Hansen was loaned to Lois Weber to play in Anita Stewart's picture. Mary Miles Minter is in Santa Barbara.

MARY L. W.—So you dont want to be answered snappy. I didn't think that of you, Mary. I never snap. Only ginger snaps. Yes, I am very fond of sugar, and you are right in supposing that it has become necessary as a food and a luxury. It was in Bengal that the process of extracting the sugar from the cane was first learnt. 800 years before the birth of Christ the Chinese copied the art from the people of Bengal, then 1,600 years later the Persians began to cultivate the sugar-cane. So you see it's an ancient fruit.

DIBBLER.—No, I never visited the Treasury. You say it is open to everyone since it is under glass. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho ho! Little Mary McAlister played in "Pants," "The Kill Joy" and "Young Mother Hubbard." Yes, she is a very handsome child.

U-53.—How are U? "The Yankee Way"—dont know. You are quite a favorite in the club. Why shouldn't you be? Run in some time.

(*Continued on page* 102)

It's a Long Lane That Has No Turning

(*Continued from page* 31.)

"There was a time when I had to go alone, as we couldn't afford the traveling expenses of mother and Dottie. I got word that they were ill and without funds, and wondered what I would do—I could not borrow. A member of the company came to me, a mighty nice man who'd always been good to me, and said, 'Margarita, I've searched this town over for a pair of symmetricals, I've got to wear them in my next part—but it's no use, not a sign of such things in this darned old town. What on earth can I do?'

"Well, I had a pair in my trunk, of course, but I hated to acknowledge that I'd worn them in my Mary Magdalene part, for so far as I knew the members of the company were ignorant of my fraud. However, they would bring me money enough to send to mother, so I 'fessed up and said I had a pair which I'd gladly part with for fifteen dollars.

"When this man heard my shamefaced little confession, he laughed till the tears flowed over and said, 'So *that* explains the mystery, eh? I used to wonder and wonder why you looked so grown-up in that rôle!' He gladly paid me the sum asked, and I sent it post haste to my folks, so that they were tided over until I got a pay-check.

"Then, one time in New York I was stranded and was staying at the most horrible theatrical boarding house—without mother, for she was ill in Canada and Dottie with her to nurse her. A motley variety of chorus girls trooped noisily up the stairs in the early morning hours, I had a cold attic room, and the table was terrible—not any one got a square meal, for what we paid it was impossible to give it, of course. I never had been among such people, nor so cold and hungry. I got a telegram saying my mother needed money badly. I had been playing for seventy-five dollars a week up to that time, but the replenishing of a wardrobe and living expenses for three had left me no surplus.

"I heard of an engagement just then—but it paid only fifteen a week and I told the manager I'd gotten five times that. He said they were unable to pay that, but when I told him of my plight and the illness, he said kindly, 'I'll pay you the extra ten to make it twenty-five, out of my own pocket. You need not say anything about it.' And then I had to ask him to loan me ten in advance—which was very irregular, but he was a kind old man, had seen lots of trouble, and was generous, as so many of the profession are.

"When I was asked to play with Grace George, I thought my cup would run over, especially as I got a good salary. She told me after the first night, 'You've made a *personal* hit—I am very pleased with your acting.' I stayed with her some weeks, and then some one offered me eighty a week to play with Selig in Chicago, and I saw the endless possibilities for comfort and steady support for my little family, so accepted gladly. When they wanted to offer me a continued engagement with Miss George, as well as some other engagements on the road, I felt like a Crœsus as I waved them away with my eighty dollar contract.

"Joseph Medill Patterson asked me about that time to put on his latest play, but I felt pictures offered a splendid future and so I stuck to my determination and newly acquired salary."

Margarita doesn't like to drive her big car—she's afraid to. She isn't a bit sporty, athletic, or fond of society or club life. She adores her home and her "folks" and spends every spare moment there, or being driven about with them. She designs all her own clothes, and the pretty frocks you've noticed in "Jackie of the Army," her first American picture, "Jilted Janet," "Anne's Finish," "The Primitive Woman," "A Square Deal," "Impossible Susan," "Money Isn't Everything" and "The Mantle of Charity," had their inception under the glossy copper curls of the "American Beauty" girl.

She's sending Katie to a big convent school in Hollywood, so that the little niece may have the education she herself so sadly missed because she had to support a family ever since she was twelve years old. She likes to live in Santa Barbara, because her mother has lost a tendency to rheumatism there. She's happy because Sister Dottie helps her at the studio always, and because she loves to act. She has a wonderful private secretary, who is kept forever busy sending out letters, especially to Japan.

So Margarita has lived down her hard times, and has all the comforts and joys of a really, truly Motion Picture Pearl—with a setting of love which is more precious to her than the gold she easily earns nowadays.

The New Walthall

(*Continued from page* 34)

hands and knees he crawled thru the mud and brush until he got within shotgun range and managed to slay Mr. Goose. It was a big bird—fat and fine. When Henry swung its neck over his shoulders, the limp legs dangled against his heels.

Proudly Henry took it home, and proudly he summoned the neighbors to attend the feast the next day, as wild goose was rare in those parts. But Henry reckoned without his mother and the clergy. The circuit rider, bound from a service at a neighboring hamlet, paused at the Walthall home for dinner on his way back to Birmingham, and his family. Without thinking, the mother sent the goose, with her compliments, to the clergyman's wife. Since then Henry has been off of ministers.

Major Junius Walthall, Henry's younger brother, is now in a hospital in France recovering from shrapnel wounds which broke both legs. This Walthall youngster went to an officer's training school, was commissioned a lieutenant, then promoted to a captaincy and for his work in Belleau Woods with the Seventh Regiment, was made a major. All to Henry's great joy.

Now that Walthall's troubles are over—now that he has nothing to think about but his work, which has always been his pride, and now that he has his delightful wife to assist him, it is not long before the old sage will cash another winning bet.

BELIEVABLE

"There was a mutt at the movie tonight who laughed all thru the comedy, altho it was horribly punk."

"Maybe he wrote it."

INJURED

"Why is that movie actress suing *The News* for libel?"

"It printed her right name."

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In Veal Cutlets	3.53
In Average Fish	3.70
In Canned Peas	3.35
In Cod Fish	4.85

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The Dangerous Game of Polo

(*Continued from page* 66)

for the public's benefit. I had to do it to keep in condition—that training was just as much a part of my career as were the actual performances.

"Training for circus stunts is different from other training, however; in fact professionals declare that no aerialist can 'come back' after a season's absence from the trapeze. A few months ago a member of the Siegrist-Silbon troupe died suddenly. I had been one of them years before, and their interests lay very close to my heart. When I offered to fill the vacancy that would prevent them from performing they laughed at me. I insisted and they finally yielded, not at all convinced that I would get away with it. But I did—as much to my surprise as to theirs, for it had been seven years since I had attempted to do anything of this sort. I attribute my ability to do this entirely to my work in the pictures, and my old comrades, who had never quite become reconciled to my leaving their troupe and who resented motion pictures as the cause of it, gained a new and lasting admiration for the art when they saw what it had done for me.

"I shall never be sorry that I deserted my first profession for the screen. In my estimation pictures provide more opportunities than other vocations in the world. The screen reaches everybody. Its appeal is universal. Also, there is no game on earth where the courage to take the big chance nets such rewards as in cinema aeronautics."

Mr. Polo was born in California, forty-two years ago. He has traveled all over the world and has appeared before all the rulers of Europe, even before that former ruler, now known as Mr. Hohenzollern, and has received many lavish gifts as evidences of the appreciation of these royal personages. Some years ago he startled Paris by dropping from the Eiffel Tower in a parachute—a distance of 1,000 feet. Since then his many daring escapades in the cinema have won for him the title of the bravest man in the world.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 100)

HAROLD R.—So you are a broker. I dont know much about the brokerage business, but Shakespeare, as a broker, must have been a good authority, as he furnished so many stock quotations. Triangle are still releasing. Mary Pickford, Jack Pickford, Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks are with the First National.

MABEL B.—Jack Mulhall is with Paramount. Marie Walcamp is with Universal.

MARION L.—So your brother is a camera-man, and you have appeared in several scenes. Well, they expose their best friends sometimes. So you think Marguerite Fisher wears very pretty clothes and always makes you laugh. True, but somehow she does not appeal to me as strongly as some of the others.

LADY BALTIMORE.—So you want us to continue the articles. "Where Have They Gone?" Priscilla Dean in "The Gray Ghost." Chaucer was the father of English poetry.

HELEN JAMES, 1115 EDWARD ST., FT. WORTH, TEXAS, wants to correspond with a soldier or sailor.

A House Divided

(*Continued from page* 48)

waste by vandals. So have I . . . tho not by vandals. I have been laid waste by overmuch of loving.

I want to write this down because some day Philip Carmichael may walk thru Belleau again and there may a fragment of paper blow itself against his feet and the fragment may be . . . this . . . but I shall not be able to talk with him . . . I shall not know him even when the poignance of his face stabs my sight like a sword.

I have been too terribly hurt. My heart has been too deeply wounded and the blood is flooding my brain . . . blotting it out . . . obliterating it . . . Soon . . . mercifully . . . I shall have forgotten everything . . .

"'I thank whatever gods there be
That no thing lasts forever,
That dead men rise up never,
And even the weariest river winds
somewhere safe to sea.'"

The day of the trial I met Sheelah Delayne and Philip's son. I would have known him for Philip's son. I loved him because he was. And when Sheelah Delayne saw that I loved him the tears ran down her cheeks and she touched me on the arm. "My dear," I sobbed, "it is all right . . . all right . . . we both loved him . . . each in our different way . . ." And Sheelah Delayne glanced down at the little head, the little head of a littler Philip Carmichael, and smiled, ever so gently, ever so comprehensively. "I'm doing it for *him*," she said. "He's been too long . . . nameless. I do not care for myself."

Yes, I knew very distinctly what I had to do.

I did it.

When I was called to tell my story I told them that I had never married Philip Carmichael. The little town of Belleau was even then in ruins and I knew that the precious records were gone. "There are no proofs," I told the judge and jury. Philip rose up to deny me, to refute me. "She is perjuring herself to save me!" he shouted. But I just smiled wisely and calmly and shook my head.

"If you are not his wife," demanded the judge, "what *are* you then?"

I permitted myself an instant's look at him, little boy who was paying for the red sinning of his youth.

"What am I?" I repeated, and I felt my lips smiling again because it seemed so idle, so futile a question, because I knew what I was so well, so well . . .

"Only the woman who loves him," I answered, and I heard a woman sob.

Of course he was dismissed. If he had not been twice married he had not committed bigamy. When I heard him dismissed I fled . . . back here . . . to Belleau, which is in ruins, like my life. Out of it, some day, our love may rise, a phœnix from the charring of destruction, beautiful, plumaged and white. Triumphant. Supernal.

A Year Later.

This is the last time that I shall ever write in this. Life needs no recording when one is becalmed on waters of happiness everlasting. It is so with Philip and I.

A year ago, after I wrote, crazily, the words above, I became a maimed thing wandering about the destroyed streets. "Are you wounded . . . can I help you?"

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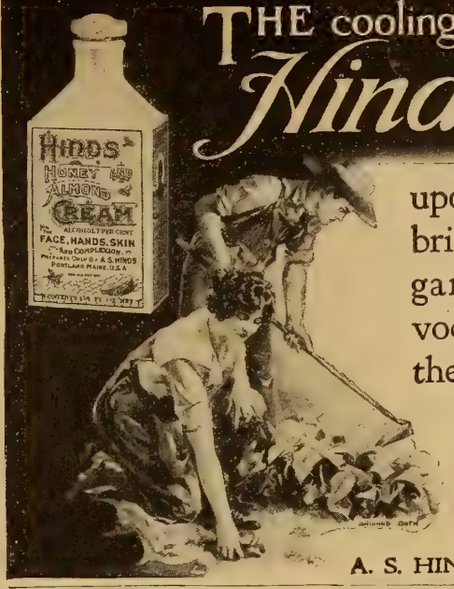

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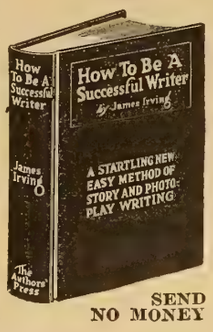

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I would ask and then stare witlessly about me at nothing, at no one.

I do not know what might have become of me if Sheelah Delayne had not found me so—and recognized me. Her little boy was dead, and she, like so many others, had brought her broken heart and efficient hands to the land whose whole heart was broken and so sorely needed efficiency. She knew where Ben Baldwin was and she evoked his aid. They found me a place to stay, and between them they managed to effect an annulment of her marriage to Philip. When that was accomplished—and it was, easily—they found Philip. He had been doing actual service and his arm was wounded. They brought him to me in the ruin of our little cottage . . . where once, at twilight, I had sung to them . . . and they had listened . . . with tears . . .

I did not know him. I did not know him. That seems so strange to me. I had thought that I would know him tho they laid me under the sod and death intervened like the pall of a curtain of night.

Then Ben had some soldiers sing to us. He had them sing "Just a Song at Twilight" . . . while they sang Philip took my hands . . . they had lighted a fire on the hearth where I had burned my certificate when I came back to Belleau and found it, incriminating evidence, still intact. It was there that the final light in my wounded mind had dimmed.

Suddenly, as once before, when he first came to me, I felt mists dissolving about me. Love cleaved thru like a valiant sword. I saw his face, his eyes, his heart. The music grew stronger, clearer, sweeter,

"When on the night the mists begin to fall . . .
Low to our hearts Love sings an old sweet song . . ."

My hands groped for him . . . "Beloved," I muttered against his mouth, "beloved . . ."

The Making of Animated Cartoons

(*Continued from page 52*)

the butter, etc. For instance, they would move the paper on the butter one quarter of an inch, stop, photograph one picture, write down that, then move the bacon or bread another quarter of an inch and so on until the butter unwrapped, the knife cut a slice, etc. All this, mind you, was done in the "sky," so the man moving the junk had to walk around in his socks for fear of soiling the "cloud."

Unfortunately I am a glutton for hard work and long hours, but if somebody will only be good enough to induce the editor of the Pathé News to slip me the Croix de Guerre or the Legion of Honor for all the cartoons I made to kill the Kaiser and "Clown Prince" or "Crown Quince" I'll buy him a drink before my contract runs out, because after the first of July we have to drink Jap-a-Lac.

In conclusion, an animated cartoonist must be able to talk English, Irish and Swedish, must know the Ten Commandments, the law of gravitation, locomotion and its uses, mind over matter, psychology and its action on cheese, the rules of the road, "cohesion" and its lifting capacity, navigation, a strong believer in Darwin, the art of tuning a bass violin, the internal combustion engine and its use in the home, how to fry an egg, many innumerable things touched upon so lightly by our famous men and, above all, the animated cartoonist must have a one-track mind.

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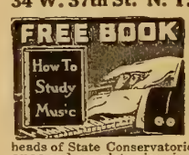

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Mars Brings Julia Arthur Back

(*Continued from page* 41)

mean *create* a character. We hear too much about 'creating characters.' That's taking something from the person who wrote the book or the play. The author creates the characters, it is for the artists of the stage or screen to portray them. That is the thing I keep in mind in my work. I dont want to get out in front of the author in the rôles he has created, but to stay behind and let myself shine *thru* the character.

"Pictures are a big thing. They are not, as we so often hear, 'a new art.' Pantomime is the oldest art in the world. It was the beginning of acting. What would a play be without acting or pantomime? The voice, the spoken lines, they are wonderful, of course—but the expression, the gestures—pantomime—are still more wonderful. Many an actor of the spoken stage owes his popularity more to a magnetic smile, a trick of turning the head, a way of using the hands—than to the words he speaks or his manner of speaking.

"We need the pictures—especially for the entertainment of the masses. Can the average working man afford to take his family to the theater? No! not even once or twice a year. Can the average young working man afford to take his sweetheart to the theater? No! but they must go to some place—all of them. Why should the best be withheld from them?

"The time is coming when only really good plays will be written for the screen, only the best books will be picturized—only the best and most wholesome of stage plays will be adapted for the screen and the best artists will interpret the rôles—that the great mass of working people may be brought in touch with the best. There are such infinite possibilities in pictures!

"Only a few of the great artists of the stage have withheld their talents from the screen—Maude Adams, David Warfield, and a few others. Do they think it adds to their prestige? Perhaps so. Do they think pictures 'beneath' them? It may be. But to me, it seems a confession of failure. They have proven themselves to be great artists. If they should venture into pictures, they might fail. Are they afraid to take a chance? I wonder!"

We are glad that Julia Arthur came back—that she did not, like the man in the parable, "bury that talent" any longer. We are especially glad that she "took the chance" and will in the future give to the screen what it so much needs: womanliness, sincerity, wholesomeness—chief characteristics of Julia Arthur, actress—and woman.

MOVIE PARADOXES.

Oh, Mrs. Hays at photoplays
  Cries "Cute!" when kids are shown;
Expresses praise in other ways,
  And then she spanks her own!

Oh, Mr. Rose, at picture shows
  At selfish parents sneers;
His daughter's beaux he treats as foes,
  Despite the damsel's tears!

Oh, Mrs. Wynn, will always grin
  At plots where women nag;
But it's a sin when she starts in
  At home to chew the rag!

Oh, Mr. Ward, will loud applaud
  When virtue conquers vice;
But he's a fraud, and known abroad
  For tricks with cards and dice!

—HAROLD SETON.

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She Thinks You Are a Man

She trusts, admires and loves what she THINKS you are—a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically, whom she can **respect** as well as love. She believes you to be a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold your own with him; who is able to protect her under any circumstances; who can make his way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally who will ultimately make her the mother of healthy, happy children, a blessing to you both. Think of the kind of children you will make her the mother of if you are one of the great UNFIT! Think of the weak, ailing, rickety, defective boys and girls such men bring into the world—pitiable little creatures, with no chance in life, living reproaches to the father who begot them. Don't close your eyes to these things. They are **Facts;** facts thoroughly understood by every breeder of dogs, cattle and horses; facts recognized by the legislators of several states, who would make it a LEGAL, as well as a MORAL, crime to marry when unfit.

Make Yourself 100 Per Cent Fit

Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big crop of wild oats? Start NOW to root them out. What if you have burned the candle at both ends and feel now like a human wreck, with your strength of body and mind dissipated and your vitality ebbing away? All the more reason why you should begin **now, TODAY,** to stop that steady loss, build up your strength again, regain your lost vitality and make a manly, red-blooded man of yourself. It's the ONLY thing to do—the only way to have any more happiness in life—the only way to keep from slipping down into the scrap heap of the hopelessly down-and-out—**and you can do it, if you go about it the right way.**

Strongfortism Will Show You How

No matter what your work or business or occupation, you can build yourself up in my way without interfering with it in the least. I'll help you strengthen your heart, lungs, stomach and every other vital organ; I'll help you free yourself from dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, catarrh or other chronic ailments; I'll help you steady your nerves and clear your brain and send the rich, red blood of life and vital energy coursing through your arteries again, so that you will be THE man your wife believes and expects you to be. I haven't any patented dope or bottled physic to sell you. I haven't any iron-bound, muscle-fatiguing, tiresome routine of exercises or straitlaced, ascetic living to recommend. I am a Builder Up of Men, and I build them up in Nature's way—the way that was successful in making me the strongest man in the world; the way that is succeeding with my pupils, thousands of them, in every country of the civilized world.

Don't Be Discouraged

Never mind how low down you have fallen; I don't care a rap what your present condition is or what brought you to it—**I know I can improve you 100** per cent in a few short months. I am doing it every day for men who had given up all hope; bringing back their health and strength; making them respected members of society again; filling them with life, and ambition, pep and ginger, and enabling them to make a success in the world. I can do for **you** what I have done and am doing for others, and I WILL DO IT, if you will mark NOW, on the coupon below, the trouble or troubles that are affecting you, or the points you are most interested in, and MAIL IT TO ME TODAY.

My free book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** will show you the quick, easy, sensible, **manly** way out of your difficulties; the way that has brought renewed hope and confidence and joy of living to thousands of other men; it will show you how to make yourself FIT to live; FIT to marry; or, if you are married already, it will help you become the father of healthy, happy, laughing children who will be a joy to you and your wife as long as you live. YOU WANT THAT BOOK.

Do Your Part Now

Do YOUR part, and I'll do MINE—I guarantee it. Fill out and send me the coupon, with three 2c stamps for postage and packing on the free book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** and I'll send you with it, without charge, helpful, **personal** information on the conditions that are troubling you. DON'T DELAY—here's the coupon—Do your part NOW.

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TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM
34-36 Lake St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

RENT OR BUY

Flying to Success

(*Continued from page* 59)

Finally, Ruth came West with her aunties and had no difficulty in getting into pictures and soon became a star in her own right, playing under Rupert Julian's direction for two years, besides appearing in many of Monroe Salisbury's features.

"We had the most delightful vacation last summer at Seven Oaks," related Miss Clifford. "Just think, Seven Oaks is right in the mountains, a most delightful camp with little shacks, and we stayed three whole months, fishing and shooting, taking long hikes, and having jolly times about a campfire at night, when it grew chilly. Really, that was more like a pleasure trip than a business proposition."

"Do you play an instrument, Miss Clifford?" I ventured.

"Yes, I play a 'cello, that's different from the usual musical accomplishment, isn't it? I love a stringed instrument, and I am getting on so well with my studies. Besides, I go now to Denishawn to study all kinds of classical dancing. It's awfully hard at first, one's muscles just seem to give out, but it will give one confidence and grace eventually. I think it's always well to be prepared for emergencies—and if I can play and dance well, and should ever wish to give up pictures, I would not starve to death—and oh! how unpleasant it would be to worry about rent-days and grocery bills, horrors!" Every one of the pretty light brown curls on Ruth's head bobbed energetically.

"How about moving pictures—do you visit many?"

"I go nearly every night—of course, Madame Nazimova is my favorite—isn't she everybody's? But what do you think? Last week I went with my aunties to the Iris Theater, here in Hollywood, you know the little theater that is often used for pre-views after the regular performances? Well, they were running my last picture and I could hardly look at myself on the screen, for right in front of me sat Nazimova, Charles Bryant and *her* sister—just think, three such celebrities coming to see a picture done by poor little me! I felt so honored and excited——"

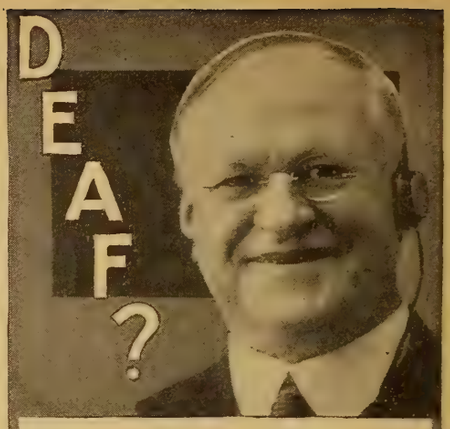
"And did you talk to her?"

"Oh, *no,* I don't know her at all and yet I was just aching to know what she thought of my picture. Perhaps I would have ached worse if *I had* known, that is, if ignorance is really all the bliss they say it is," concluded Miss Clifford philosophically.

Ruth doesn't know just what she will do—save that she is in pictures to stay. She is considering three offers, but wont divulge her plans until she has definitely signed a contract. But one thing is quite sure, the parting of Ruth and the U is final.

Yet, Miss Clifford says with a sigh that she misses that U terribly, for every one was so good to her and she felt that Universal City was cradle and go-cart to her when she was a newly-hatched star.

Geraldine Farrar was laughingly talking over some incidents of her career to Wallace Reid, when she remarked that she is so often asked her age, but added, rather archly, that she sometimes felt lost for a fitting reply, whereupon Wallace Reid mentioned, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, that she might answer that she had not yet come to the years of *discretion.*



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Where else could you get a master-photoplaywright like Frederick Palmer to take this *individual* interest in your work—and show you the way to success as a photoplay writer?

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Understand—this is NOT a mere book full of claptrap "hints" on photoplay writing; nor is it a "school" or a tedious correspondence course. It is exactly what it professes to be: a definite, clean-cut *plan* that shows you how to put your movie ideas into actual, *cashable* form.

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The Palmer Plan has so many interesting features that we can't hope to tell you all about them in this limited space. That's why we have a copy of our new illustrated booklet—"The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing"—waiting for you. Explains the Palmer Plan in detail—tells about our Advisory Service Bureau and our Manuscript Sales Department—shows our iron-clad, money-back Guarantee. Contains statements from such people as Cecil de Mille, Wm. S. Hart, Thos. Ince, Douglas Fairbanks, Lois Weber and a score of others. Send for your copy today—it's free! Learn how to turn your movie ideas into money. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also, Special Supplement containing autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, directors, etc.

Name .....

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Is the Photoplay Backsliding

(*Continued from page 37*)

every detail, must go to the director ready for use. The director, like the builder, must not be allowed to change the plans of the dramatic architect, the scenario writer."

Mr. Rowland analyzes the perfect picture as a thing of: 1, logical plot construction; 2, good characterization; 3, the right tempo in acting and direction; plus artistic photography and lighting, titles intelligent in wording and artistic in design, and a strong star personality. "Nazimova's 'Revelation' came mighty near that 100 per cent picture. Recently we have changed the tragic endings of several pictures to happy ones. Why? Because the film theatergoer wants it. Dont forget that the great mass of humanity makes up 95 per cent of your clientele—and that the mass wants relief from the conventionalities and worries of existence. When we put an unhappy ending to a picture we take $40,000 out of our own pockets. We have figured it out to a penny.

"The photoplay reflects everything. The sudden coming of peace, on top of the influenza, cost us exactly $750,000. The whole industry lost about five millions. Another jolt like that and the distribution amalgamation I predict would come about in a hurry. But it's coming anyway."

Mr. Rowland laughed. "I wouldn't want to be a producer these days without a sense of humor, otherwise you'd have nervous prostration in a week. The mad methods, the cut-throat competition, the unscrupulous ethics and the attempts of incompetents, attracted by the glamor and illusion, to enter the games, make the industry a veritable maelstrom. I'd never advise any friend of mine to put money into production, but I wouldn't want to get mine out for the world. I'm getting a lot of fun and eventually, when we all get our heads, we'll all make money."

The Man Who Doesn't Want Fame

(*Continued from page 54*)

way my forte, but others like it. I feel more fitted to do more the type of work that Walthall does. I like reticence, repression, subtlety.

"Fame," he said again, after a bit, "has always had such a hollow sound to me. It is so dependent on the fever of things. A little while . . . a few years . . . a bit of acclaim . . . a few flowers . . . and where are you? On the dump, in the vernacular. All the rest of your life still to go—so many years still to fill in—and the sad part of it all, generally too late for filling in. That is why I say I dont want Fame—alone. I seem to sense life after—well, to put it charitably, after fifty. There are a great many years, ordinarily. I do not intend that mine shall be hungry years. I could not live on the husks my youth and opportunity gave me. But if I can work for fame with joy in the working, if I can build my life even as I build my profession"—he paused and one of his rather rare smiles lit up the brief melancholy of his eyes—"that is what I am going to do," he said.

It does not come often in youth, this ripe philosophy, this gleaning from the mellower years. He is a serious young man—Chester Barnett—a very wise one.

"At Last—a *Real* Job and *Real* Money!"

"And if only I'd started earlier, I could have had them five years ago. I didn't realize at first what spare time study would do for a man. Taking up that I. C. S. course marked the real beginning of my success. In three months I received my first promotion. But I kept right on studying and I've been climbing ever since."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study. How much longer are *you* going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start *now* than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

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Contest Girdles Globe

(*Continued from page 69*)

Miss Ethel Mae Chadbourne, of 907 13th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Miss Chadbourne has been in amateur theatricals. She has blonde hair, blue eyes and is just over five feet in height.

Miss Gertrude Garretson, of 816 West 38th Street, Norfolk, Va. Miss Garretson has played small rôles in motion picture companies in Jacksonville, Florida. She has dark-brown hair and eyes and is five feet three inches in height.

Miss Augusta Piltz, of 5553 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Being in the screen center, Miss Piltz is now playing extra rôles with coast companies. She has dark-gray eyes, blonde hair and is five feet three inches.

Edward D. P. Hennes, Co. D, Personnel Section, Camp Grant, Ill., has the distinction of being one of the few men to make a place in an honor roll thus far. Mr. Hennes had stage experience at college and he studied music for seven years. He is an excellent athlete. Mr. Hennes has brown eyes, black hair and is six feet three in height.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for May will carry the sixth honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between February 15th and March 1st. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will follow with the honor roll for March 1st to March 15th. This will be continued until the close of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. *Do not place stamps in separate envelope.* These pictures will be returned upon examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls. Pictures may be lost in handling and we cannot guarantee the safe return of portraits.

If your pictures were entered before February 15th and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again. The quality of your portrait, weakness of photography, etc., may have had something to do with its failure to win a place.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. In reality these injure your chances of consideration. The judges prefer to consider all contestants equally. Besides, if a colored picture is selected for the honor roll, it will not reproduce as well in an engraving as an ordinary portrait.

The contest is open to men.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she (as the contest is now open to men) will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, or a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

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Address.....(street)

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When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

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Three Is a Crowd

(*Continued from page* 64)

Her right to live and all things—all things save that she had come here with Hilary in the first weeks of their marriage—save that she had come here with Hilary and he had forgotten her—save that Hilary had come here, finally, to get away from her—to write. Now she was come—to get away from Hilary forever.

Darrell was recuperating. This was an adventure which had turned out scarcely to his liking. Darrell was a worm. He did not dare for anything so bizarre as this. Hilary Farrington had taken from the intoxicating champagne of his passion for Eloise the fizz and life. There was a flatness in his mouth.

When they walked into the lodge a supper table was temptingly set before the fire. The fire, newly made, sputtered reassuringly. Behind the table, napkin flung professionally over arm, was *Hilary*.

Darrell swore under his breath. He would have laughed save that there was no mirth on the face of Hilary Farrington—no mirth at all. Merely a deep gravity, a deep solicitude for their comfort, for their well-being.

Eloise was staring at her husband. He smiled easily back at her. "I know you, El," he was saying temperately, "and I know emotional storms—they leave one deucedly hungry afterward. Of course, one doesn't say so in the modern novel—wouldn't sit well with the saccharine following—but it's a fact. A fact. So I chased ahead of you in my roadster and fixed up the things I know you like—hope you will, too, Darrell."

Darrell forced down the squab and romaine, the delicious coffee and flaky pastries. It was all so much sawdust. He felt a hankering for Nora Gail. Nora was a bully good sport. She would keep a chap straight, he thought. Out of such deuced queer messes.

Eloise ate more enjoyably. She felt somehow at ease to have Hilary hovering over her. It seemed to bridge a lapse. Even so had he hovered over her in their most Arcadian days. He did not seem to have forgotten the knack, nor her tastes, nor her distastes. Where was gone his abstraction when, with nervous fingers jerking at his hair he would command her to "run off—dont you see, I'm busy"? Not all the crowding perplexities of life could have made *her* too busy for him. She had not understood his preoccupation save that it augured ashes where there had been that living, unforgettable flame. Yes, unforgettable.

Hilary urged them to take a stroll after supper. "I know I am the intruder," he said, "but would you mind if I stop the night? My roadster sort of went to pieces in my hurry and I'm, as it were, sort of compelled. I shant trouble you after tonight. I'm deucedly sorry. Awkward, I know."

Darrell muttered a word that might have been "delighted." Eloise was silent. But Hilary knew her silences, her soft silences.

Darrell exploded on their enforced walk. "He's making a damned fool of me!" he declared; "a damned fool. If you care for me, Eloise, as you have said, you'd get me out of this—get me away from him. It's the most preposterous thing!"

"Perhaps," suggested Eloise, "he thinks you were going to make a damned fool out of *him*—running away with his wife, dont you know, Darrell?"

"No, I dont!" savagely sputtered the modern "Love o' Women;" "lots of men

(*Continued on page* 110)

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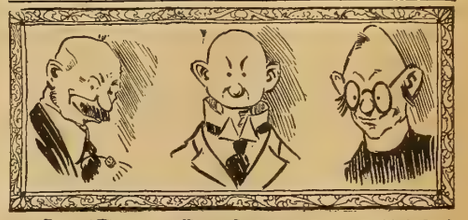

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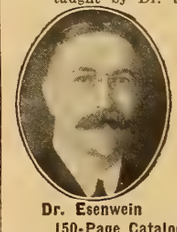

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have had their wives run away. But the men who do the running dont have said husbands playing valet to them and steward and chef and chaperone . . ."

"Oh," said Eloise, rather wistfully, "I dont think Hilary intends to be a *chaperone!*"

"The hell he doesn't!" quoth Darrell.

Eloise abhorred profanity. She looked at Darrell critically. She had never been in a critical mood before—when she was with Darrell. She had been too eager. She decided that his profile was weak and his eyes evasive. He didn't have the directness of Hilary.

The day was not so strange as the night. Hilary was always a profound sleeper. People who work strenuously but healthily with their brains generally are. On this night he seemed to do no sleeping. Twice during the night Eloise heard the knob of her door turned and twice opened it to find Hilary without looking rather grim.

In the morning Darrell caught a moment alone with her. "You said he wasn't going to play chaperone!" he hissed, "hell!"

Eloise wondered, dismally, what it might be like to spend her life with a man who mentioned Hades with every other breath. It had such an unpleasant suggestion.

In the afternoon, as the three were taking a most stilted tea, Nora Gail walked in.

"How amazing!" she said, breezily, "that my car should break down at this opportune—or is it inopportune—place?"

She did not miss the lightning of Darrell's eyes. Nor the straightening of his shoulders. She thrilled. She loved this will-o'-the-wisp. After a while he would have too much of flowers, too much of nectar and honey. Yes, she loved him.

Hilary welcomed her effusively.

After awhile Darrell caught Eloise alone. "I get Farrington now," he whispered with meaning; "his apparent complacence — and everything. All of his darned queer actions. He was planning a getaway with Nora. He forgot that *she* was coming here when he shipped *us* here so eagerly. Oh, it's clear as crystal *now!*"

He gave it up when Eloise fled, sobbing, from the place.

Out in the woods Eloise faced about and reviewed the matter. Deep in her heart she did not believe that Hilary was in love with Nora Gail. Still, neither was she, deep in her heart, in love with Darrell McKnight, yet she had planned to spend the remainder of her days in his company. Life was very queer. One did what one really did not want to do at all and one *didn't* do what the core of one's being impelled. The core of Eloise's being impelled her to seek Hilary's arms. To say to him, "I have been a little, little fool, my love, but now I know. I shall never be a fool again if you will let me love you. Just let me love you, Hilary, that will be enough."

Eloise ran about in a trap. On all sides were Hilary, Nora and Darrell. There was no escape. If only she could rid herself of Darrell and Nora Gail. If only they might be eliminated and she and Hilary left alone in a world of new values. How different she would be! How patient! How careful! It is a sad thing when one may not, in the evening, condone the fault of the morning. Eloise was anguishing for her maltreated morning. She had had Hilary. If she had not had the writer she had had the man. That was much. It was very much. It was much *more* than having the sum total of Darrell McKnight who had no sum total to give, it being squandered.

All at once she thought of her uncle. This may seem irrelevant to the rather amazing situation, but this was a very particular brand of uncle. In the first place, he was a Bishop, which has many possibilities. In the second place, when Eloise's young parents had diphtheritically orphaned her the Bishop had stepped forward and proffered his services as mother and father. He had fulfilled the dual rôle admirably and tenderly. Likewise, in the due course of events, many others. He was the solver of many, many difficulties.

Eloise, tearful, called him up. Into the receiver she sobbed her tribulations. The Bishop knew men. He appreciated a clever stroke. He saw thru Farrington and chortled back to the teary individual who reviled him for his mirth. "I'll be right over," he said in conclusion.

Eloise went back to the lodge. She spent the afternoon looking dolefully at Hilary who seemed to be having the most intriguing sort of a time with Nora Gail. Eloise miserably decided that Nora would be much the more suitable woman for Hilary. She would understand him.

When the Bishop arrived at twilight he came briskly in and informed them that he had come to perform the ceremony. He addressed Darrell, "You called me for this purpose, I believe?" he asked

Darrell gave up. Predicament followed predicament, it seemed. Life had become utterly inexplicable. Women, husbands, bishops and naughty wives were stewing chaotically in his dreary brain. Besides, even in his befuddlement, he had not liked the way Nora and Hilary Farrington had talked together that afternoon. Their heads had been literally touching. Once, Farrington had raised her ringed hand in his. Darrell felt stabs the like of which he had never felt before. Nora, it seemed, was getting under his skin. He thought of Eloise. She had been forbidden him—just so had she been sweet. He couldn't have lived up to Eloise. He knew that. He nodded to the Bishop, who was eyeing him guilelessly. "Yes," he said and heaved a vast sigh.

Nora Gail was too seasoned to spoil her heart's desire by evincing the surprise that caught at her throat. She smiled and a slow red covered her face and throat. Joy came hard to her.

Farrington disappeared to the cellarette to return, rather pale, just in time for the ceremony. Only Eloise stood calmly by with one of her shining silences upon her like a gentle mantle.

Farrington prepared another supper and at dusk the wedding party was gone. Eloise clung about her uncle's bishoprical neck as he made ready to accompany to the station the two he had made one.

When they had gone Farrington stood and looked at her. She cast down her eyes. "How did he come?" asked Hilary, "the Bishop . . Eloise?"

"I . . I . . ." there was a painful gulp.

"You—sent for him? Why?"

"To—I hoped—*just what happened!*" managed Eloise desperately. "I wanted—wanted to be—alone with—*you!*"

Farrington took her in his arms. "Alone," he muttered in his tightened throat and then he kist her hair; beyond the tracks of man," he added, and then he kist her mouth.

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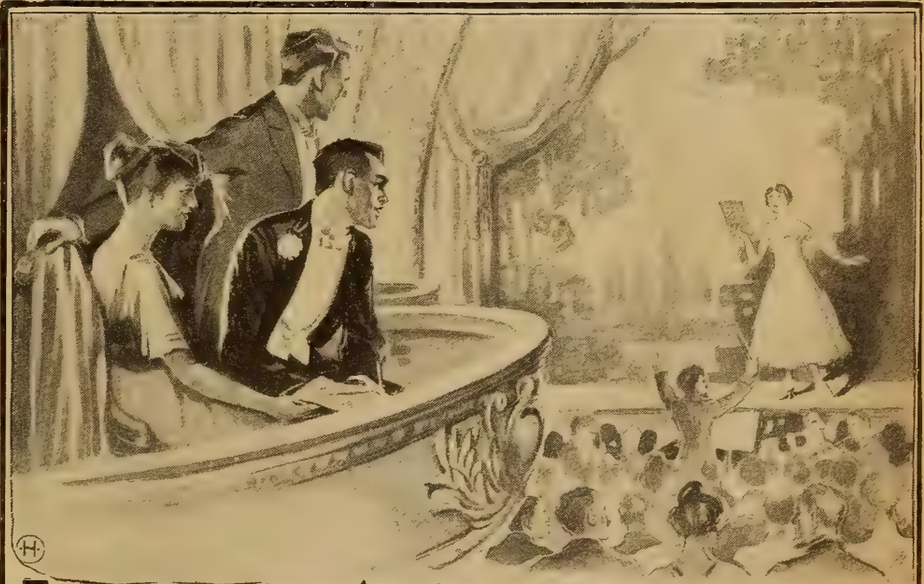

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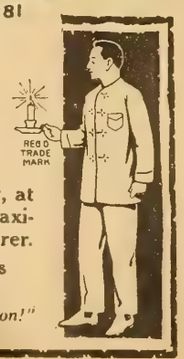

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The Polly-Sidney Drew (*Continued from page 71*)

rehearsed yet again—this time with Polly's extra touch of comedy inserted. This, I found later, was an old trial of theirs—they often thought of some little touch at the last moment which never failed to prove a success—so utterly spontaneous and natural is their work.

When Polly and Mr. Drew at last discovered my presence, I was joyously greeted and given a seat of honor at the right of the camera-man—a vantage point whence I could see everything without ever getting even my shadow in the way—one of the studio's worst social blunders, by the way.

"Just look at the way they've arranged those hangings," came in a sort of despairing wail from Polly, and with a deft touch she rearranged the offending draperies. By the way—if you've never noticed the clever feminine touches to the Drew sets which make their home always so cozy—watch the next picture you see of them, for Polly's finishing touches.

At this point it became necessary for a change of costume all around as other scenes were to be "shot." Polly was back before any of the others. Henry wandered in next, looking dubiously about.

"What's the matter, honey?" called Polly, watching him poking into things

"Cant find a match," he replied, holding out an unlighted cigaret. Polly was off in a moment and back with a box of matches. "Here, let me fix your make-up, it's terrible," she said with wifely solicitude, and drew out a powder puff and an eyebrow pencil; the docile Henry blew his smoke out of the corner of his mouth beyond her head.

Before lunch time, five scenes had been taken—which you may be sure is a remarkable record. Luncheon was served in a little private dining-room, five flights down from the studio, and the Drews, myself, and Mrs. Drew's younger sister, who happened to be playing a part on this picture, were the only ones present. Henry seemed distraught.

"There's mince pie for dessert," he said at last.

"But you know you aren't allowed to eat it," and Polly almost unkindly reminded him of the terrible *last time* he ate it!

"But this is a *better* mince pie," he said, and I noticed that his eyes wandered several times, longingly, toward the luscious golden brown and flaky-crusted confection reposing on a side table.

However, he managed to resist, and before long we were thru and upstairs ready for work again. This time Polly, the Punctual, was late and while we waited, Henry sat smoking in the dressing-room.

"She's probably telling the property-men tomorrow's scenes, the camera-man how many feet of film to order, giving the electrician his instructions and telling the folks in the cast what to wear," Henry said, and from the hustle and animation of busy workers proceeding from the studio, I judged he was right. Mrs. Drew not only writes their comedies and directs them—she supervises each detail of construction.

"I believe she'd like to paint the furniture and make the costumes if she could," Henry told me.

Just then the door flew open and an excited Polly flew in.

"Henry dear, what do you think I've been doing?" she cried as she ran into the center of the room and seated herself on the edge of a table. Somehow she always gives the impression of a bird poised for flight—so full of restless energy is she.

"Building an airship, probably," suggested Henry dryly.

"No, I've been fitting up our traveling caravan," she replied.

"Our *what?*" he asked, glaring at her as only *Henry can* glare.

"The thing we are taking along with us when we go on our road show," she explained patiently. "You see, while we are taking 'Keep Her Smiling' from place to place around the country, we can still keep on making pictures. I've got camera equipment, props, lights, developing tank, and printing outfit, you see. Oh yes, and a projection machine so I can clip the pictures and assemble the scenes while we are on tour."

"But it cant be done," said Henry, sitting down hard.

"It's *all* done," laughed Polly. "Everything is ready and I can write the pictures on the train as we travel from place to place."

Henry looked at her and then a smile broke and he chuckled.

"Gypsy players, as it were!" Then he turned to me with, "You see—if she did all this in ten minutes' telephoning, there's no limit. Hurry now and we'll give you a lift back to town—we're off to Newark for the evening performance."

At the Well of Ponce de Leon

(*Continued from page 39*)

Children? Not if one has a profession. One has to leave them to servants and after awhile they, the children, are just LIKE the servants and you find some little strangers in your home!

"I've always wanted to go on the stage—always—all the time. As far back as I can remember I used to dress up in the odds and ends I found in the attic and parade about, being everything from Ophelia down. I think it was fortunate for me that I knew so early what I wanted to do, because then I didn't waste any precious time testing other things. I just always knew. My family all objected—quite strenuously. They are all Methodists and very religious folk. I've an uncle and aunt who never hear my name without a shudder to this day. My mother helped me. She didn't believe in my choice, but she knew ME, and so when we came on to New York for our vacation one year she came with me, and when I got my first engagement I just announced it to her—and she helped me ever after."

Fannie Ward told me more of her beginning-of-things—told me, too, that she and Mr. Deane were waiting for passports for London, while vacationing in New York, where she has had an offer to appear, jointly, on both screen and stage. Her stay abroad, she said, would be indefinite. I must admit to it that I lost a great part of the telling. It was such an extraordinarily fascinating business—listening to her talk, thinking of her many achievements, endeavoring to reconcile them with the fragmentary, interjectory manner of the little-more-than-a-child she is. She has never, I concluded, veritably NEVER grown up. I had an odd feeling that, on her travels, and she has circumnavigated the globe, she has stolen from each land some nectarine of peach-bloom youth, some slender golden secret from a lotus flower, some secret of immortality from a blowing scarlet poppy . . . or else . . . and here is food for thought . . . a pertinent question . . . a logical surmise . . . it is all a myth, this publicized age of Fannie Ward's . . . and she has been doing, indeed, a clever little sum in addition rather than the customary one in subtraction . . . Query?

One Million Dollars a Year

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One Hundred Dollars a Week

is being made by thousands of persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

Hundreds of Thousands of People

are asking every day such questions as these:

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- Can I become a photoplayer?
- Have I sufficient talent?
- Have I the necessary personality?
- How can I become a Motion Picture Director?
- Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?
- Can I write for Motion Pictures?
- Have I a "Motion Picture face"?
- Can I train myself for any branch of the business?
- If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have long remained unanswered. But they can be answered. There have been schools that pretend to teach Motion Picture acting, but they are generally frowned upon by the profession. Personality, charm, winsomeness and beauty are God-given gifts. They can be cultivated and improved, but not created. Acting is a natural talent. Some have it, others acquire it, but most people who haven't it never will learn it. Grace is natural to some, but most people can acquire it. There is no rule about beauty, grace, charm, etc., and some may win without any one of the supposedly necessary requirements. Here are a few very successful stars:

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The handsome **Creighton Hale** has been entertainingly chatted. This will be another of those remarkable personality talks that are making the CLASSIC famous.

These are but a few of the big features. It wouldn't be fair to tell everything, of course, thus destroying your surprise. Besides, up-to-the-minute features are added right up to the second of going to press. But let us whisper that there will be stunning pictures and stories about such players as **June Elvidge, May Allison, Martha Mansfield, Alma Rubens** and other stars you love.

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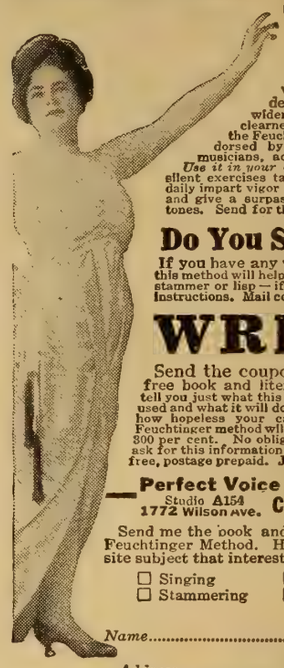

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XVII JUNE, 1919 No. 5

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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PAG

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Letters to the Editor

A letter which will interest the Crane Wilbur fans:

DEAR EDITOR—I note that in nearly every issue of your magazine some of the Crane Wilbur fans ask where he is and what he is doing so I thought I would let you know.

For the past year and a half he has been playing in a stock company in Oakland. Part of that time he played at the "Crane Wilbur Play House" with his own company. He has written and produced several successful plays. Something of his versatility may be gleaned by his ability to impersonate an Irishman with his true Irish brogue and the following week take off a Jewish character with an equally perfect Jewish dialect. And again he will be a darky right from sunny Dixieland. There seems to be no character or dialect too hard for him to master. Needless to say, he is a great favorite both in Oakland and San Francisco. Some time ago J. C. B. asked the Answerman what religion Crane Wilbur believed in, if any. I do not know what he is, but judging by his willingness to use his time and talent for all kinds of charity work, he must be a mixture of everything that is good.

If you have space to publish the above letter, I think it will give Crane Wilbur fans some idea of what their favorite is doing while he is off screen.

Thanking you for your kind attention I have the pleasure to be a MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE reader.

Sincerely yours,
LILLAS ST. CLAIR.

A voice of enthusiasm sings the praises of May Allison:

DEAR EDITOR—I have been an interested reader of your department for about two years, but this letter is my first contribution. There seems to be a lull on the verbal battlefield just now, but perhaps the various opponents are preparing a new offensive, which they soon will launch with unprecedented fury.

Everybody seems to have certain stars which they either praise or claw over their merits, without regard to the star's feelings. The star I shall select for *praise* is May Allison. Truly she is an actress the movie world should be proud of. I dont see how anybody could see her in such plays as "The Return of Mary," in all her moods of happiness and sorrow and not have a feeling of infinite admiration and sympathy for her. She is happiness, beauty, and vivacity personified and fairly radiates irresistible personality. Again, a person who sees her flit over the screen like a fairy, and then sees her broken by sadness, like a lily crushed by thoughtless hands, and fails to be converted to a powerful Allison adherent, I must say, is entirely void of appreciation of any kind. If there is another actress on the screen who can sway my emotions as May Allison does I should like to see her. I can sit passively thru the persecution of any heroine except May Allison. My emotions are a slave to her slightest movement or look.

I dont claim by my preceding eulogy to do full justice to Miss Allison's ability, and if there is anybody who can sing her praises as they should be sung, so be it. Come on, all you admirers of May Allison and show her that you appreciate her work. No tribute is too good for her.

Good luck to the M. P. M., the aristocrat of all movie publications.

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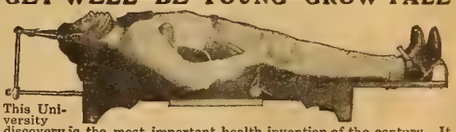

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(Continued on page 13)

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life;** for if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long trail of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

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"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capitally with a capital C.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play.

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page* 12)

Shubert.—"Good-Morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Built around the farcical efforts of a magistrate to escape a raid on a lively café, thus being arraigned in his own court. The de luxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and her brother, Charlie King, and George Harrell contribute excellent first aid.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since 'The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"The Climax." A comedy with incidental music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who loses her voice—and heart. Eleanor Painter is convincing.

"Roads of Destiny." Channing Pollock has devised an old drama from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tyltyl.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story. Effie Shannon is excellent. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle; remainder of cast is the original New York company.

"Sinbad," with Al Jolson in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and Kitty Doner.

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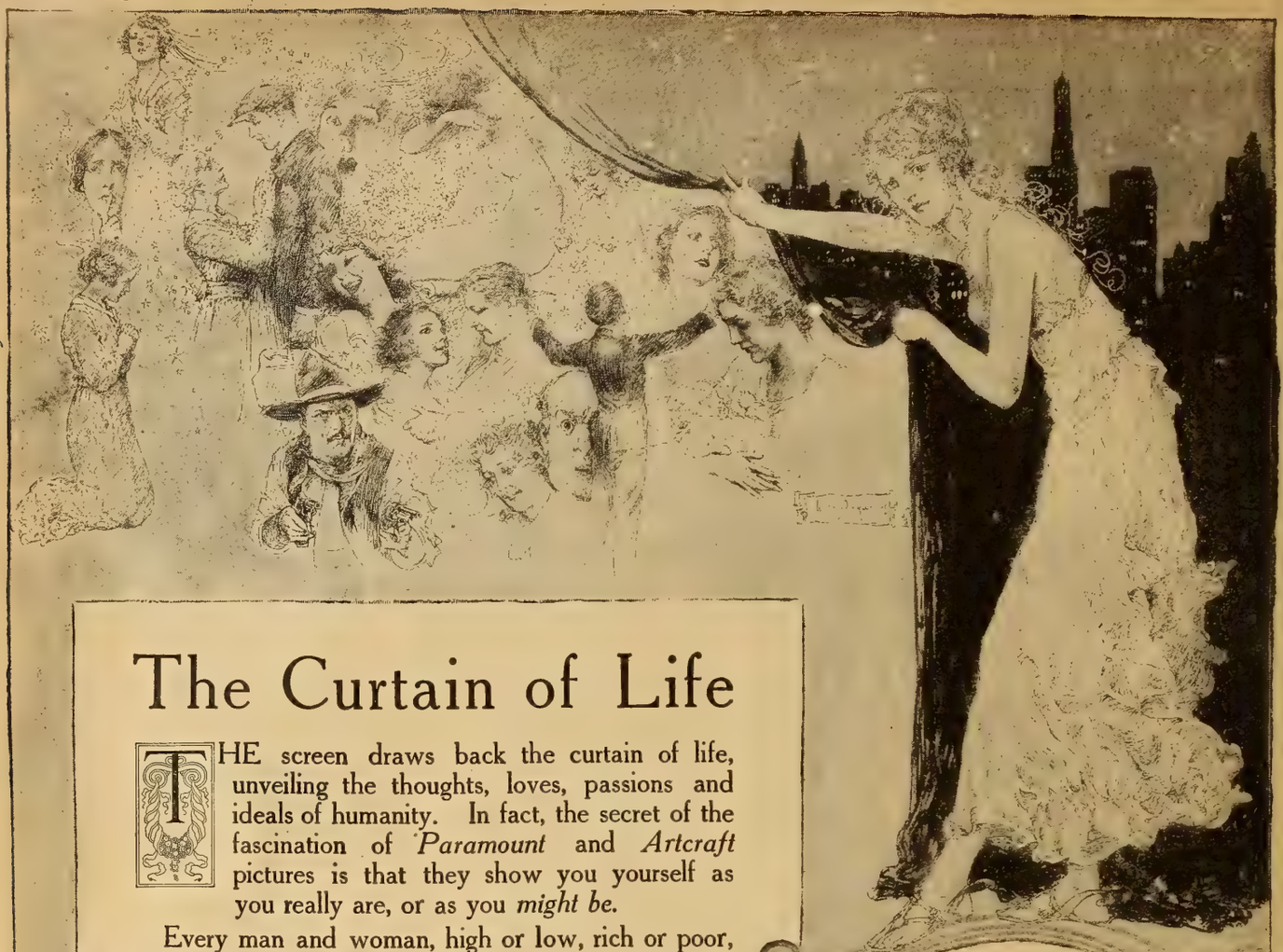

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Paramount

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
***Enid Bennett** in "The Law of Men"
Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Lina Cavalieri in "The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clarke in "Let's Elope"
Ethel Clayton in "Maggie Pepper"
***Dorothy Dalton** in "The Homebreaker"
Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish in "Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee in "Puppy Love"
Vivian Martin in "Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason in "The Rescuing Angel"
***Charles Ray** in "Greased Lightning"
Wallace Reid in "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn in "Something to Do"

Paramount Artcraft Specials

"Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)* A Wm. A. Brady Production
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" starring Wm. Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed At Home"
***William S. Hart** in "The Money Corral"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount - Mack Sennett Comedies "The Foolish Age" "The Little Widow"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "The Last Bottle"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "The Amateur Liar"

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JUNE, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover Portrait of Olive Thomas, painted by Leo Sielke after photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Altho a personality story with our girl on the cover appears on page 38 of this issue, it might not be amiss to add that we have given her this place of honor because she is one of the most promising of the younger stars. Her last picture under the old Triangle régime, "Toton," is an example of her versatility, but much greater things are expected of "Upstairs and Down," her first play as a Myron Selznick star.

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WATCH FOR

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READ

"The Crimson Iris" while there is yet a chance of your winning one of our generous prizes.

17 AGL

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Gallery of Players

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ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Elaine is a granddaughter of the famous Oscar Hammerstein, who revolutionized the American world of music. She appeared in "High Jinks" and other musical shows, in several dramas, including "The Trap," and first went into pictures with Robert Warwick. "The Argyle Case" marked her début.

© Alfred C. Johnston

DORIS KENYON

Miss Kenyon was born in Syracuse. After considerable success behind the footlights, she invaded the silent drama while appearing in "Princess Pat." Her first big part was opposite George Beban in "The Pawn of Fate." She played with World, Famous Players and other producing organizations and now she has a company all her own.

© Hartsook, L. A.

DOUGLAS MacLEAN

Douglas is a native of Chicago and he was educated at Northwestern Academy at Evanston, Ill., and the Lewis Institute of Technology in Chicago. He went on the stage, appearing with Maude Adams and other Charles Frohman stars. After an extended experience in stock, he invaded the photoplay with World Film. Recently he has been appearing with Mary Pickford, Enid Bennett, Dorothy Gish and other stars on the coast.

Photo Campbell Studio

PEARL SHEPHERD

Miss Shepherd played in screen comedies for some four years before she invaded the serious film plays. Her début in emotionalism was in "The Echo of Youth," an Ivan Abramson production. Here she attracted much attention. Miss Shepherd's most recent photoplay was "Break the News to Mother," a Julius Steger production.

Photo Hoover Art Studio

ALMA RUBENS

Miss Rubens is a star these days with a producing company all her own. She was born in 'Frisco and just happened into the movies. She had the distinction of starting as leading woman for Doug Fairbanks in "The Half Breed," and she never had the trying experiences many young women have to undergo in seeking movie fame. It was but a step from leads to stardom. Her first starring vehicle was "The Firefly of Tough Luck" with Triangle.

AUDREY BERRY

The screen will soon see the return of Audrey Clayton Berry, for a long time a popular member of the Vitagraph Company. Little Miss Berry is a Kentucky girl and a descendant of Rolfe, the husband of the famous Pocahontas. It was only a few years ago that Miss Berry distinguished herself in child roles with Pathé and the famous Blackton-Smith forces in the history-making days of old Vitagraph.

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Helping Our the Red

A Visit to

By ELSIE

"A very pale boy invited me with his eyes to come and talk to him. There was only one answer," says Elsie Ferguson

THE Grand Central Palace in New York City was ablaze with lights and a-dazzle with social prominence for three weeks during the winter of 1918. Automobiles, dogs, food, sentiment—everything—was sold there at auction, and millions of dollars were raised to aid the Allied Nations. This was the largest and most picturesque bazaar that the city of New York has ever staged, and it was called "Hero Land."

Today in the same place there is being staged another Hero Land. It is quite different. It came unheralded; there was no blaze of lights, no social prominence. It is a *real* Hero Land—a base hospital for our wounded soldiers returning from the world struggle, every man a hero. And this big nine-story building seems to say to you as you pass down its halls: "I am very proud of being asked by the War Department to do this service for my country; it is the finest thing that I have ever done."

It was late in December of 1918 when the War Department turned this building into Debarkation Hospital No. 5. Immediately military doctors came to take care of the sick and wounded, and from the first, side by side with the medical department of the army, the morality department of the Red Cross has rendered its service.

On my first visit to the hospital I was surprised at the strange air of desertion in the halls and expressed my surprise to Major Neegaard. "Oh," he said, "we have only about four hundred men here at present. Tomorrow we will have three thousand new ones. Most of our four hundred are out now to theater or dinner parties or automobile riding. The people of the city love to entertain the boys, and they love to be entertained, you may be sure."

I suppose because the base of supplies is so important in the army, I was first conducted to the Red Cross storeroom. It is a big room with deep shelves outlining it on three sides. I can liken it to nothing but an intensified country store, so varied were the contents of those shelves. Hundreds, (it may have been thousands), of boxes of cigarets formed what seemed to be an insurmountable wall on one side, and this wall of "smokes" was flanked by bars and bars of chocolate. And there were shelves and shelves filled with blue and white flannel dressing-gowns, sweaters, socks and comfort bags, made by Red Cross volunteer workers eager to add a little happiness to the soldiers' lives. On the bottom shelf was a long row of jams and jellies; these had been made by some mother who had lost her own boy and who sent them for the pleasuring of some other mothers' sons. Three big boxes of oranges waited to bring cooling delight to fevered patients. And near them, in orderly fashion, were twenty baskets and in each basket a slip of paper.

"Seeing New York" with Jane Cowl of the Stage Women's War Relief. Miss Cowl entertains the wounded boys on the screen and in her limousine

These baskets so piqued my curiosity I ceased my inventory of the place and begged for an explanation. The explanation was quickly forthcoming. They were for articles not found in the storeroom and the slips of paper bore the lists of special requests. Perhaps it was a box of sardines, a bottle of Bevo, *The Breeders' Gazette* or a present for the folks back home. I was assured that whatever the request, it is filled. The Red Cross sees to it that these boys have everything they want that is within reason.

I was glad of this assurance, glad to see all the good things waiting to give comfort and pleasure to the men

Heroes Thru Cross

Hero Land

FERGUSON

who withheld nothing in their giving to their country.

From the first floor we journeyed up to the fourth floor, for Major Neegaard was impatient to show me the new theater in the building.

"What the boys really love," he said, "is a good show, and the Stage Women's War Relief puts one on three or four times a week. These stage women have done a fine piece of volunteer work; no other single organization has helped us so much in keeping up the morale of the boys. Take, for instance, this theater. It's going to cost a big sum, and

two films of two reels each will pay the bill. Of course, this is possible only because both the scenarios and the acting have been volunteered. That's pretty wonderful for people who are as busy as they are, isn't it? It means a real sacrifice, for time is money in their profession."

But the motion picture actresses do not limit their appearances for the hospital to the screen. They come in person and visit the boys. I walked thru the wards with Violet Heming one day and the boys recognized her with joy as one of their "movie" friends. They love her on the screen and they love her off the screen. No wonder, she is as sincere and charming as she is pretty and young.

Fate singled out one chap on that occasion and marked him for the envy of all the others when conversation revealed that Miss Heming had been in his own home town and knew its streets and familiar corners. "Gee," cried the boy, after an excited few minutes, "I wish you'd write to the folks. They'd love to hear that I am among people who know the little old burg."

Happily Miss Heming complied, and when she had finished he told us that the fountain pen which she had used had been taken from the first German he "got" at Chateau Thierry. Eighteen months this man had been in France and had passed thru a year's fighting without a scratch until the day before the armistice was signed, when "he got his."

That same afternoon a very pale boy, unable to leave his bed, invited me with pleading eyes to come and talk to him. There is only one response possible to such an invitation. In our conversation I learnt that this boy had given an arm to help win the victory at Belleau Woods. But he didn't want to talk about that—he wanted to talk about his people, who live on a farm in Minnesota about twelve miles from Minneapolis.

"You know," he said, "I think I would have died if it hadn't been for thinking of that clean, quiet farm with my nice folks on it. I've been a wanderer for near seven years now. I've been all 'round. But I am going

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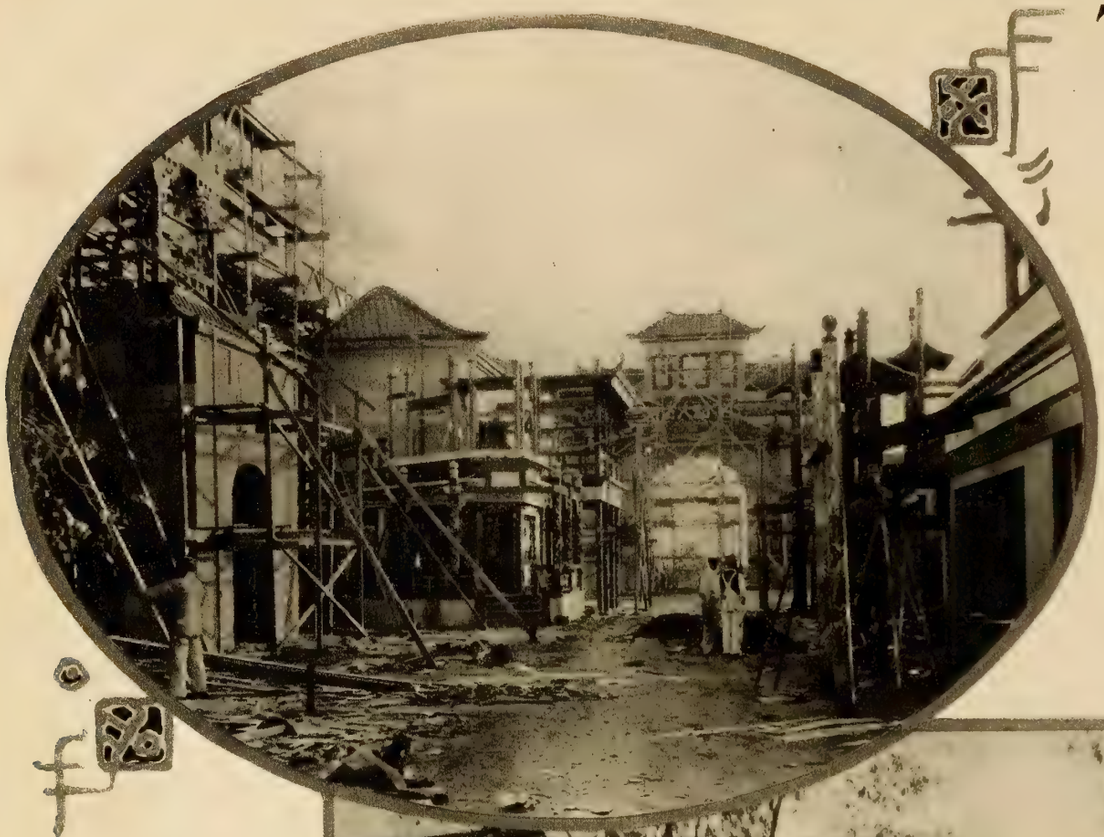
Alice Brady of the Stage Women's War Relief working out a picture puzzle with wounded men at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, while a Red Cross aide keeps watch to see that the game does not become too exciting

Photos by Paul Thompson

The New



All fads are expensive, but none more so than those of the picture world. At present each producer seems to want to put on a Chinese photoplay. Whereupon costumes and sets mount doubly in price, to say nothing of the cost of research work

Here are the streets of old Pekin being reproduced at the Metro studio, Hollywood, California. No expense was spared to make this an exact reproduction of Pekin with all the elaborateness that marked the Manchu dynasty. The play staged in these thrilling surroundings is "The Red Lantern"

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

It was perhaps natural that she should turn to war work and her way of doing this was to spread cheer among the soldiers.

She could scarcely rest easy until she got over there. It takes time to get passports and permission to go across in wartime. Mrs. Castle's passport reached her just twenty-four hours before sailing.

Taking no maid and only the bare feminine necessities, Mrs. Castle boarded the transport that night at twelve-thirty. Sailing-time was, of course, a secret, so that, when the ship weighed anchor at 7:40 in the morning, Irene Castle stood on deck alone, with no one to wave good-by to, no one to wish her *bon voyage*.

Two thousand troops and 300 women, Red Cross nurses, were aboard the transport. One poor lad, maddened by homesickness and terror, slashed his throat and was given a deep-sea burial.

From that moment Mrs. Castle arranged entertainments for the boys and put up prizes for shuffleboard and other games.

Upon her arrival in London she found herself besieged with reporters, interviewers, invitations to tea and dinner.

Mrs. Castle's two fads are babies and dogs. She maintains a colored orphanage at Manhasset and, if she had her way, every unhappy dog in the world would find a home in her house

Photos by Ira Hill Studios, N. Y.

She wrote home, despairfully, "Oh, if I had known it was going to be like this, I would never have come."

Those, however, were the first few days. Then came the real efforts. Sir James Barrie wrote a scenario called "The Spirit of the Red Cross" and requested that Mrs. Castle portray the lead. She was commanded to dance before the royal family and was asked to help entertain Marshal Joffre on his visit to London.

Having sailed without evening or dancing costumes, Mrs. Castle found that all these entertainments required her to purchase costumes and practice new dances. She found that the English shops ran to gold lace, jet and beads.

"You can imagine," she said, "how appropriate these would be for my figure."

But she soon persuaded the English shops to make up some costumes according to her designs. Her method of doing this is to sketch roughly the lines she wishes followed.

Then she called in a Spanish ballet instructor, for she had become stiff from many months of inactivity. He bent her limbs up over her head and put her thru a violently strenuous training. She stood it for the first few days, with cracking back and aching muscles.

Irene Castle will never appear with another dancing partner. "No one," she says, "could ever dance so wonderfully as Vernon. Why, he could make me dance"

Photo by Ira Hill

Then she was compelled to go into the hands of a masseuse, but returned again to rigorous practice until she was in condition once more.

Her dance before Joffre was called "France Aroused."

Mrs. Castle's account of her return from one of these entertainments gives a keen insight into her delicious sense of humor. There were practically no taxis being driven in London those days. "It was dark," she recounts, "and not a conveyance of any kind was to be had. You know how well I like walking, but there was no alternative. There I was, all dressed up like a horse and wearing idiotic shoes—half the size of my feet. I forced myself to walk towards home—until I got so blamed tired I sat down on the old curbstone and cried until the tears rolled down my cheeks. Finally I picked myself up and trundled home."

Later Mrs. Castle visited the training camps.

"I found the men cheerful," she said, "and I sang before 2,000 of them in an immense hall. They were still cheerful when I finished, which is saying a great deal for them!"

At Christmas time, Mrs. Castle sent orders home for a Christmas dinner, presents and a tree for her colored babies at Manhasset.

"See that they have everything they want," she wrote. "They mustn't miss their Christmas."

This is in reference to the colored orphanage at Manhasset which Mrs. Castle helps maintain. Helping poor babies is one of Mrs. Castle's fads, the other is—dogs.

No matter how it eats into her purse, it is impossible for her to refuse anything to a baby or a dog. One day while in London she passed a shop window where a large, hungry-eyed bull pup was displayed for sale.

Mrs. Castle stopped and looked at him. She wanted to buy him, but her two sisters-in-law, who were with her at the time, urged upon her the necessity of economy and the utter foolishness of buying another dog.

Mrs. Castle allowed herself to be persuaded, but the next day she wrote her manager, "It's no use; you'll have to find more money for me somehow. I've bought another dog! I passed him by in the afternoon, but all night long I could see his pitiful little hungry eyes looking prayerfully up into mine, so the first thing this morning I went down and bought him. I carried him home, but there was no meat to be bought anywhere. Do you know, that poor puppy ate dates and pears, he was so famished. I'll be economical from now on, Wag dear, but you wouldn't have me leave him to starve, would you?"

Thus it is that the Castle coffers are always drained. If Mrs. Castle did not have a strict business manager, who is also her friend, her house would be filled with every Belgian baby, starving dog, homeless monkey or squirrel she heard of—and she would mother every one of them.

While she was still waiting in London for her commission to go to France, Herbert Brenon approached Mrs. Castle with offers to star in his new film projects, but the picture wasn't for war promotion and Mrs. Castle refused to do anything over there but war work.

When the armistice was signed, she decided to come home and returned on the Adriatic. On board she spent her time amusing the boys, traveling second-class. When the ship docked her friends stood anxiously waiting to greet her. They saw two

(*Continued on page* 105)

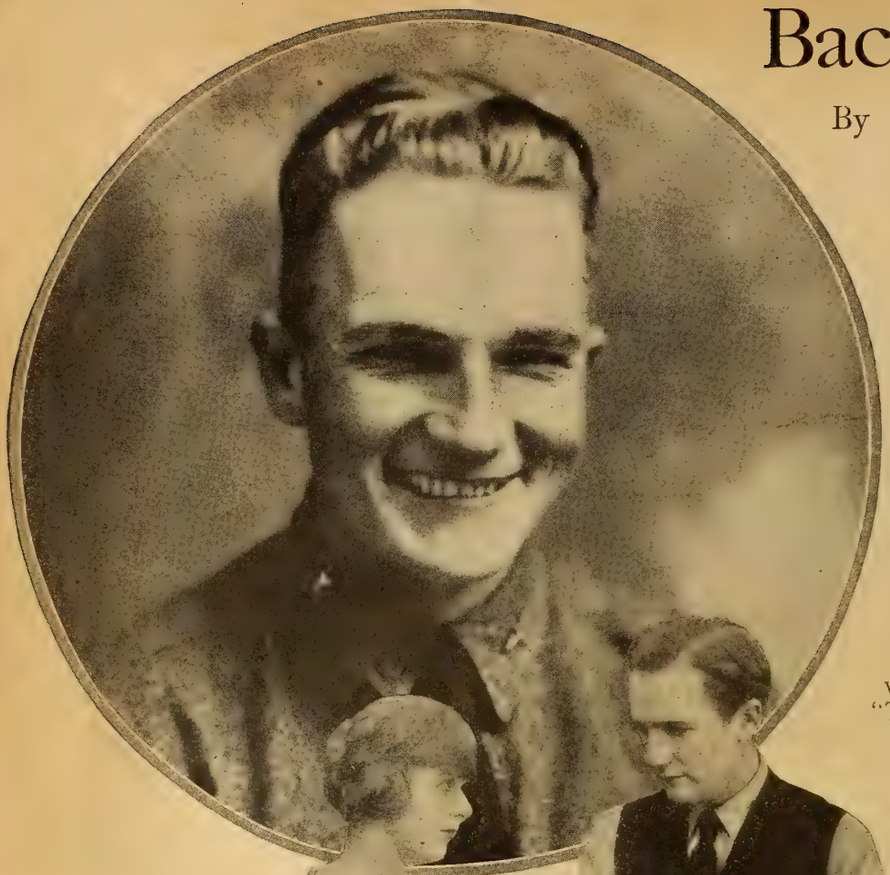
Home, Sweet Home

Out in the Wiltshire residence section of Los Angeles, Ruth Roland has bought herself a new home. She calls it a bungalow. Maybe so, but from these cross-sections, caught by the photographer's art, we'd call it something far more pretentious. From her wide porches Miss Roland has one of the most beautiful views in California

While not performing amazing feats for Pathé serials, Ruth Roland whiles away the shining hours in these surroundings

Back In Harness

By KENNETH McGAFFEY



Tom Forman has returned to pictures. Here he is shown in an old-timer, "The Evil Eye," with Blanche Sweet. *Below,* his first rôle since leaving the army in "For Better, For Worse"

"BELIEVE me," quoth Tom Forman, "it took a lot of mental agitation on my part to decide whether to leave the silent drama flat and stay in the army or whether to go back to the old grease-paint and the 'capering celleloyd.' It sure was a great life as far as I got, and I got twenty months of it, but I am glad to be back on the lot again."

Tom was just sliding into his first suit of "cits" to do a scene in Cecil B. De Mille's new picture, "For Better, For Worse," and wondering if he would know how to behave when he faced the camera again, and extolling the beauties of having his old dressing-room on the Lasky lot back.

"I enjoyed every minute I was in the army, altho I had to work like the dickens, and the doughboys dont look upon a gay and festive young juvenile in the same light as do the 'film fans.' I was sure glad they didn't, for what I got I earned and no favoritism was shown me at all. In fact, at the Officers' School, several of the instructors who had recognized me from the screen were laying for a chance to turn me back into the ranks."

Tom got leave of absence from the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which had him under a long-time contract, and enlisted in the company of coast artillery, composed almost entirely of motion picture folks and commanded by Ted Duncan, a Lasky actor, and lieutenanted by Walter Long, the screen villain, who doffed the German officer's uniform of "The Little American" to put on the khaki of Uncle Sam. This company was one of the crack organizations of the artillery, but early in the war it was split up and scattered. Now its members are slowly but surely returning to Hollywood from all parts of the world, decorated with stripes or bars or oak-leaves, signifying they have made good. Walter Long retired as a captain, Private Forman as a lieutenant, and Corporal Eddie Morrison, also from the Lasky lot, camera department, recently leaped into the limelight by posing and photographing the great human seal of the Lafayette Division and is now a lieutenant.

Tom Forman Puts on the Old Grease-Paint, Now the War's Over

Photo Witzel, L. A.

Forman didn't wait to be caught in the draft, but enlisted shortly after America decided to pay attention to the conflict. He acquired some little training in the Lasky Home Guard and didn't have to buck-private very long before he got his first chevrons. A little while later he was transferred to another camp as sergeant instructor and spent his waking hours in teaching draftees how to do "squads right." With each platoon he trained he was promised to be sent overseas, but just as each bunch moved eastward he was transferred to train a green gang, until life became one blooming "hay-foot, straw-foot" after another. In the meantime, and in spare moments, he went to the Officers' School, passed seventh in a class of one hundred and eighty-six, and landed his leather puttees and single gold bar.

Transferred from Camp Gordon, Georgia, to the aviation section at Vancouver, Washington, Tom paused at the studio long enough to say "Hello," and the next that was heard from him was that, in addition to his other duties, he was building a motion picture theater to be used for the amusement of the men as well as being adjutant of the Officers' Training School, instructor in army paper work, and a few other things, and was being scheduled for a first lieutenancy. Then the war stopped.

Tom got a furlough, came down, talked to Mr. De Mille, and then applied for his discharge. That little conversation cost the army a good officer.

Lieutenant Tom Forman. *At the left,* as he appeared in "Her Strange Wedding" with Fannie Ward and, *below,* in "The Cost of Hatred"

Forman wasn't always an actor. He was brought up in the State of Texas, where his father owned a cattle ranch, and Tom learnt to ride horseback shortly after he learnt to walk. One time, when he was twelve years old, he was sent on a four-days' journey away, and, coming back, his pony stepped into a prairie-dog hole, threw Tom, breaking his collar-bone and right arm. The plucky kid managed to scramble back onto the horse and finally

(*Continued on page* 103)

The Girl on the Cover:

A Queen Olive

DOES God love the Irish? *He does*—the Irish of the type of Olivetta, because they meet whatever is sent to them with smiles on their faces.

Who is Olivetta?

She is Mrs. Jack Pickford, one-time Olivetta Duffy and known to all the world as Olive Thomas.

She is Irish—all Irish—and has joyously "kidded" her way thru life. Like a heroine in one of Rupert Hughes' novels, she makes you think of a magnet in a world of steel filings.

A few years ago Olive Thomas, then a little girl not old enough to vote, started life as a stock girl at $3 a week in Horne's Department Store, Pittsburgh, and her first week's wage was the biggest thing that had come into her young life. She was in short dresses, with her hair down her back, when she was made a salesgirl in ginghams, and went around bragging about how lucky she was to be "the youngest saleslady at Horne's."

"I am a good judge of ginghams to this day," she said. "No one can put anything over on me in that line." Indeed, you get the impression that any one who tries to put anything over on her in any line is in for defeat. "My ideal of those days," she went on, "was Miss Milligan, the head of the ginghams. She was small and cute, and to be like her some day was the top hope of my childhood!"

Her first *great adventure* was a visit to relatives in New York City. There was bitter mixed with this sweet, for she set forth thrilled with dreams of the joys she was going to have in the *city*, only to arrive when it was in the grip of the worst blizzard of several winters. For days that seemed months to her she was snowed in her aunt's home. When she did get out, she made up her mind to stay in New York.

"It gripped me as it has gripped its other millions," she said. She found something to do. "It was not long before I began posing for photographic art studies and later for artists. It was wonderful pay for me—fifty cents an hour." She has posed for Harrison Fisher ("you can say I *adore* him," teasingly), Penrhyn Stanlaws, Haskell Coffin and other famous painters.

"How," I asked, "did you get started with Ziegfeld?"

"I just went up there and asked them for a job," she answered.

"No letters of introduction or anything?"

"No; I just went up and asked for a job and got it. I didn't do much at first—just posed around, standing in boxes and frames while some one sang songs at me.

"Do you know Jim Buck?" she asked, suddenly.

I said I didn't, and a moment later regretted that I didn't. She said he was as nice as any one could be. "He gave me my first big laugh

Olive Thomas and her husband, Jack Pickford. *Below*, Olive and the most photographed baby in the world, Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie Pickford's daughter

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

while with Ziegfeld. After I was engaged I was told to get practice clothes. I had no idea what practice clothes were, but one of the girls told me that a middy and a pair of bloomers would do. I already had bloomers—the kind they were then wearing with a type of dress. Mine ran down to my ankles and ended in a ruffle. I put them on and wore them for several days.

"One day Jim Buck came to me and said, 'Miss Thomas, I am going to ask you something. I do hope you wont be offended. It's about those bloomers that you wear. *Are you bow-legged?*'"

"'*No!*'" I answered.

"'Then why on earth do you wear them? he exclaimed. 'We've been afraid to order a costume for you.'

"After that I got a regular gym suit."

Olive Thomas has a mother, two brothers and a little sister. One of the brothers is about 25, the other not quite out of his teens.

She is always busy planning the lives of those she loves. She wishes to help set up her eldest brother in an electrical shop in New York, and the youngest—well, he is just back from where he went with the U. S. marines. He enlisted the second day after we declared war against Germany and was with the fighting bunch in France who held back the Huns in their rush toward Paris. When he landed in New York, Olive was sick with influenza-pneumonia and had been taken from her hotel to a hospital. In a wild panic he hurried to her side. "I wanted to see you alive!" he said. "I knew they could never get you into a hospital unless you were near dead!"

Miss Thomas sent the boy $1,000 recently as a starting capital for whatever he might want to do. It was sent thru the bank, but there was some delay in transmission, which caused him great worry. He wrote to her and asked her to please try to trace it, for, he said, "I'd hate to lose all that money!" Just back from France and $30 per, there is nothing surprising in that anxiety.

This incident in connection with her brother caused her to recall a "fan" letter she received soon after Jack Pickford entered the service. The newspapers had reported that she was going to New York to see her husband, and the letter came from a fan living in a little country town. Enclosed in it was $5, sent, as the writer explained, "Because I know you must be under very heavy expenses, with so much traveling and your husband in the service, and I dont think it right that you

(*Continued on page* 104)

Olive Thomas believes in fate. She never worries and she thinks that no one has a right to be conceited and think themselves better than others

© Strauss Peyton

Eyes of

"The Salt of the Earth" Was —and a Girl—

"YOU see," said Gloria to the judge, "my life is a lamp, flickering in the dark of today . . . I mustn't let it go out."

Judge Malvin nodded his head with an air of deep gravity, but he hadn't heard Gloria's words. He had seen only the tender framing of her lips, caught the deep glow of her eyes, felt the aureoling of her splendid hair. He knew that her voice gratified him—what did it matter what she had said?

"I am very stupid," Gloria was going on, dreamily, "or else I suppose I should not be doing dances and songs at a cabaret. But sometimes—sometimes when I see these people looking at me . . . the women so . . . so sort of wistfully . . . the men so . . . hungrily . . . not always just nicely, but always, *always* hungrily, I feel that I am giving something to them that they want very, very much. Beauty—that is it. Beauty where there was none before. Dont you think so, judge?"

"Yes," said Judge Malvin; "yes, dear."

He was thinking, with a sudden upsurging of pride, how she would grace his stately ancestral home; of how the neighborhood would gasp and envy him. He liked the play of her fine hands, the modulations of her low voice, the lines of her when she walked, patrician and aloof. There was nothing about Gloria that was not clean and straight and fine. She was fit to be a Malvin, fit to be the ornamentation his life and his home required. And then, if a man wanted talk and could not get it among men, he might talk to her, not without comprehension, not without sympathy. Yes, she was pleasing, gratifying even . . . He loved her, loved her really very deeply; loved her almost very nearly as well as he loved himself. That was a tremendous admission—for a Malvin. Confirmed egoists, absolute individualists. Self-seekers. Prone to self-glory. He loved her.

She represented all the lost loves of his unaltruistic youth—the squandered, wasted loves. One might leave life very pleasantly having had so much of grace—her youth and freshness, her incomparable sweetness.

He bent over and smiled into her eyes. She smiled back. There was no fire in her glance, but he did not feel the special need of any. Ornamentation, grace, soothing pleasantness—these things were enough. He had done a lot of living. He was replete with life. If this girl gave him her presence, her arms, her tenderness—he would not ask for more, nor want it. She could not starve him now.

"Will you ride with me tomorrow," he asked, "out into the country? I want to see roses in your cheeks, little love, wilder, redder roses."

"I'd should love to," said Gloria, "just love to."

"You see," said Gloria, "my life is a lamp, flickering in the dark of today. I mustn't let it go out"

Two of Gloria's co-workers followed her into her dressing-room after she had left the judge.

"You'll be Mrs. Judge Robert Malvin," snickered one of them, with meaning.

"One of the girls caught a judge last year," said

THE SOUL

By Gladys Hall.

Being Scattered—But Love Retrieved It

another. "He began with red roses—smothered her with them, pretty near. She had nothing on you, Glory, not a thing . . ."

"I'm too stupid," said Gloria, wistfully. "I cant talk like the rest of you do—so bright-like and funny and—and clever . . ."

"Oh, that," said a third girl with large wisdom, "that dont matter none, Glory. I heard Teddy Safford telling another press-agent chap tonight that you were like an organ—wonderful and deep, he said, and the rest of us were just like a tin-panny piano—rattly and not much of anything. You've got the goods, Glory. The old boy's nuts on *you!*"

"I dont want my lamp to go out," said Gloria, wistfully; "I'm the last of my family . . ."

"You've got *some* lamps in your dome, old girl," said the first speaker, "if that's what you mean . . ."

Teddy Safford met his young protégée outside the Palm Garden Revue. He grinned at her with frank and obvious and not wholly impersonal admiration.

"How's the judge, eh, Gloria Swann?" he asked. "Have you told him your real, honest-to-God name yet?"

"Oh, yes . . . he knows . . . Mary Crowell," answered Gloria. "I told him that you christened me Gloria Swann because it meant Glorious One, and he told me that I was naïve, Teddy, whatever that may mean, but that Mary Crowell was quaint and old-fashioned and reminded him of the bachelor's buttons growing in his garden at home, down South, and that I was just like them—and that he wanted to transplant me to the very same garden, very, very soon."

"He's a fine old Southern family," said Teddy, reflectively; "it's a shame he's letting the line die out . . ."

"*My* line's dying out, too," said Gloria; "I wonder . . ."

Teddy smiled, with a trace of regretfulness. "I dont," he said; "I dont wonder at all . . . not a bit . . ."

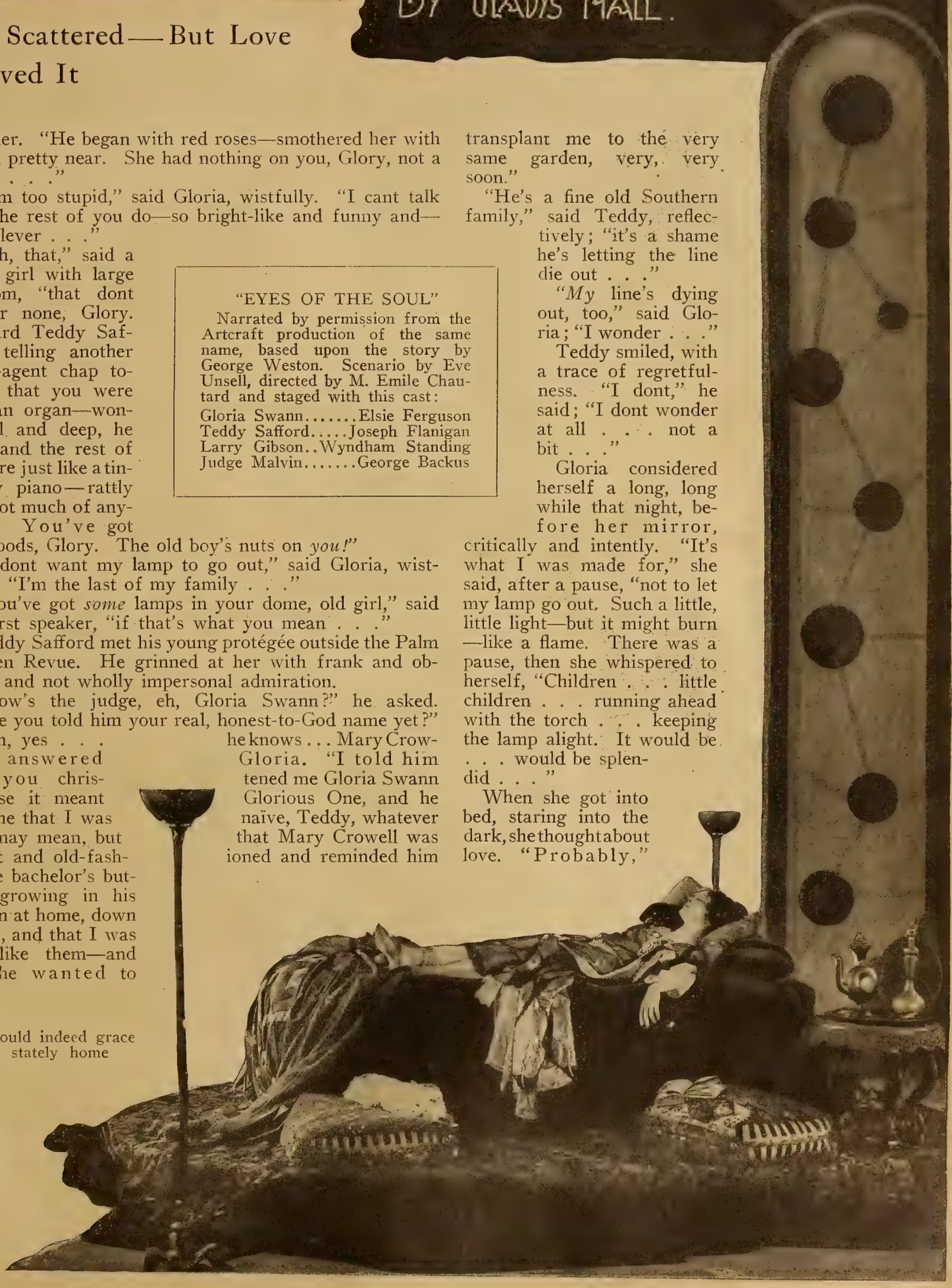
Gloria considered herself a long, long while that night, before her mirror, critically and intently. "It's what I was made for," she said, after a pause, "not to let my lamp go out. Such a little, little light—but it might burn—like a flame. There was a pause, then she whispered to herself, "Children . . . little children . . . running ahead with the torch . . . keeping the lamp alight. It would be . . . would be splendid . . ."

When she got into bed, staring into the dark, she thought about love. "Probably,"

"EYES OF THE SOUL"

Narrated by permission from the Artcraft production of the same name, based upon the story by George Weston. Scenario by Eve Unsell, directed by M. Emile Chautard and staged with this cast:

Gloria Swann.....Elsie Ferguson
Teddy Safford.....Joseph Flanigan
Larry Gibson..Wyndham Standing
Judge Malvin.....George Backus



She would indeed grace his stately home

"You'll be Mrs. Judge Robert Malvin," snickered one of them, with meaning

she reflected, with the precocious unwisdom, camouflaged as the antithesis, gleaned from the members of the Palm Garden Revue, "probably love—just isn't. I s'pose not. It would be too—too awfully sweet. It would—hurt. It would make one—shuddery and—afraid—and glad, too, of course. One reads about it and sings about it, one hears it in the branches of the trees when the south wind dances in them, one feels it in the thrilliness of spring—but it's dreaming and dreaming . . . Judge Malvin . . . he's the last of his line . . . a fine old line, Teddy said . . . what a shame . . . tomorrow . . . I will see tomorrow . . ."

"Tomorrow" brought Judge Malvin and a very magnificent diamond ring which was to proclaim to all who paused to look that Gloria Swann was the potential Mrs. Malvin. Gloria slipped it on her finger and put her hand over her heart to still a sudden hunger. She knew the diamond was exquisite, but she knew that she loved a pearl. Suddenly she felt that this stone was to typify her life . . . something right enough, fine enough, but something, too, coldly devoid of dreaming, sterile and barren of love. She looked at the chiseled profile of the judge; she studied the incisive lines of his face. "His children will be like him," she found herself thinking; "will be—judges. Yes, they will be judges. They will be cold and right and very nice and fine—but they will judge me because I am so warm and silly—they will judge me, their mother."

The sun went under a cloud and the wind among the budding branches of the trees whistled like tiny knives.

Judge Malvin talked of his Southern home, where he and Gloria were to "settle down," to entertain and be entertained. He talked largely and well of their brilliant entertaining, their renaissance of he bygone glories of the Malvins, their county-wide hospitality. He thought, he said, that he would "go in for politics." Gloria, he said, could certainly "do" society down there—it was simple, very simple, but with much dignity and charm . . . a preservative of the Old South.

Gloria said that she loved children about. She—she rather hoped the—the neighbors might have some.

The judge smiled on her in indulgence. She was very lovely in the pale aristocracy of the new spring sunshine. She was a flower betokening the summer of his life. She was bloom after aridity.

"No doubt they have," he assented, carelessly; "neighbors do—as a rule. It is rather unfortunate. Personally, I cannot bear children—except at a distance."

Gloria drew in her breath. It went thru her lips with a whistling sound. "A lamp . . . flickering out . . ." Two lamps . . . that's what they would be, she and Judge Malvin. There would be nothing left of them . . . nothing whatever at all. All this life within her. bounding and abundant, all this refulgence of sunlight and flowers in which she was so vitally alive, all this

heritage she would be leaving—to *nothing.* Centuries would roll on, obscuring them . . . their seed would lie fallow in the earth . . . too deep, too dark, too remote for fructifying . . . She had not been born for such a void. She had been born with a torch in her hand—a torch to pass down the ages. Suddenly the judge resembled a jailor . . . a tremendous jailor . . . he was turning the iron lock and key upon Life . . . She felt that she hated him, that she wanted to get away and that there was no escape. If only there were love . . . love of dreams and rhythm, love of sea and sky; if only there were love to let her out . . .

"Be careful, there!" shouted Judge Malvin, suddenly, and the car swerved, skidded, righted itself. "Nearly did for him more than he is already done for," the judge continued, and Gloria saw with a horror that they had missed by an inch a blinded soldier in a wheeled chair.

They went on.

"He—and his kind—are the salt of the earth," the judge was saying, his reassuring hand over her cold one; "the salt of the earth—scattered. That is the devil and all of the war. It scatters the salt of the earth . . ."

"Why?" asked Gloria, a sort of a horror in her eyes. "Just what do you mean?"

"Those chaps," said the judge, "like the one we just missed back there, strong and straight and splendid in every way . . . wreckage . . . unsalvaged."

"You mean?"

"That no woman will want them, dear. They will go on and on—alone. All thru their magnificent youth. Paying a frightful penalty—for themselves and for the world. Some of them lie rotting over there—still more of them will lie rotting over here. Only the chaps here are above ground—almost the sole difference. Solitary. Damnable."

Gloria choked. "Please," she said, leaning forward suddenly, "please . . . Robert . . . take me back. I want to get out a while and talk to that—that wreckage there. Perhaps I could make him see for just a little some of this golden sunshine. Will you . . . please? He has—why, I feel like I was going to a dance just after some one very dear to me had died. I cant enjoy it—now."

Judge Malvin smiled. He was not so a-thrill to the sunshine. He had a picture in his mind of the sweet and regal way in which Gloria might do similar charity work in his Southern home. Her pictures in the papers . . . a new Lady Bountiful or Lady of Mercy. Undoubtedly, Gloria had picturesque possibilities . . .

He took her back, patting her hand as they went.

"Why did you come back?" The blind soldier's voice had a flattened note to it. Gloria was sitting back on the rustic bench with the magazine, still unread, in her lap. The old man who had been wheeling the blind man had been dismissed.

"I had to." Something stronger than herself impelled truth from Gloria's heart.

"Had to?"

"Yes. You see . . . Judge Malvin was talking to me . . . about . . . about the salt of the earth being scattered . . . he meant you . . . all of you. I felt that I couldn't go on, riding and riding in the sunshine, while you—you were scattered."

The blind soldier's laughter rang out. It was the first time he had laughed aloud since he had tugged at the bandages about his eyes, only to be told that there were no bandages—that the thick blackness was the blotted out sight of his eyes.

"So I am being scattered?" he asked. "Do you mind telling me, before we go on, what you look like and where you come from and—and everything? Do you mind?"

"I should love to," said Gloria. "I am supposed to be quite beautiful. I think I should tell you this truthfully, because it will probably give you more pleasure than if you thought me cross-eyed or freckled or maybe both. I have gold hair and a lot of it, and blue eyes and all that. I sing at the Palm Garden Revue, and Teddy Safford, who is the press-agent for the Revue, writes

He felt curiously at a loss when they had returned, and the rather unwashed progeny of the comfortable landlady rushed to clamber over the soldier's knees

my songs for me—the words, I mean. I am not a bit clever and—and 'peppy' and all that, but I have a mission in life, a high, exalted mission."

"That is?"

"I think I'll just go on and read to you," said Gloria, shyly.

Something was different in Gloria's heart when she left Larry to the obviously kind ministrations of his landlady. Something had happened, something had taken place, in keeping with her dreams. Larry's smiling face, smiling straight into an interminable night, struck at the valorous heart in her breast. His voice, clear and undaunted, answering her, touched her ineffable tenderness. The fact that he was "wreckage" . . . the last of his line, too, lonely, scarred, magnificent . . . He had fought a good fight and the light of his life was gone out. He, too, was to be committed to the dreadful enrolling of the silencing centuries. He was not to be permitted to live. He was not to be permitted to hand down the torch he had held high above his head tho it sputtered and burned him to ash. He was made for young love and young laughter, for sunlight and rejoicing. He was condemned, unjustly condemned . . . How he had smiled, *looking up* at her there, sightless . . . How he had laughed, challenging, victorious . . .

Overhead the moon drew a shawl of dim clouding over her silvery face. "Love . . . love . . ." whispered Larry in his darkness

When Judge Malvin came the next day, Gloria prevailed upon him to stop for Larry. "Think," she coaxed; "the feel of the wind on his poor face, the smells of the earth just waking up. It will be big of you, Robert."

Judge Malvin considered himself profoundly humanitarian. Still, he felt that he could have been more profoundly so if the sightless soldier had had a bit less of inches and youth, less of appeal to the girl who sat beside him, tears unshed making pitiful her eyes.

He felt, too, curiously at a loss when they had returned and the rather unwashed progeny of the comfortable landlady rushed to clamber over the soldier's entirely receptive knees.

"They are rather—dirty," ventured the judge, fastidiously, and cast a rather appealing eye in Gloria's direction. He had the momentary feeling that she looked almost shameless. She was staring at Larry, and her eyes were brilliant, her cheeks flaming, her humid mouth apart, her young breast rising and falling with a broken rhythm. How strange women were with children! Men . . . and women . . . and children . . . Where was his stenciled picture of Southern hospitality, ornate entertaining, charities which get into the papers, Gloria as a bit of sublimated bric-à-brac? Where had it fled before this palpitant, brazen thing? This thing of flesh and blood? This thing so horribly, so gorgeously alive? He felt like covering his eyes with his perfect hands and fleeing the spot, leaving these two young things starkly alone . . . as starkly alone as the need and the hunger ravaging their faces, robbing them of superficialities . . .

"Gloria," he said, unsteadily, when he had maneuvered her away, "are you . . . are you going to throw me over for" —he nodded in Larry's direction "for the wreckage?"

Gloria turned upon him. "He's not!" she cried, with the passion in her face creeping into her voice; "he's not and you mustn't say so. He's the salt of the earth—you called him that—before. He *is* —the salt of the earth . . . and I . . . I am a lamp . . . going out . . . I cant Robert, I cant . . . I cant . . ."

The judge stood very still. Pain numbed him. Pain of a loss irremediable. The fine vision of their mutual life lay like crumpled paper all about him. He realized that it had had no more tissue than that . . . nothing vital . . . nothing to take hold of. He realized a great many things, standing there before this girl, who was standing so gallantly before life . . . life which must not be scattered, neither scattered nor extinguished . . .

He cleared his throat. He took the splendid diamond she was thrusting into his hand almost dazedly, not realizing it. His lost youth, too far lost, rose up and mocked at him and cried, "You did more than scatter me . . . you . . . ravaged me . . . you parodied me . . . you smirched me and decoyed me . . ."

(*Continued on page* 96)

A Glance at Gladys

by Martha Groves McKelvie.

WHEN you go to see Gladys Brockwell, the Fox star, you are pretty apt to see "Billie" first. And if "Billie" approves of you and thinks it's worth the busy Gladys' while to give you a moment of her full life, you get by. If she decides that you are merely a nuisance, with an overgrown bump of curiosity, you dont. That is, as a rule. I belong to the latter class, but, somehow, "Billie" passed me.

Now, "Billie" is that wonderful thing, a mother who lives for and in the ambitions and achievements of her baby. If she lives for anything else, I failed to discover the fact. Being only thirteen years older than Gladys, she makes a dandy pal for the big daughter, whom she insists on calling "a mere child." The mere child in question being only twenty-one years old.

The "mother behind a daughter" is of about as much importance as "the man behind a gun." And, with a full appreciation of Miss Brockwell's talents and ability, I feel, (and so does she), that she owes much of her success to "Billie."

"Acting" is just one of the things that a star must attend to. There's a wardrobe to be in constant preparation. Hundreds of photographs to sign and mail. Letters to answer. And, be it known, "Billie" takes care of all this and does it so much better than a "paid" person possibly could. Nothing escapes her. Nothing is neglected. It is a labor of love and she is Gladys' memory book.

If a fan sends Miss Brockwell a dainty boudoir cap as a gift, that fan is shown some little courtesy or appreciation quite out of the ordinary. For instance, Miss Brockwell will, if she can, wear the gift in one of her pictures, and "Billie" will notify the fan just when, where and how the gift is to appear. What do you think of that for appreciation?

If you think it's a simple task to keep a list of the Brockwell fans, and—in an unusual way, keep in touch with them and show them individual and special appreciation—you had better visit the Brockwell dressing-room, where a corner has been divided off for "Billie's" desk and mailing department.

You'll find the little mother almost hid behind a stock of photographs, autographed and ready for mailing. You'll gaze hopelessly at piles of letters to be answered and a set of books for filing the names and addresses of the fans that would do credit to a wholesale house.

Out at the Fox studios in Hollywood, California, a few of the old buildings, that were dwellings on a lovely old estate before William Fox bought the property, are still standing.

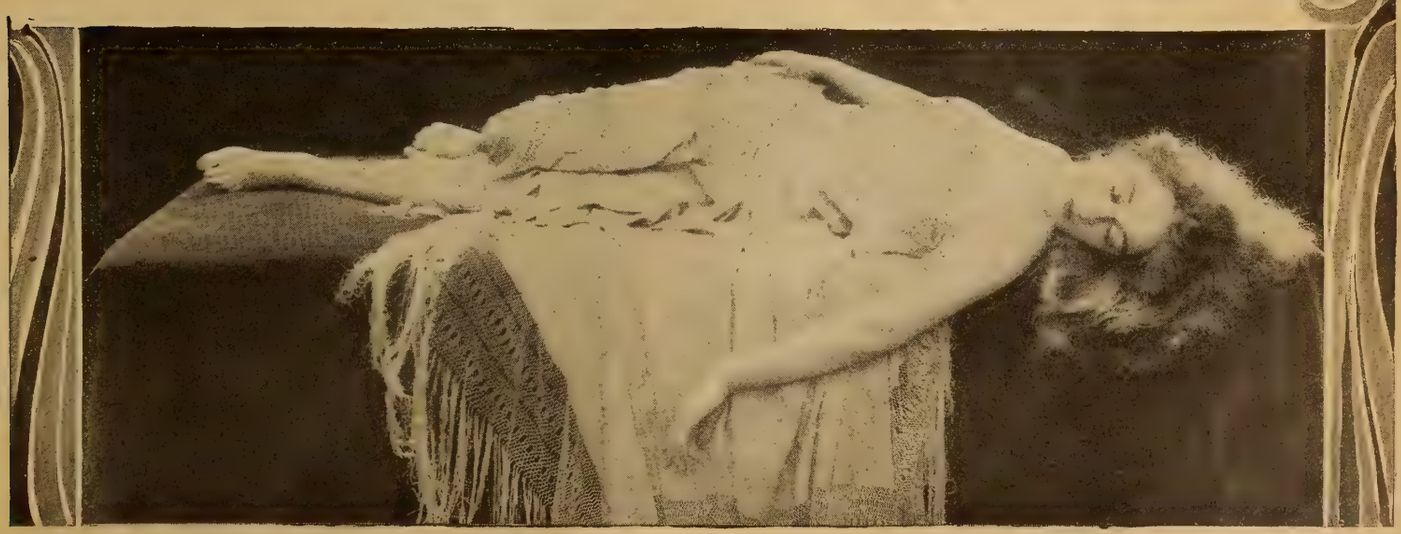
In one of these you'll find the publicity departments housed and, on the second floor, Miss Brockwell has her dressing-room.

"Billie" and Gladys were at the Fox café having luncheon when I called, but, in response to a 'phoned message, they appeared almost at once in the lower office where I was waiting.

"Billie," with her bobbed hair curled short, looked, at first glance, younger than Gladys, who, with an artificial putty nose and a blonde wig, was so changed in appearance that I hardly recognized her.

This nose, by the way, was being used in a picture where Miss Brockwell played a double rôle, and it bothered her a lot. (The nose, not the picture.)

This poor putty feature had a difficult time staying in its proper place. Gladys has a wonderful habit of acting with her whole face. Every feature responds



Gladys Brockwell is beautiful, young and a real artist

portray human beings, as she very much wants to, it must be remembered that *human* beings in moments of great emotion usually forget how they look and pay little or no attention to the behavior of their respective features. Repressed emotion may belong to certain kinds of people, but as a general rule the emotion of the people, especially the characters usually selected by Miss Brockwell, is without restraint.

Gladys Brockwell is capable of forgetting herself in her art without overacting, and she should be permitted to do it.

Her dressing-room is an interesting place. A large cheval glass stands almost in the center of the room and has, set entirely around its frame, a row of strong electric lights. Her dressing-table has a similar arrangement of lights, and Miss Brockwell is thus enabled to "make up" under the same light

(*Continued on page* 104)

Gladys Brockwell is inclined to study a visitor more than a visitor is permitted to study her. She is apt to find out more about you than you can find out about her

to the emotion she wants to register. She loves to crinkle up her nose, make crow's-feet round her eyes and laugh wrinkles round her mouth. This is, as you know, hard on an artificial feature.

Every time Gladys wanted to laugh or talk in her own expressive way she had to remodel her nose.

"You know," she grinned, "I'm the worst sort of a motion picture actress. I had considerable stage experience before I decided to try the screen, and I learnt to act with 'all of me.' I express every emotion with my whole face, while it is considered necessary, in screen work, to center the expression in the eyes. You are considered a bad actor if you wrinkle your nose. It was very difficult for me to learn that every emotion in life can be expressed with the eyes alone."

There is little doubt that Miss Brockwell is one of the hardest workers, one of the most talented and earnest of screen stars. She is, photography aside, a wonderful actress, and it is to be hoped that directors will let her put her whole soul into the work, even at the risk of disarranging the beautiful lines of her face.

It may be good art to use the eyes only, but if she is to

Matt o' the Moores

By GLADYS HALL

MATTHEW has a very solemn sound—far too solemn for the one to whom said cognomen was given by his sponsors in baptism. Also, I was earnestly requested not to divulge the rather anomalous fact that Matt is for short of Matthew, because "I would be kidded half to death," but it is just so funny that I risk life and limb to present to you Mr. Matt Moore, solemnly and with dignity, as a most unbiblical Matthew.

Have you ever come upon a small boy with hair inclined to the tone of the utilitarian brick and eyes amazingly bright and blue? With a quizzical mouth and a sorter "you aint see me done it" expression of countenance? A small boy who has but just rifled your jam closet or gorged your five-pound Page and Shaw or otherwise fed unwholesomely upon forbidden fruit? Such an one, albeit grown up, is Matthew Moore. He has the entire air of having just recently done some naughty, *naughty* thing! He looks in need of being incarcerated in a dark closet where jams are not—

"Owen and Tom and the kid and I went to a parochial school in St. Louis," says Matthew Moore. "Tom was the first to get the stage cootie. We thought Tom had a great idea, but we never believed it would really happen to any of us." *Left,* Matthew Moore as he appeared in "The Pride of the Clan" with Mary Pickford. *Below,* in "Heart of the Wild" with Elsie Ferguson

no, nor Page and Shaws! Perhaps he feels the responsibility of being a Moore, brother-in-law of the national Mary, of Alice Joyce and own brother to Owen and Tom, to a sister who did war relief in France and to a brother now having his début into the movies, name being Joseph, I believe. They are an energetic family, the Moores.

"Owen and Tom and the kid and I went to a parochial school—we're Catholics, you see," Matthew explained, in between spirals of smoke and with his semi-bashful air. "I was the dunce. Honest. Never knew a thing. My mother would exclaim seven times a day and eight times Sunday, 'Whatever *will* become of that boy!' She's rather amazed by us all, I reckon. I warrant she never thought the *movies* would 'become of *me.*'

"The parochial school was in St. Louis, where we all lived and was 'brung' up. Tom was the first to get the stage cootie. Yeah. He made up his little mind when he was about ten that he'd be Othello or something like that. Owen and I believed that it was a great idea of Tom's, but we never believed that it would really happen to any of *us.* We were such every-day sort of kids, you know. Every-day as you make 'em—and homely as sin and all. With no particular reason for supposing we'd ever get across. Of course, I haven't much . . . but Owen and Tom . . . say, they're good, aren't they?" Real, small-brotherly admiration gleamed bluely from the Matthewean eyes.

I assented. "I like their smiles particularly well," I said.

"Oh, that . . . that's the family grin. Mother used to be afraid we'd crack or freeze into a perpetual grimace, we smiled so much when we were kids. A cheerful lot. I think, tho, they're making a mistake with Tom—as the juvenile with the everlasting grin. Tom ought to be doing better stuff than he is

(*Continued on page* 110)

Five Hundred a Laugh

By FRANK

THE evolution of film comedy is one of the most interesting phases of the picture industry. In the field of screen laugh-making many feel that they are called, but few, oh, so few, are chosen by the picture fans. For the creation of laughter on the silversheet is an exceedingly difficult proposition. About four or five years ago, when producers first realized that there was a market for projected mirth, there was a mad riot of comedy-making and more pathetic comedies were manufactured than could have been shown in all the theaters of the country if they had been open day and night for months. If you dont believe this statement, just call on the general manager of one of the big distributing organizations and ask him if he has any old comedies for sale cheap. It's a hundred-to-one shot he will usher you into his stockroom and show you mountainous stacks of reels of comedies that are doomed to waste their fragrance on the desert air of a storage room for all eternity.

Photo J. L. Milligan, L. A.

One word from Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels—does as she pleases. The accompanying picture shows the Rolin star ordering his leading lady to "clean up the place." Bebe posed for the picture just to please Mr. Lloyd and the camera-man. After that she really cleaned up!

Harold Lloyd Believes One Good Chuckle Deserves That Amount

GRANGER

They were meant for comedies, but they turned out tragedies for the men who invested in them, as they probably represent a loss ranging from five to twenty-five thousand dollars per comedy.

Out of the maelstrom of comedies which has whirled and swirled its custard-pie, fire-hose, tumbling and kicking way thru the past five years there have been a few surviving personalities, and they have all grown rich at the trade. There is one and only one Charlie Chaplin, and he is in a class by himself. But there are several other film comedians who have solved the problem of purveying screen laughter to the fans. Prominent among these is Harold Lloyd.

Mr. Lloyd made a statement the other day that he was willing to pay five hundred dollars a laugh for good "stomach laughs" that he could put into his comedies. Now this term, "stomach laugh," sounds a bit vulgar, but it is an old stage expression and so eminently expressive that its use should be pardoned. A "stomach laugh" means one which causes the laugher to shake all over with mirth, hence an exceedingly hearty laugh. A one-reel comedy runs about fifteen minutes on the screen, and if Mr. Lloyd can inject one big laugh per minute into his comedies at a cost of $7,500 he will consider that sum well invested, for the comedy with those laughs in it will bring back a nice profit on the investment.

The maker of screen comics

(*Continued on page 92*)

Mr. Lloyd has a fascinating screen partner in Bebe Daniels, and it is probable that the fans would holler if a Harold Lloyd comedy came out minus the beauteous Bebe

Photo J. L. Milligan, L. A.

Stories Told on the Story-Tellers

THERE are stories the motion picture story-tellers dont tell.

These writers of photoplays dally with plots and characters they summon up in their vivid imaginations. The realities of their own lives are never passed on unless some one gives them away. It's only fair to the great admiring public to let them in on the secret that these spinners of yarns, despite their wonderful dramas, laughable farces and terrible tragedies, are just as human in their work and play as most other people.

When Thomas H. Ince came down to his studio one morning with a mallard duck feather in his buttonhole, every one on the lot was curious and shortly he was urged to tell about his hunting trip. "Oh, I haven't been hunting," replied the producer. "That's a feather from the most expensive duck that ever graced an epicure's table. That duck cost $200."

Then the story leaked out that C. Gardner Sullivan, the highest-priced scenario writer in the world, spent most of one night and a day in a swamp lying in wait for game, and succeeded in downing one lone bird, which he presented to his employer.

"But, you know, I ate that bird with a lot of relish," continued Mr. Ince, "for C. Gardner conceived an idea for a story while out there in the lowlands that will put a big feather in his cap. He gave me a rough outline and I asked him to write it at once. I am going to wear this feather as a constant reminder to him until he hands me the script."

At the mention of something to eat, John Lynch, one of the most prolific writers of the Ince force, showed a keen interest, for he had just emerged from a three-weeks' diet, during which time he lived entirely on California grapes. His physician prescribed that he eat nothing but the natural fruit of the vine and not over two pounds a day. So Lynch ate grapes and varied his menu with an assortment of sizes and colors. As his illness was not of a serious nature, he was joked considerably about his grape diet. He turned the tables on his annoyers, however, by producing a story while on diet that promises to be the biggest hit of Dorothy Dalton's career. There is nothing about grapes in it, however. When complimented on the drama, he replied: "Just wait until I can eat a good beefsteak and see the scenario I will write!" Lynch is back on beefsteak, so the

(*Continued on page* 111)

Three of the men who furnish you with your favorite picture plots. *Above,* E. Cecil Smith; *middle,* John Lynch; *left,* C. Gardner Sullivan

Photo Evans

Elinor Fair has just signed a contract with Fox to co-star with Al Ray. This is a reward of merit, for the young lady is an indefatigable worker, besides being able to sing and write, as well as act.

All Is Fair—When Elinor's Around

By DORIS DELVIGNE

ELINOR FAIR found her big chance in Clara Kimball Young's "The Dark Road," a story of love and war, in which this Fair maiden dies, a victim of war's brutality. It wasn't so much that she was beautiful, but William Fox found she could really act, so he has just offered her a long-term contract to co-star with Al Ray, cousin of our famous Charlie, with lone-star vehicles held out as additional bait.

Elinor isn't a bit excited about it. She's decidedly pleased, tho, for she has worked hard for screen honors, not because she cares for fame, but because she's climbing step by step toward a goal held in mind for years past, a journey which will require financial backing. This little girl believes in hewing out her own path, so every cent she makes over and above comfortable living for her mother and herself will be sunk to provide for her return to Europe, where she is to have her beautiful lyric soprano voice developed.

Miss Fair has studied the violin under splendid masters for five years. She comes by her talent for music naturally, for her grandfather was a Welshman and a fine singer, as most of the Welsh are, and her mother graduated with high honors in music from Bowdoin College.

Some time before the war Elinor and her mother went abroad and lived in the musical capitals of Europe. They studied at Leipsic, Paris and Brussels. The war forced them back to the States. When Miss Fair has saved enough from her screen work to enable her to live in Italy indefinitely, she and her mother will return to the land of opera and olive oil.

In a second-floor dressing-room at the Fox studio I found the seventeen-year-old writing busily. Love letters? Answering mash-notes from fans? Oh, no! Elinor Fair has a serious business in life even here. Ever since she was a tiny girl she's been wanting to write. This talent also came down from her maternal grandfather, who was a preacher, orator and writer. Elinor's mother has been giving far more encouragement to the plan of becoming a great singer than her desire for pen-pushing, but little Miss Fair says emphatically, "Just you wait. *Some* day I'm going to prove to you that I can write screen dramas as good as any yet put over."

Meantime, she is studying scenario writing, is spending all her spare moments concocting plots, and is determined to take a course in building scenarios and writing short stories.

"I honestly dont know which I love best, music or writing. I believe that both, together with acting, are mediums for emotional expression. The creative instinct must have some outlet, and whether I will eventually succeed best as actress, singer or writer—I'm sure I dont

know. Mother says I will be happiest as a singer and, of course, I cant let my voice go to waste and must study for its development. I *feel* that writing will become my greatest hobby, and meantime acting is not only an obsession with me, but the means of earning money enough to enable me to follow out my hobbies. I'm a lucky girl, dont you think so?" inquired Miss Fair, naïvely.

The fates have been very kind. Imagine a girl still in her teens who's a good violinist, a recognized actress and who will some day make her name famous in other fields! But Elinor Fair deserves to get ahead. She is quite self-reliant, pretty as a picture, but not afraid of work, accustomed to taking care of herself since she was a wee girlie, dignified, yet with a twinkle of mirth in her very lovely brown eyes.

Elinor Fair received her musical education in Europe. She wants to return to Italy, some day, and resume her vocal studies

There are times when one looks at her when she seems to resemble Constance Talmadge and Ora Carew. Miss Fair has beautiful brown tresses, which are kept in perfect condition with hot-oil treatments, since she must submit to the hair-dresser's torturing follies every morning, and a combination of California alkali water for bathing and marcel irons is bound to ruin one's locks unless something is done to combat these enemies to beauty.

She has posed repeatedly for the "Sassy Jane" frocks and aprons. She can wear any sort of hat—and find it becoming. Haven't you seen faces occasionally which will stand headgear calculated to make a fright of other women, and which will look positively beautiful in the most outrageous creations of Twentieth Century milliners? Well, Elinor Fair's piquant yet wistful loveliness cant be ruined by any sort of bonnet and really makes a resplendent halo of even the simplest turban. She looks decidedly French and, as she speaks the language, one finds it difficult to remember that she's a born American.

She was wearing a little checked suit the day we chatted, a suit supposed to have been bought in a pawnshop, one which would blend well with Al Ray's checked ditto. It was loud enough to have a language all its own, yet when Elinor posed in it there was a sweet softness which made it "pass in its checks" and look quite subdued. Miss Fair can certainly wear clothes!

"How did you like living in Paris?" I queried, for this new little star seems to have acquired all the graces of the born Parisienne.

"Oh, I shocked the children over there. I was but a child myself when over there, but I had always been accustomed to taking care of myself, for mother and I traveled extensively. Consequently, as mother was often not well and remained in bed until noontime, I had breakfast alone in the hotels. I used to order meals from the time I was three years old, long before I could read a menu. I've traveled up and down the Pacific Coast twenty times, and if mother said, 'Come, Elinor; we're leaving town this afternoon for the coast'—that is, when we were in an Eastern city, it never bothered me any more than if she had told me to dress for a matinée. We are both rovers and accustomed to living in suit-cases.

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"That's Out"

Snappy Comments on Current Events in Film Circles

By TAMAR LANE

WE all know the "exhibitor" as the man who serves us our movie fare at the picture theater. That he is a strange bird is as plain as the wart on a pickle and we only have to read the comment he makes on films to satisfy ourselves as to why the motion picture is still in its lollipop days. Read these few pearls of wisdom, brilliance and consistency, taken verbatim from "Exhibitors' Reports" in the *M. P. News,* and then wonder with us how there is ever going to be any peace in the world. Either exhibs are all wrong or movie fans are plumb cuckoo.

"'The Bride's Awakening' (Jewel)—Featuring Mae Murray. Good picture, but star unknown."

"'The Great Love.' Wonderful production, but disappointed with it."

"'The Heart of Rachel.' A dandy play. Bessie Barriscale is getting to be a favorite."

"'Treat 'Em Rough' (Fox). This is some picture. Tom Mix is far ahead of Hart or Doug Fairbanks."

"'Les Miserables' (Fox). Excellent production. Title poor."

"'The Mating' (Vitagraph). Big business. Rotten picture."

"'Three X. Gordon,' featuring Warren Kerrigan. Great picture. Poor business."

"'The Reason Why,' starring Clara Kimball Young. Good title. This one forced us to cancel service."

"'Resurrection,' starring Pauline Frederick. Lay off this one. Poor Pauline!"

Up in Boston a dog by the name of "Artcraft Star" recently won first prize at a show, and this started an argument as to whether it was named after Mary Pickford or Elsie Ferguson. It was finally discovered that "Artcraft Star" wasn't that kind of a dog. Now the honor rests between Doug Fairbanks and Bill Hart.

"Jack Cohn grew up with the industry," says a headline in the *Trade Review.* Are we to assume from this that Jack, too, is still in his infancy?

We saw a picture the other night, and tho the heroine wept copiously, no flood of liquid poured over her nose onto the floor. This is a sure sign the country is going dry.

Some one is always taking the joy out of life and now a movement has been started to stop all spooning in the dark of the picture theater. That is what might be called "striking at the prop of the movies' popularity."

THE PASSING PLAY

"Hard Boiled." Senator Lodge.

"The Danger Zone." Anywhere within a ten-mile radius of the peace conference.

"The Common Cause." No beer, no work.

"Day Dreams." Waiting for the high cost of living to come down.

"The Zero Hour." Twelve midnight the thirsty 1st of July, 1919.

"The Dub." William Hohenzollern.

"Love's Pay Day." The second Thursday of last week.

"The Millionaire Pirate." The man who made the oil-can famous.

"Out of the Shadow." Work or fight law suspended.

"Silent Strength." A garlic sandwich.

"Pals First." Lenine and Trotzky.

"Sol Lesser enthusiastic over Billie West comedies," reads a news note. How do you get that way, Sol?

THE DUSTY OLD TRUNK IN THE ATTIC

It's not the gun in the drawer
That rouses our nanny so,
Nor the crumpled note on the floor
That forces our ire to grow,
But the trunk in the attic that harbors the clothes
That the heroine's grandmother wore,
(So the sweet thing can dress as of yore),
Is the old piece of hokum,
The hit 'em and soak 'em,
That ruffles us up to the core.

In spite of all that President Carl Laemmle has to say, Universal certainly must be given credit for making wonderful strides in the past few months. Their program has probably improved more in the past year than that of any other company—and it needed to. What we would like to know is, who is responsible for this sudden change for the better, and will they continue to shun their former policy of "frightfulness"?

"The Greatest Thing in Life. A Griffith production," says a sign outside a picture palace. And there are many persons who will agree with this.

On Location With

By MAUDE S.

Photo Lindstecht, L. A.

Mary Pickford believes that it is neither wealth nor success that brings happiness and contentment. It is service, doing our share and not being drones

"PROMPTLY at nine!"

I joyfully repeated the instructions over the 'phone. Indeed, I would be at the studio on time, for I had a treat in store for me—a day on location with Mary Pickford. At about nine-thirty the next morning we left the Hollywood studio in Miss Pickford's green Pierce Arrow. It was a fine day and the little star was in gay humor, exclaiming, "I am so glad that we are to work on location, for it is too fine to stay inside the studio."

Our destination was the famous Busch gardens which adjoin the sumptuous Busch home in Pasadena. These gardens were the pride and plaything of the late Adolphus Busch and are now thrown open to the public They are a fairyland of beauty, quite beyond description, and it was here that the graduation scenes in "Daddy Long Legs" were to be filmed.

The cameras were placed, the hundred extras who were to be "audience" had been drilled, and Mahlon Hamilton, the handsome Daddy Long Legs, was in the front seat watching the exercises.

In college cap and gown, with her curls just peeping out from under the severe cap, Mary Pickford made a most adorable sweet girl graduate. "I feel so scholarly, so highbrow," she laughed, "only I keep wondering if my skirt is long enough."

Then, apparently oblivious to the throng of tourists visiting the gardens, who were plainly thrilled at this opportunity to see their little favorite, "Judy" was duly graduated.

Mary Pickford

CHEATHAM

A regular battery of kodaks were turned on Miss Pickford whenever a scene ended. Graciously stepping out into the sunshine, she posed for many adoring admirers, who quickly snapped the prized pictures.

While the extras were being filmed, we were sitting on the grass under the blossoming apricot-trees, talking of many things. She is a philosopher and quickly senses undercurrents, each little incident suggesting a train of thought.

A bee was flitting from flower to flower, and as we watched it Miss Pickford said, "Just think how many hours, how much labor is required for a bee to make even a wee bit of honey. We should be more appreciative, but we take so much for granted. After all, it isn't wealth, it isn't success that brings happiness and contentment. It is service, doing our share and not being drones!

"I believe that a sense of humor," she continued, "is the greatest gift we can have. It enables us to lift our thoughts above the cares that come. My mother is an example of this, for she has such a keen humor that I cannot think of any condition where she could not find a little joke. Sometimes it seems to me that there is so much sadness and unhappiness. Yesterday I talked with an old man who had lost his wife after fifty happy years together, and it was heartbreaking to see his loneliness. Lonely old age! Can you think of anything sadder? I am sorry for unhappy little children, but they have life before them and have a chance for happiness."

In Mary Pickford's few years she has known denial, struggle and disappointment and has early tasted the rewards of a great success. She reflects within herself *all* humanity

As she talked I wondered if the secret of her universal appeal was that, like the beautifully cut diamond, she reflects within herself *all* humanity! Her sympathy, her comprehension seem to touch, intimately, all people and all their problems, and to envelop them in her under-

(*Continued on page* 95)

Children of

Katherine and Jane Lee, the well-known Fox baby stars, are the youthful comedians of the screen and have occasioned more genuine laughs than any other fun makers, with the exception of their own idol, Charlie Chaplin

Georgie Stone, who is one of the best actors among the juveniles, recently set a new mark by holding the principal interest in Cecil De Mille's "Till I Come Back to You." Tho at present busy working with William Hart, this eight-year old lad finds time to enjoy a new Buick car

Photo Witzel, L. A.

When the little beauty of the screen, Virginia Lee Corbin, flashed before the picture fans as the "Princess Regina," in that delightful fairy fantasy, "Jack and the Beanstalk," she won all hearts. She is a dainty creature and bids fair to be a second Mary Pickford

the Studios

Often a resemblance to a grown-up star provides the opportunity for a child to play an important rôle, as was the case of little Etna Ross, who was selected to play "Little Helen," in Helen Keller's film, "Deliverance." With her stage and screen experience of several years, Etna gives an appealing picture of Helen Keller's childhood

Gloria Joy is called the baby Nazimova. She interprets emotional rôles with baffling skill. Being sensitive to atmospheric surroundings, Gloria likes to have music for her intense scenes. When the scene is concluded Gloria becomes a happy little girl who knows nothing of life

Mary Jane Irving was taking a walk with her mother and, passing William Hart, smiled bewitchingly at him. Mr. Hart reached her side in one stride, asking her to be in his next picture. She is now four and has appeared in a number of Hart films

Good or Bad Photoplays?

By KARL SHILLER

It is up to the public to choose whether they prefer Ibsen dramas, with Elsie Ferguson, for example, or comedies with bathing girls. The spoken stage has its burlesque houses and varieties. Why not the movies?

WHEN you stop to consider that the producers of motion pictures have to appeal to the multitudinous tastes and likings of an audience composed of practically one hundred million people, perhaps it is only natural that the resultant output of the studios should be a patchwork of extremely good and impossibly bad, of dainty fancy and bald realism, gratifying alike the most cultivated taste for art and the lowest taste for sensationalism.

If the dramatic critic on the *Mars Daily Chronicle* should visit the earth for the purpose of collecting data in regard to modern screen dramas, he would be shown an exquisite fantasy of moon-mist and young love such as "Prunella," a conventional sex tangle of the type of Fox's "Her Price," a sparkling Madge Kennedy comedy-drama, a thrilling and impossible serial in which a Masked Menace pursues the indestructible Pearl White thru a string of lurid escapades, a dramatization of a gay little O. Henry slice of life, a picturization of an Ibsenian social problem drama.

Some seven million people in America see the motion pictures every day, eager to learn of life. It is therefore of vital importance to the nation that we should try to discover whether the greatest of all teachers, the motion picture screen, is meting out truth or falsehoods, exaggeration or explanation, humanity or sex, God or the devil. In all this multiplicity of subject matter, diversity of viewpoints, is it possible to trace any one tendency, any indication of an encouraging future for the photoplay?

It is hard to believe that the same agency which is responsible for the exquisite charm of "The Bluebird" or the poignant pathos of "Les Miserables" will also produce the tawdry sentimentality of some of the "ingénue" plays with their beringleted heroines of doubtful juvenility or the bold sensuality of a play such as "At the Mercy of Men." Yet our children are as likely to see one as the other when they beg for a dime to go to the movies.

Thinking over these things, I appointed myself a committee of one to inquire further into their causes and effects. And as the scenario department of a movie concern is the place where all plays start upon their career, and as the scenario editors are the ones who more than any others decide the policy of their firms, I hied me first to Paramount and put the

The Answer Is Up to the Public

question boldly to Miss McCall, the scenario lady in charge. "Why are there vacant seats at 'The Bluebird' and a line a block long fighting for standing room only to see 'Why Men Betray'?" I asked her. "Is it the fault of the scenario writers, the studio directors or the actors themselves that claptrap has a greater drawing power than artistic plays?"

Miss McCall has big dark eyes that can snap quite tempersomely at times. This was one of the times. *"It is the fault of the public,"* she declared vigorously. "If they didn't want indecencies they wouldn't be given them, but that is no excuse for the producers. Paramount, for one, will not tolerate stories whose purpose is chiefly that of exploiting sex or pandering to morbid tastes. I believe that by getting real writers to try their hand at scenarios, and by producing artistic, high-class pictures, regardless of whether people prefer them or not, we shall sooner or later teach the public to want them. Picturizations of the classics, plays of pure fancy such as 'The Bluebird,' modern stories dealing with the fundamentals of life, these are what we are looking for, and these are what I cannot help feeling the public really prefers or may be taught to prefer. For in spite of the drawing power of the doubtful sex plays you will see that they seldom last long, whereas 'Prunella' will doubtless be showing ten years from today."

Mr. Thompson of Fox has a slightly different point of view.

"We scenario editors have to furnish stories to fit the capacities of individual stars," he said. "For instance, Theda Bara and Evelyn Nesbit couldn't play the same thing. The public expects one thing of Farnum and another of George Walsh. They all have their special following of fans to be suited, and you know yourself you cant suit every one with one sort of thing. 'Les Miserables' and 'Cleopatra' draw different audiences, but one draws as well as the other. If a producer expects people to come to see his plays, he has to produce the plays that people will come to see!

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Some producers say, "If the public wants sex drama, give it to them"; others, "We can teach the public to appreciate good screen literature by giving them 'Oliver Twist,' 'Prunella,' etc."

When the Spot Charles

By RUTH

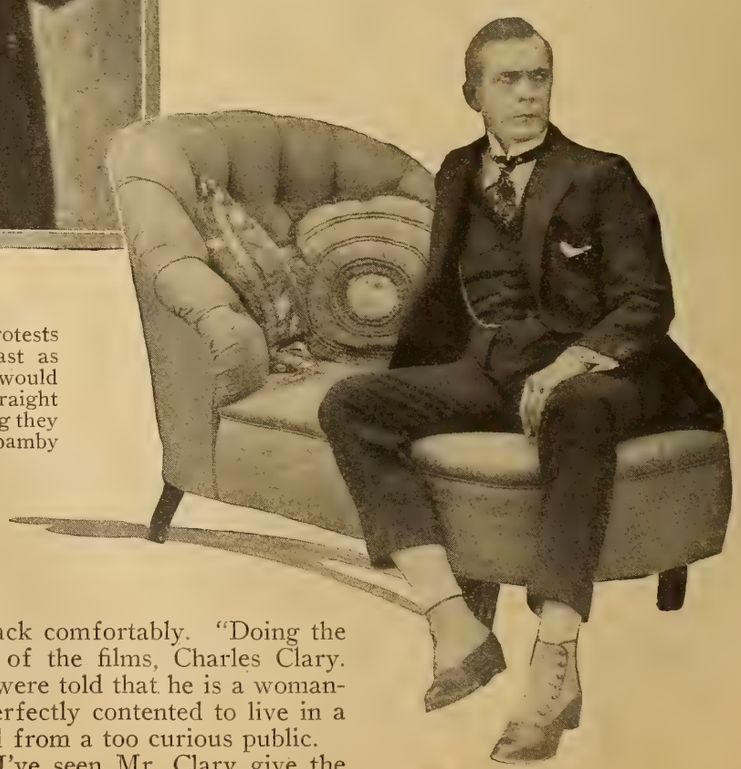
O. O. to faultlessly appointed haberdasheries all by his lone; because I've watched him critically survey a motion picture, take a Sunday jaunt at the beach sans company, or enjoy a quiet trolley ride, the while he studied a plump little volume to the utter exclusion of thoughts about his fellow-travelers.

Having rapidly reviewed what I thought I knew of Charles Clary, fear struck me hard when the button buzzed so decidedly and the conviction dawned that this was a case of doing the Daniel act with a movie lion. "I dont see why Miss Naylor couldn't have sent a *man* to a woman-hater like that," I grumbled inwardly. "Ten chances to one he wont even *see* me."

Telephone information from the Fox studio revealed the sad fact that Mr. Clary *might* be on the lot, or he mightn't; that he might have gone on location; that it was possible he'd be in his dressing-room and would see an interviewer.

A deputy angel arrived and conducted me to the Clary dressing-room.

Thru dark passages we groped—something like trench warfare, that stunt! Finally a door opened to a three-inch crack, the deputy's conciliatory little tap, tap, tap, and the door rushed back with a jerk as a deeply beautiful male voice said heartily, "Come on right in. Awfully glad to have you come over to my



Charles Clary protests at being always cast as a "heavy." He would like to play straight leads . . . providing they were not namby-pamby rôles

SOMEWHERE near the Brooklyn Bridge, in an editorial sanctum provided with all the common necessaries of life, a brisk young woman pressed a button which registered three thousand miles away. I say *registered* advisedly, for it brought up as nice a little set of emotions as ever chased across the silversheet.

"You do the rest," said the button as it settled back comfortably. "Doing the rest" referred to spotlighting the elusive bachelor of the films, Charles Clary. Sounds easy, doesn't it? That's because you never were told that he is a woman-hater, that he wont be interviewed, and that he's perfectly contented to live in a fashionable city hotel whose name has been withheld from a too curious public.

I believed all those reports, principally because I've seen Mr. Clary give the

Silversheet

Photoplays

NAYLOR

with a star. Here there is no skidding away from the theme in order to create interest or situations for the star's benefit. Little Ben Alexander, Lloyd Hughes, Helen Jerome Eddy and Pauline Curley all give excellent performances.

THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME—ARTCRAFT

The title of this most recent D. W. Griffith production has little to do with the tale, but considering the story carefully, I find that no other name would be a better fit, for Mr. Griffith tells two romances in war settings. Robert Harron, whom I had come to think could be only Bobby Harron, does a remarkable bit of character work as the would-be slacker; Dick Barthelmess is pleasing as the brave brother, who enlists and is sent to France, where he wins a lieutenant's bar and the little French girl of his heart, played by Carrol Dempster; but it seems to me that Clarine Seymour, as the cabaret girl, who remains true to Bobby in spite of temptation, is the real sensation of the piece. While Mr. Griffith hits all the sure-fire spots of pictured drama, Clarine injects life, piquancy, allurement into an image of life and makes of a small rôle a stellar part. In my opinion, Mr. Griffith slightly overuses the close-up. However, these new misty effects of his are artistic enough to bear watching. Considering Griffith's success in handling war subjects and his recent lack of impressiveness in "Happy Valley," I am wondering if our supposedly greatest director is limited, or is his failing a persistent refusal to recognize a worth-while story.

Jack Holt is Anita Stewart's hero in "A Midnight Romance" (First National)

Fannie Ward's and Mary Alden's acting in "Common Clay" is deserving of a place in screen history

Charles Ray gives another delightful screen characterization in "The Girl Dodger" (Paramount)

THE PROBATION WIFE—SELECT

A slim story—nay, more, a somewhat improbable one—made into a corkingly interesting photoplay because of the vivid Talmadge. Never has Norma photographed more beautifully, never have her gowns been more attractive nor her mastery of screen moods and their expression more poignant. At all moments she is alluring. The story concerns the adventures of a cabaret girl who is sent to a reformatory. Her escape is accomplished with the aid of a rich novelist, (writers are always wealthy in the movies). Having lost the woman he loves, he marries Norma to protect her. His first love returns to the scene. Stolen hours result in forgetfulness of the girl-wife. But Norma uses the foil of jealousy, and wins her duel for him easily, which is quite conceivable. Thomas Meighan makes a phlegmatic husband, while Alec. B. Francis gives a fine performance as the helping friend. Florence Billings photographed attractively as the other woman.

THE WHITE HEATHER—TOURNEUR

An old English melodrama which Maurice Tourneur presents with considerable thrills, excellent photography, but a few discrepancies

Mary Anderson is the one pleasant thing in Fred Stone's "Johnny Get Your Gun" (Artcraft)

William Farnum fights thru five reels in "The Man Hunter" (Fox)

"The Brand" (Goldwyn) proves the value of Rex Beach's presence on the scene of action.

of plot. The story is one of those hectic affairs which circle around the finding of the witness to a marriage ceremony. The scenes, supposed to be taken in Scotland, have charm; the exteriors giving an effect of great distance. An uncanny effect is secured by deep-sea photography, when the hero and the villain descend in divers' uniforms and fight for their lives at the bottom of the sea. As Maurice Tourneur remarked, after going down himself to inspect the most unusual location yet procured for a picture drama, "The bottom of the ocean isn't *all* it's cracked up to be." Jack Gilbert gives a remarkable performance as the faithful friend who searches each stratum of slum life. Mabel Ballin is a satisfactory heroine.

THE MARRIAGE PRICE—ARTCRAFT

"The Marriage Price" is a tin setting for the rich jewel of Elsie Ferguson's personality. As I look at it, the picture lacks many essentials. The photography is poor and is certainly not a beauty treatment for Miss Ferguson. There is an effect of jumpiness, as if the director were undecided which scene to put in next. This is undoubtedly due to poor continuity. The theme is one of the twenty-nine original plots: rich girl loses wealth thru father's death, discovers that earning her own living is an impossibility, marries a wealthy man because eating is better than starving, almost runs away with the other man, when husband explains away certain barriers, whereupon Elsie conveniently discovers she loved her husband all the time. Surely one of the most finished emotional actresses the screen has today deserves better material than this. Lionel Atwill does an excellent bit as Kenneth Gordon, the other man. Wyndham Standing is quite correct as the husband.

COMMON CLAY—PATHÉ

Fannie Ward is the star of this screenization of Cleaves Kinkead's famous stage play. Each time I go to see Fannie Ward I have a feeling I may be bored, and each time I come away loudly acclaiming her as the eighth wonder of the celluloid world. In "Common Clay" she portrays the part of Ellen Neal, a girl of the slums, who comes out on top of the heap, in spite of a father who, upon the slightest provocation believes her guilty of every crime and despite the efforts of society to force her into the gutter where they think she belongs. I enjoyed Ellen Neal's triumph. Women drones who sit in golden cages and sneer at the workers of the world would find their cold superiority turned into helpful love for the under person, were they, perchance, ever forced into the situations Ellen Neal met so bravely. "Common Clay" is very nearly a great picture. Words are meager tools with which to describe the fine acting of Fannie Ward as Ellen Neal. Mary Alden, too, here depicts some of the most poignant scenes in screen history—and yet her name did not appear on the cast.

BOOTS—PARAMOUNT

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess seem to enjoy thoroly romping thru this mixture of spies and bombs, misunderstandings and love. And I admit to an equal enjoyment in watching them. The younger Gish is distinctly an original person and can get away with almost anything. She is a little demon of rage, a minister of love, gentle or fiery in the same consecutive breath. All her performances are good entertainment.

THE BRAND—GOLDWYN

You have seen many Alaskan pictures, but none, I venture to say, that has been produced with such fidelity to fact and environment as "The Brand." Rex Beach supervises the making of his own pictures, and there could be no more definite proof of the value of the author's presence on the scene of action than this Goldwyn essay. The story concerns a strong man of the North, a weak woman and man of the East. Their red-blooded adventures, the realistic whirr of snowstorms and the capable direction of Reginald Barker form a thrilling tale. Kay Laurell, Russell Simpson and Robert McKim give clear-cut performances.

A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE—FIRST NATIONAL

One reviewer says "Anita Stewart simpers thru 'A Midnight Romance.'" Many may not agree with this,

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When the Celluloid Clock Strikes Twelve

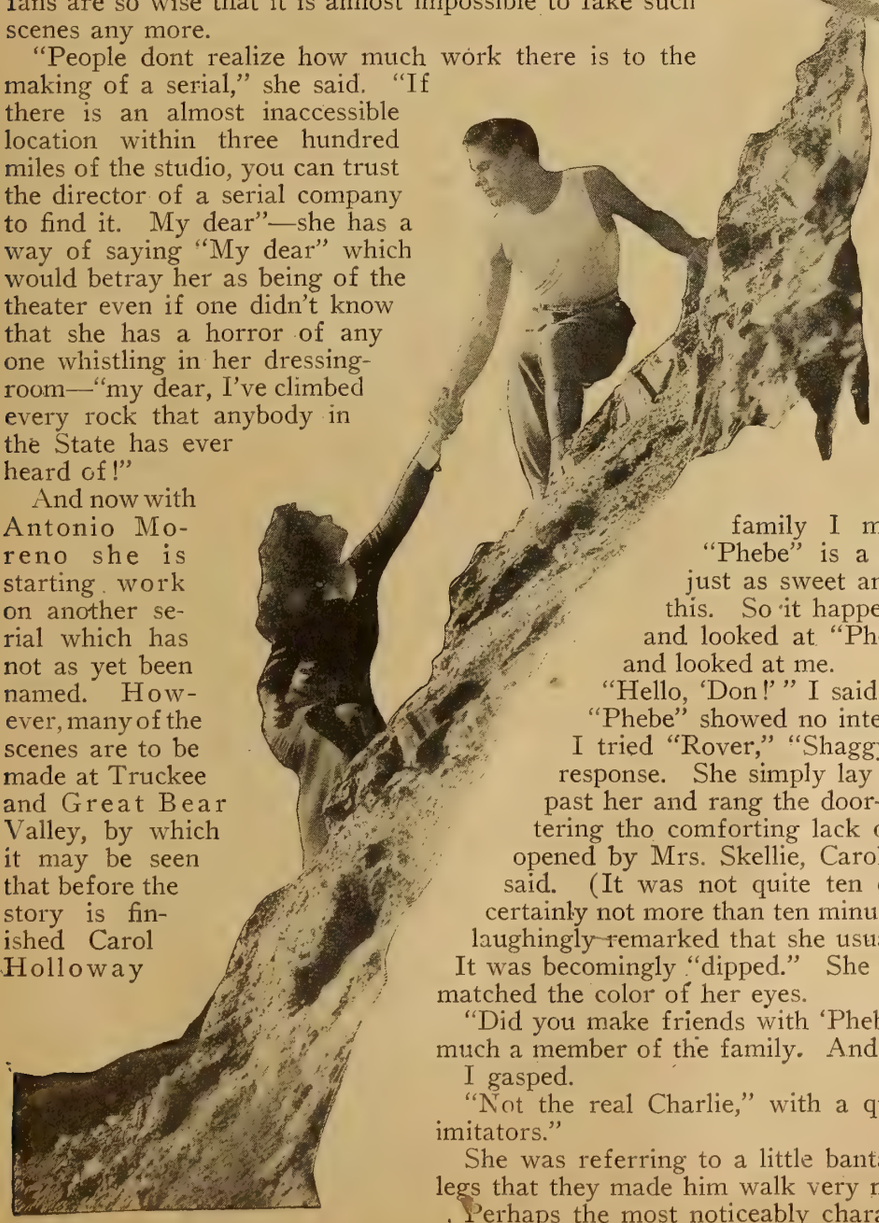
By ELIZABETH PELTRET

© Lumière, N. Y

I DONT mean by the above title that Carol Holloway has a dark and dismal past. Heavens, no! On the contrary, while her future, as they say in vaudeville, is all before her, her past stands as a particularly bright record of adventurous work joyously done as the feminine star of three melodramatic serials, as witness "The Fighting Trail" and "Vengeance and the Woman" with William Duncan and "The Iron Test" with Antonio Moreno.

Not only that, but she has fallen into just about every body of water in California, or San Francisco Bay to the Los Angeles River—when it is a river. By the time this is written she will probably have gone thru the ice at Great Bear Lake, unless she can coax her director to change his mind and do the scene at the studio, which, she sadly remarked, is improbable; the fans are so wise that it is almost impossible to fake such scenes any more.

"People dont realize how much work there is to the making of a serial," she said. "If there is an almost inaccessible location within three hundred miles of the studio, you can trust the director of a serial company to find it. My dear"—she has a way of saying "My dear" which would betray her as being of the theater even if one didn't know that she has a horror of any one whistling in her dressing-room—"my dear, I've climbed every rock that anybody in the State has ever heard of!"



"Probably very few people realize how much more difficult it is to strike twelve in moving pictures than it is to strike twelve on the stage. At the present I am striking just about nine," says Carol Holloway

And now with Antonio Moreno she is starting work on another serial which has not as yet been named. However, many of the scenes are to be made at Truckee and Great Bear Valley, by which it may be seen that before the story is finished Carol Holloway will probably be an authority on snow. I remarked that it sounded like six months at hard labor to me. She agreed, adding with a laugh, "On the rock pile."

And that is Carol Holloway's sentence. However, I am ahead—way ahead—of my story.

The first member of Carol Holloway's family I met wasn't Carol at all—it was "Phebe." "Phebe" is a great big, impressive-looking dog. She is just as sweet and friendly as she can be, but I didn't know this. So it happened that I stood in the middle of the street and looked at "Phebe" while "Phebe" sat on the front porch and looked at me.

"Hello, 'Don!'" I said.

"Phebe" showed no interest.

I tried "Rover," "Shaggy," "Prince" and "Boy" with equal lack of response. She simply lay there and dozed, and when at last I walked past her and rang the door-bell, she continued to show the same unflattering tho comforting lack of interest in all that I did. The door was opened by Mrs. Skellie, Carol Holloway's mother. "Carol isn't up," she said. (It was not quite ten o'clock and a Sunday morning, but it was certainly not more than ten minutes later that Carol Holloway came in.) She laughingly remarked that she usually wore her hair curled—"but"——

It was becomingly "dipped." She wore a blue dress of silk poplin that exactly matched the color of her eyes.

"Did you make friends with 'Phebe'?" she asked, and added, "'Phebe' is very much a member of the family. And so, too, is 'Charlie Chaplin.'"

I gasped.

"Not the real Charlie," with a quick glance of amusement, "but one of his imitators."

She was referring to a little bantam rooster with such heavy feathers on his legs that they made him walk very much like the famous comedian.

Perhaps the most noticeably characteristic thing about Carol Holloway is her

© Lumière

keen Scottish wit. She is the daughter of a college professor and her childhood was spent in Williamstown, Mass. In appearance she is, of course, an out-of-doors girl.

She has blue eyes—not gray-blue or violet or light-blue, but blue-blue; her hair is a rather dark-brown and her red cheeks really *are*. (Not make-up, you know; one can often tell.)

Even the sitting-room in her home seems to suggest the out-of-doors. One notices with a sense of pleasure the carefully blended tones of brown, from the grass-cloth which covers the walls to the stone bricks of the fireplace. There is a touch of old rose in a brown sofa cushion, and a scarlet touch is supplied by two poinsettias blooming in brown pots, the whole is illuminated by the glow of a wood fire burning in an open grate.

Miss Holloway has blue eyes, her hair is a rather dark brown, and her red cheeks really *are*. (Not make-up, you know; one can always tell)

"Yes," she remarked, "my future is all before me—I hope. Perhaps some day I will be famous."

"What do you mean, *will be?*" I asked.

She laughed. "My dear, I have no illusions; I'm not now. Professionally I'm just about striking nine on a clock that strikes twelve." (She believes that "striking twelve" has a large element of luck in it.)

"No one can tell just what type of part suits her best," Carol continued. "She may imagine that she is fitted for comedy and find that she has a tragic muse, or the other way around, and the only way she can find out what suits her is by experience. The right supporting cast, the right director and the right story come along, the girl surprises herself by her grasp of the character she is playing and then, when she sees the picture, she realizes that everything is exactly as it should be. She has struck twelve; she feels sure of herself and her future.

"Probably very few people realize how much more difficult it is strike twelve in moving pictures than it is to strike twelve on the stage," she went on. "On the stage your audience helps you. Then, too, you can begin at the beginning of your story and get yourself 'worked up' to your big scene. You may throw yourself into it with all your strength and be exhausted at the end, but the response from 'out front' and the applause when the curtain has gone down rests you and makes you feel—oh, as you feel when the attendant at a Turkish bath pours warm oil on your back!

"But"—when the laugh had subsided—"for the screen all is different! You get yourself right under the skin of your part, you're crying real tears and—oh, everything! You know that you're putting it over; that you're really acting. But when you get thru, is there any applause? No! The director says:

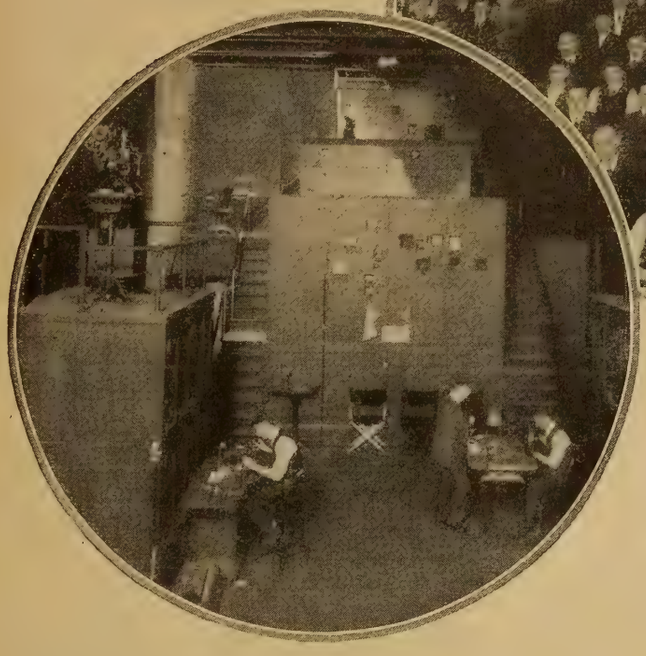
"'Very good! Now we have another hour of sunshine, so we'd better hurry up and take that scene where you're so happy about receiving your lover's letter!'

"Oh, what a let-down, what a let-down!"

"I like the adventures we meet doing serials," she said, in conclusion, "and the chance they give me to be always outdoors. Still, I realize that by impersonating the same girl every day for six months I dont have as many opportunities to strike twelve as I would have if my parts were a little more varied. However, we have lots of fun, and that counts for something after all!"

Carol Holloway lives in a California bungalow with her mother. Her childhood was spent in Williamstown, Mass.

Two thousand five hundred employees of the N. C. R. Co. being given a free course in salesmanship during the noon hour, and the assembling and operator's room maintained at the company's expense



Think It Over, Mr. Educator

How Movies Can Be Made a Great Educational Factor

By ALEXANDER LAFAYETTE

NO one questions the fact that motion pictures have a great educational value. Each day brings forth new ways to utilize them. When the first movie shows were opened the world scoffed and predicted failure. The art of motive photography had not as yet been fully developed; the fine points of illusion were still imperfect. The only professionals who would play, with a few brilliant exceptions, were out of engagements and felt passionate yearnings to resume the pleasant habit of eating. In brief, the moving picture was an unexplored, untried and unproven science. It was an experiment and unprecedented, and the people had little faith in it.

As a glorious monument to the determination and courage of the few men who saw the vision and followed it, we have the motion picture industry as it is today. The films are approaching perfection and afford more varied vehicles than the legitimate. Such palaces as the Strand, the Rialto and the Rivoli in New York, the New Park and the Milford in Chicago, and the many luxurious establishments in every community have developed from the few and scattered empty storeroom theaters of the old days. Established stars have forsaken the legitimate for the pictures, and Geraldine Farrar, Pauline Frederick, Mary Garden, Olga Petrova, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Taylor Holmes, Elsie Ferguson, Marguerite Clark, Mae Murray and most of the stage luminaries can now be seen at the movies for a nominal price. Actors who, like Charlie Chaplin, would have been doing slapstick in burlesque, are drawing hundreds of thousands a year and amuse millions without changing their residence. Nowadays everybody goes to the movies, and everything can be portrayed in them. They are proven successful, as even Marcus Loew admitted.

Teaching thru the motion picture should be adopted by the public schools. Landscape gardening, industrial and health activities, welfare and improvement work, travel, history, geography, mythology and botany could be taught in half the time now required

The world is slowly learning that the movies can instruct as well as amuse. The news weeklies and travel series are becoming the most popular courses on the movie menu. It will not be long before the public schools will be considering the idea of incorporating moving pictures into their regular courses.

One of the first men to give the movies a fair opportunity to prove their educational worth was John H. Patterson, head of the National Cash Register Company. He has always believed in "teaching thru the eye" and, as early as 1891, was using stereopticons in instructing an industrial school composed of his employees.

As soon as the preliminary experiments in motion pictures were made, Mr. Patterson saw the unlimited future and applicability of the new vehicle, and in 1902, after using rented films with indifferent success, he had one of the first industrial pictures in the history of the commercial world made for exhibition in his city. This was called "The Dream of the German Storekeeper," and compared the success of the average small storekeeper working without and with the N. C. R. system. The film was made by Gaumont, and a revised version was produced by the same company shortly after under the title of "Grocer Johnston." Another similar film was soon made, called the "Awakening of John Bond," perhaps the most ambitious film of the time.

The first Kinemacolor film ever produced in America was taken for the N. C. R. in 1911. Kinemacolor films showing backyard and neighborhood improvement, and the development of flowers, from seed to full bloom in a few minutes, are used in the lectures

(*Continued on page* 105)

Beauties from All Over the Land

Photo by Apeda, N. Y.
DOROTHY REYNOLDS

EACH day the Fame and Fortune Contest of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC is assuming more gigantic proportions. We were aware that the whole world was more or less movie mad, but it remained for our contest offer of entry into the picture world to make us realize just how many girls all over the land are desirous of becoming screen stars.

Thousands of photographs were carefully examined and judged in order to make up this month's Honor Roll. After a careful elimination, seven beauties were chosen. Whereupon we made an astounding discovery. The majority of the beauties come from the Golden West. Does this mean that Western girls are more beautiful than Easterners, or merely that the West is more keen in seeking success? At any rate, it is now up to our Eastern sisters to hurry and send in more photographs of their beautiful girls. Dont allow the honors to slip from your hands, girls.

Since we admitted men to the contest there have been many queries as to why more men have not been on the Honor Roll. This is because the average of masculine handsomeness has not been as high as that of feminine beauty.

The young women whose portraits we show here under the seventh Honor Roll are to be congratulated on being chosen from several thousand other beauties. These entries embrace between March 1st and March 15th.

The seventh Honor Roll follows:

Dorothy Reynolds, 807 West 100th Street, New York City. Miss Reynolds has had some experience in amateur theatricals. She has light auburn hair, dark-blue eyes and is five feet five.

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Above:
MARJORIE CONSTANCE FUER
Left:
MARIE CHAPELLE

Marie Chapelle, 1355 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Cal. Miss Chapelle has attracted some attention for her dancing, as she has specialized in Oriental and classic type of work. She has dark-blue eyes, dark-brown hair and is five feet seven inches in height.

Marjorie Constance Fuer, 4452 Brandon, Seattle, Wash. Miss Fuer has played small rôles with one

Gather in Contest for Fame and Fortune

or two picture productions, including one with Kitty Gordon. She is a blonde type and is five feet seven.

Dorothy Jane Allen, 1325 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Allen's professional experience is limited to high school theatricals. She has grayish-blue eyes, auburn hair and is just a bit over five feet in height.

Helen De Laine, 460 West Doran Street, Glendale, Cal. Miss De Laine has had slight extra experience at the Lasky studios. Miss De Laine admits green eyes, blonde hair and a height of five feet five.

Lanessa Carroll, 1118 26th Street, Des Moines, Iowa. Miss Carroll has had no experience. She has dark-blue eyes, brown hair and is five feet four and one-half inches tall.

Lois Kathryn Houch, 30 Parkwood Boulevard, Schenectady, N. Y. Miss Houch has played small rôles with Famous Players and Goldwyn. She has dark-blue eyes, blonde hair and is five feet two.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for June will carry the eighth honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between March 15th and April 1st. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for July will follow with the honor roll for April 1st to April 15th. This method of presenting honor rolls will be continued until the end of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

The closing date of the contest has not yet been

(*Continued on page* 108)

LANESSA CARROLL

HELEN De LAINE

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Apeda, N. Y.

Right:
LOIS KATHRYN HOUCH

Left:
DOROTHY JANE ALLEN

Red Head, Red Head!

Irene Franklin Sang the Song in Vaudeville, But Anne Luther Is It

By FRANK V. BRUNER

Anne Luther has decided to go a-serialing, altho by remaining in features she could have spent her time lolling around fancy sets, eating chocolates and reading Robert W. Chambers' novels

SOME one once said that you could figure out anything in life but two factors, a cyclone and a red-haired girl. The cyclone was a trifle more amenable to reason than the red-haired girl, because it would end at some time or another. This sounds like O. Henry, but it isn't. Anyway, it brings home the point that it is rather difficult to figure out what a lady with auburn locks will do. It is not considered Fifth Avenue to call them red heads any more; they are known as Titian blondes, but their uncertainty continues under any name.

Who, for instance, would have ever thought that Anne Luther, after achieving success as a feature star, would cast her lot with the serials? Think of the difference! In features she could have continued to loll around fancy sets, eat chocolates, read Robert W. Chambers' novels and lazily receive the attentions of neatly tailored leading men. Nothing more exciting than an occasional close-up would have interrupted the even tenor of her way. But Anne decided that a-serialing she would go.

Do you realize what that means?

Have you ever seen Pearl White or Ruth Roland on the screen?

Your life becomes one grand round of chase, cliffs, speeding railroad trains, automobiles or airplanes, wet rivers and oceans, tumbles thru trap-doors, diabolical villains, mobs of not-so-clean "extras" and action, action, action!

Gone are the chocolates and Chambers' novels and plush settees of the features. Now your favorite resting-place is a brake-beam underneath a box-car or the cow-catcher of a locomotive. Do you ever pose for a three-quarter length love scene before the camera?

You do not.

When you do meet the hero he generally reaches up from the back of a galloping horse and pulls you down from an overhanging bough. He is too busy rescuing you to stand still long enough for a close-up. And the villain—oh, that villain! He shoots you, tries to drown you, poisons your food, ties you up with clothesline and, if all other means fail, bangs you

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

EAR FRIENDS—I'm sorry if your questions haven't been answered. It isn't my fault; it's nobody's fault. All we can do is hope for more pages. (The Editor tells me they are coming!) I have five galleys of answers all set up in type, waiting for more room. Confound these advertisers. They insist on crying their wares and I want to cry my own.

LORRAINE.—Of course you are welcome. You want a picture of Jack Holt in the gallery. That's it, get out and hustle. Without exertion and diligence, success in the pursuits of life is rarely captured. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is producing and releasing independently.

PATTY.—So you have a bone to pick with me? Go ahead. I'm not responsible for the make-up, my child. Yes, I have met Mrs. Earle Williams, and I am hers. I'm sure you would approve of her. George Cohan is playing in the speakies on Broadway.

NAZIMOVA FAN.—Thanks, accent on the "Zim" (pronounced Zeem). Yes, born in Talta, Crimea, Russia, but I haven't the date.

LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—No, you dont want much. Some want but little here below, and want that little for a show. Send along 25c. Robert Gordon is playing opposite Bessie Love for Vitagraph. You're welcome. Ralph Ince, John Ince and Tom Ince are all brothers and all directors. And the greatest of these is Tom.

DOLORES CASSINELLI ADMIRER.—Douglas Fairbanks is in California. Eugene O'Brien in California, too. Clever letter you write. You know what I mean, good sense. A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning. Try it again.

VYRGYNYA.—Behold, again the fair Vyrgynya! May I not be your Paul? I cant answer you. To answer wit by reason is like trying to hold an elk by the tail.

ELLAYE PHAN.—Of course, I'm with you. Why not? Thanks, I'm always happy. They do tell me that happiness is only for those who are either too ignorant or too wise to take life seriously.

ROYSTON C. H.—King Baggot has gone on the stage. H. D. Warner is back in pictures with J. D. Hampton in Hollywood. No, send an International Coupon. Our Fame and Fortune Contest appears to be the greatest success we have ever had.

W. T. C.—Well, it's not always safe to tell the truth—to everybody. The photo you enclose is of May Allison and not Mary Miles Minter. The World picture was taken in March, 1918.

BUTTONS.—Thanks for the eight cents. No, I wont abuse it, and I promise not to get drunk on it. You know the abuse of money is worse than the want of it, and goodness knows, I—well, need it. It may be the root of all evil, but give me plenty of the root. John Bowers was born in Indiana.

JESSIE JAMES.—Jane Novak is married, and William Hart's middle name is unknown—that's one of his pet secrets.

BLUEBIRD.—Glad to see you this fine day. You're always reading. Well, books are to the young what capital is to the man of business, but I find I have more books than capital. Johnny Hines is about 24 years, 5 ft. 9 in., 150 lbs. Gloria Hope is playing with Jack Pickford.

ALICE D.—You write with a warm heart. Of women, many are cold but few are frozen. Yes, I saw that picture in which the hero was charged with stealing diamonds—what I could call a brilliant charge. You want an interview with Douglas MacLean and Casson Ferguson.

JEAN.—You will have to join one of the correspondence clubs.

RUTH B.—Nothing the matter with the world. It's a large and interesting book and is opened to us day and night. Peggy Hyland in "The Rebellious Bride." William Desmond in "The Prodigal Liar." You want an interview with Tom Moore and Wallace Reid.

NANNY GOAT.—Zounds, bring in the stretcher, man! You say you swear I wear a night gown. That's tellin' secrets what shouldn't be known. Not guilty. Pajamas. William Hart never was married. What did the Dead Sea die of? That'll do.

MAGGIE J.—You say your letter looks like seven-seventy-three turned upside down and backwards. Shirley Mason is to play opposite Bryant Washburn. Corinne Griffith in "The Girl Problem." Some say that love comes in the spring of life and stays for a week-end visit, but I have known it to come twice every year and stay six months each time. Didn't Emerson say, "The first wealth is health"? Be satisfied.

A. T. X.—I'm sorry I haven't the name of the girl who played the bride in "Sapho" with Pauline Frederick. Perhaps someone knows?

JOSEPHINE D.—You refer to Marshall Neilan. W. M. Davidson in the other. Picture was sent you. No, I am not like those people who age prematurely by settling down and planning to grow old—I never expect to settle down unless, perchance, it be in another world.

OAKLAND.—Subscription to you would be $2.50, and you would get the 80 portraits. A "serviette" means a napkin in French. "The less they eat, the faster they go," is an old race-track saying. Not so with human beings.

F. A. J.—You ask who was the actress who "got Wallace Reid." Evidently you refer to his wife, Dorothy Davenport. Marguerite Clark is married. No, because Bessie Barriscale, with Howard Hickman, her husband, and their child expect to take a trip around the world.

S. H. W.—Thanks a lot. William Hart is still among the land of the living. Reports of his death are greatly exaggerated.

G. L. H.—My fault. Surely there is an Albert Roscoe.

The Answer Man

Doris R.—I have readdressed the letter. Stop in again.

Nogi.—Thanks for the fee, Nogi. So you're a lumber jackette, are you? And you mourn for the Costello days. Them was the good old days. Fay Tincher is with the Christie Comedy in a series.

Lille, France.—*Pax vobiscum.* I was glad to hear from you. Everything is high here, too. Such is the state of the world at present that whoever wishes to purchase anything must beware. Everything is high except my salary. Mary MacLaren is with Universal playing in "Prairie Gold."

B-4.—Of course I wear a collar and tie. Say, some of you people must think I'm a freak of nature, like the Wild Man of Borneo, or something like that. You say the two things you are afraid of are women and mysterious men. I dont know which is more dangerous. Thanks for the—verses.

Just Me.—No, not yet. But what can I call my own, if my thoughts are not mine? That would be telling. Earle Williams and Grace Darmond in "The Highest Trump." They are West.

Sufi.—Mary Pickford is 26 years old. What do you mean—wonder.

Mae A.—Harrison Ford is not lame. You cant go to the movies very often without profiting by it. Not to go to the movies is like making one's toilet without a mirror.

Hollie V. S.—You cant go by that at all. Many people have reputations for piety simply because they are too stingy to enjoy life. Try Ingersoll for time, I haven't any to answers yours.

Max G.—"Quo Vadis?" was shown here before "Cabiria." Marie Bashkirtseff, the Russian artist and author, died at the age of 24. Her distinctive genius was conspicuously present in her personal diary on which her fame eagerly rests.

Bluebird.—So many letters, too. Thanks. Leigh isn't cast. Dorothy Dalton is with Ince, Culver City, Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks for the invitation. Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883, Eugene O'Brien is 35, and Kenneth Harlan is 24 years old.

Electric Fan.—Whatever you do, dont be idle. Play and recreation are as necessary as work, but be sure you make your life amount to something. Make every hour count for something worth while. You say you admire Webster, Shakespeare and Me. Thanks, but why put me last? Neither Noah nor William could do what I do.

Nellie S.—Nellie, how could you? You say Bill Hart has no use for a woman who works. Have a heart—I'm sure Bill has.

Rita S.—Alma Gluck is Mrs. Efram Zimbalist. No, I haven't heard McCormick sing "Angel's Serenade" in reality, but I have heard it on the phonograph. Music is the oral language of the affections, as words are the natural language of the thoughts. Lillian Gish is not married.

Helen P.—Kitty Gordon married Sir Harry Beresford. I find the best mode of dealing with a quarrelsome person is to keep out of his way. Try it.

Toronto, Forever.—Charles Chaplin is 30 years old. To marry in hopes of reforming your lover is a dangerous experiment. The trouble with most married men is that they neglect their home work. Wives who are not entertained at home will find entertainment away from home.

G. I. Like U.—I'm glad U do, for I like U. My car seems to be holding its own, thank you. You know I have a 12-cylinder Ford limousine.

Richard J. M.—Mae Murray is back in pictures. Write our sales department for back numbers.

Wakatipu, N. Z.—You refer to Helen Holmes. No answer to your second. Thanks for the invitation to visit New Zealand. I may surprise you some day.

Frances C. M.—Some book of a letter you wrote. Well, I just finished, and, believe me, I spent a half hour on it, but not without profit.

Just Plain Girl.—There's no reason why you cant succeed if you say so. You write a very clever letter, and I want to hear from you again.

Vyrgynya.—Handed your application as office girl to the Answer Man to the Editor. Results later. Good stuff in yours.

Ura Joke.—Who—me? Well, a five-reel script will sell for about five hundred dollars, but the synopsis of seven or eight pages is all that is required. Good luck to you.

Max G.—Gee, Max, your letter was funny, and I envy you your wit. Yes, pictures go all over the world. In the United States, when a Pickford film is released on the 20th, that means it can be had in any part of the U. S. on that date.

Irene.—You wish you were in the movies, and so do I.

Lockwood Admirer.—There will be more of his pictures released. How many times must I tell you not to look for jokes in this department. I dont believe in them. Anyway, Mark Twain says that there are only sixteen original jokes, and I used up those sixteen long ago, with all their variations.

Henry W. M.—That Gish picture was taken in California. You will have to address her in care of the company.

Irene J. P.—Be patient, and you will see Kenneth Harlan. There is no such thing as a "great secret," because the greater it is the harder it is to keep.

Trueblood.—Muriel Ostriche was with World last. Yes, she lives in New York.

Ford F.—Wallace Reid is 6 ft. tall, Charles Ray 6 ft., and Francis Bushman 6 ft. and ½ in. in summer and 6 ft. and ¾ in. in winter—in his socks.

Maud L.—The only love I know of is Montagu and Bessie, and they are no relation. Genera is the plural of the word genus. Why, yes, a torpedo may be fired from a submarine either when the boat is on the surface or submerged.

Mina C., Pueblo.—Thanks for the good wishes. In 1918 Christmas was on Wednesday and New Year's was on Tuesday. You apparently didn't get the joke. I said 1918, while you refer to January, 1919.

Wentworth Arms.—Haven't Aileen Percy's present whereabouts. Thanks for the gum. I'm chewing of it while I write. You ask why we are disposed to laugh secretly, even when our best friend falls down. Dont know, but it's true.

Eddie & Georgie.—Harry Morey and James Morrison with Vitagraph. A man's best fortune, they say, or his worst, is a wife. You know the error of an hour may become the sorrow of a whole life.

Bobby.—Why, not so at all. I answer everybody who writes when I have space. From now on I shall be able to give you people a better run for your money.

J. M. J.—You can reach Mrs. Percy Hitchcock.

Bob Miller.—Glad to hear from you. Louis Sherwin was the author of "The Better Half," with Alice Brady.

Lily Belle.—Clubs, clubs, yes, write to any of the correspondence clubs for a companion in California. Alma Rubens in "Diana of the Green Van." Nigel Barrie opposite her.

Muriel.—Nothing doing. You cant bribe me with a box of candy for one of my pictures. I look as per the photo at the head of this department, and there's an end on't. I admit all the faults you credit me with, but, remember, that by others' faults clever people correct their own. Mahlon Hamilton in "The Danger Mark."

Grace C.—Fire away! Well, I wont say my pockets are always empty—I sometimes put my hands in them. Many empty pockets are caused by empty heads. Thanks for the snaps. Very fond of "Until We Meet Again."

Bandana.—Sorry, but I never received that cigaret case. Thanks, however. Florence Reed in "Her Code of Honor." Captain Warwick is with Fox now.

F. W.—Zelda, isn't it Spanish?

Corp. Dale.—The Battle of the Marne took place on Sept. 6-9, 1914. Yes, Harrison Ford, but he is no flivver.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

THINGS have been mighty quiet at the Lasky lot. Ethel Clayton finished her series of pictures and has gone East on her way to Europe for a needed rest and vacation. Nobody knows when she'll be back or what she'll produce, or whether she'll do pictures on the other side. They do say Mr. Charles Chaplin is to remain quite a time "over there" and that he wont get back till he's "put *himself* over over there."

About the middle of April, Lasky will have seven companies working on the lot, with the usual directors, including Uncle George Melford, Jimmie Cruze, Donald Crisp, *et al.*, and, of course, Mr. De Mille is doing big things, as usual.

De Mille has this advantage. He can spend what he likes. He never uses a bit of drapery, a frock, or any furniture twice. He always has the "first run" of everything that's ordered, then it goes into the property-room and may be requisitioned by other directors. His sets for "For Better, For Worse" are something beautiful. There are some scenes from Viking, Crusader, Colonial and twentieth century days. A drawing-room set we viewed, supposed to be in a Fifth Avenue mansion, cost thirty thousand dollars. Great Oriental rugs covered the floors, huge fireplaces were built in; real oil paintings, some eight feet long, adorned the burlapped walls; the rarest tapestries and damasks hung everywhere. He positively wont use cheap drapes, and he is a wizard in designing costumes.

May Allison and Henry Otto, her director, on board the yacht, *The Parr*, used in "The Island of Intrigue"

Sometimes Doris Kenyon thinks she would make a most successful cameraman. Perched on top of a mountain in North Carolina, Miss Kenyon is pointing out a great shot to her director, J. Searle Dawley

One of the funniest sights was Jack Holt—indeed, if it had not been for his little finger ring and his walk, we'd not have recognized him at all. He was a Crusader, wore a bobbed hair wig with a long bang, a *sink-brush* mustache, a complete B. V. D. of pot-scraper chains, and floating from the left hip toward the rear was a nifty bit of sea-green, finest quality silk crêpe. The outfit was not quite carpentered, but he had gone to show himself to

Mr. De Mille, having just been pinned together by Madame Hoffman, the Lasky designer.

We said we'd like to borrow him to clean our pots and pans, and Mr. Holt said, said he, "I' faith, faire ladye, if 'tis a *soup*-pot thou hast, I'll gladly jump in with both feet and clean it for thee." It surely did look like a *combination* suit of pot-scraper and dishcloth, and Mr. Holt was not in love with it, evidently.

Monte Blue also wears one of these useful costumes, and the menfolk are all pottering about in leather Juliets—making them turn up their toes to the daisies, as it were.

We saw Kenneth Harlan, handsome, bareheaded and "fatter" than he was before he went to France, carefully helping Lottie Pickford and Mary Pickford Rupp out of their little runabout. Evidently Mr. Harlan had been driving, and they'd just motored up to the Alexandria. Miss Pickford went to San Francisco to meet the returning hero, and they say Mr. Harlan had quite an ovation in that burg before he returned to our sunny South.

Sylvia Breamer, who is becoming famous as one of the J. Stuart Blackton stars, seems to have changed from blue and gray to soft tan-brown for once. She ambled along West Sixth Street at 10 P. M., unescorted and unafraid, wearing a frock and turban of that shade and a handsome fur neckpiece a bit darker.

Norma Talmadge's *double* is Gloria Swanson's most intimate pal. In fact, Beatrice La Plante lives with Gloria and they're inseparable. Often one hears some one remark at the Ship Café, "Oh, there's Norma Talmadge with Gloria Swanson." There's the same trick of expression, the same elfin eyes, and even in her

(*Continued on page* 112)

Everyone marvels at the remarkable acting abilities of little Charles and Violet Blackton. Here is one of the reasons for their skilled performances, their father, J. Stuart Blackton, personally coaching them in their parts

The property man over at the Peerless Studio (World Film) told us of his ambitions, and it finally developed into a peach of a dream, where he played opposite June Elvidge. Here he is asking June just when he can become her husband. What a shame to wake the poor soul up

The Crimson Iris

By H. H. VAN LOAN

$300.00 Cash Prizes *To be Solved by OUR READERS* A Great Mystery Story

The mystery that baffled the Scotland Yard Detectives to be solved by our readers.
A contest that is taxing the ingenuity and imagination of everybody.

Read the wonderful story, *"The Crimson Iris,"* by H. H. Van Loan, and you will agree with us when we say that, not since the days of Sherlock Holmes, has a story been written that so holds the interest and excites the curiosity of the reader.

It is a detective story and you are to be the chief detective.

We are quite sure that the mystery will baffle you just as it baffled Scotland Yard. At one point in the story, you will say, "Oh, I see; this person did it—well, the cat is out of the bag—the mystery is solved." But in the next chapter you will find that you were wrong. And in the next chapter you will again change your mind.

We shall award $300.00 in cash prizes to those who send in the best solutions, and we wish these solutions sent in monthly. Your *first* guess, and even your *second*, may be wrong, but that may not prevent you from winning first prize. All solutions must be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine. You should mail your postal card addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn N. Y." Do this every month and write on the back of the card in as few words as possible, who you think committed the crime, or the motive, or anything which will guide us in determining whether you have grasped the situation and guessed how the story will unfold. We shall award the prizes on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card should be numbered, thus: your first card should read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1;" your second card should read "No. 2," and so on. We expect you to be wrong in one or more of your guesses—perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions were logical, or probable, or possible, you have a chance for first prize. Your last card must contain a solution. It must contain a very brief synopsis of what the last instalment will be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

The prizes will be as follows:—

1st prize	$100.00	6th "	20.00
2nd "	50.00	7th "	15.00
3rd "	40.00	8th "	10.00
4th "	35.00	9th "	5.00
5th "	25.00		

One half of this will go to the winners and one half to any soldier or sailor designated by the winners. For example, the winner of first prize will receive $50.00 cash and a certified check for $50.00 payable to any soldier or sailor he or she may name. Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes. The judges will take *everything* into consideration. If any two are considered equally meritorious the prize will be divided. No coupons are necessary—only postal cards.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS"

Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, disappears weirdly from his London hotel. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, a man of fashion, notifies the police. It transpires that Gebhardt was not an American, but a German born in Laupheim, and that he had been travelling with a false passport.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the "Chronicle" and expert criminologist, becomes interested in the case. He goes to Scotland Yard and discloses the fact that he has found Gebhardt's opera hat and wallet containing his card on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge. Brenon Hodges is suspected of implication. At this juncture word is received that Arthur Gebhardt has been found at the Victoria Studios—*murdered!*

Letherdale and Inspector Henry of Scotland Yard go immediately to the Victoria Studios and there find the body of Gebhardt attired in conventional evening clothes, with no sign of struggle or suffering. They assemble together the people working in the studio and question them with little or no result. The coroner is summoned and is equally at a loss. As they are leaving they overhear Charles Dunn, the assistant laboratory man, questioning the camera-man about an iris he "shot" that morning. "You shot two," he tells him; "I only made one iris," declares the camera-man. "You made two," reiterates Dunn, "and I colored them both crimson."

The camera-man, Pliny, is sent to the Yard for further questioning and the police proceed to "follow up" Rita di Garma, star at the Victoria Studio and known to have been a friend of Arthur Gebhardt's.

Rita di Garma first denies all charges, then, confronted with evidence, admits her love for Gebhardt, which, she claims turned to hatred when he insulted her and proved himself to be a German spy. This supplies Letherdale with fresh impetus and he follows two suspicious looking Germans to a public house where he overhears them talking of the murder in terms of satisfaction. He seeks the London office of the Cinema Company of America and finds it obscurely located. We leave him planning a new coup.

CHAPTER VI

(Continued from May)

With fear and suspense written in every line of his countenance, he turned around and met the gaze of the man behind the table, who was closely watching him. Letherdale hesitated an instant, and then, still playing his rather difficult rôle, he walked quietly over to the side of the table and met the curious gaze of the stout gentleman, with a somewhat frightened look.

"A-are you Thein?" he inquired as he bent close to the reddened face of the other. He spoke in tones hardly audible.

"Yes," was the reply he received.

"I—I come from Gantz," Letherdale continued as he glanced nervously towards the door.

"Herman Gantz?" asked Thein with a show of interest.

"Yes." Then Letherdale drew back, and after a brief silence, added: "I felt certain I was followed here." And again his eyes turned apprehensively in the direction of the door.

"What makes you think so?" asked Thein.

"I—I dont know," mused the reporter. "But, as I left the News office, I saw a rather suspicious looking individual standing a few feet from the entrance, and I noticed that he came in my direction. I looked back several times and saw that he was about a block behind me. He disappeared two blocks from here, at Wardour Street, and I thought perhaps he would cut thru to Shaftsbury Avenue and get a square ahead of me."

"Did he do that?"

"I didn't see him again," replied Letherdale, "and I'm inclined to believe my fears were needless."

"I suppose you were a little nervous," concluded Thein. "I've often had that same feeling. It's prompted by the work we are doing. Of course, one has to be as cautious as possible. But, we are all taking great risks, and if we are caught, we at least have the satisfaction of knowing it is for the benefit of the

Fatherland we suffer." Then, as he saw his visitor nod in agreement, he added: "What's your name?"

"Carl Schmidt."

"You say you come from Gantz?"

"Yes. I just left him with Mayer, at the Blackfriars Tavern," replied Letherdale, a little excitedly.

"Is anything wrong?" inquired Thein with a show of interest.

"Yes. He says there's been a mistake made about the Campian. She didn't sail on the twenty-fourth for Queenstown. She left on the twentieth, and she's en route to Fishguard!"

Thein was silent a moment as he fixed his gaze on the table. A cloud of anger spread over his rugged face. "By Gott, that was no mistake!" he blurted out, as he brought his big fist down on the pile of papers before him. "Gebhardt did that! He deliberately altered the code."

Letherdale was pleased with the progress he had made thus far, and his face lighted up with satisfaction as he added: "Yes, but he's paid for his disloyalty."

"So he has, thank Gott," declared Thein with emphasis. Then, after a moment's reflection, he continued: "If the Campian is going to Fishguard, then we must get a message to Von Weden. He can get her near Strumble Head, in the Irish Sea."

"Gantz feared that she might make the port before Von Weden could get to her," explained Letherdale. "He suggested you wireless him to get in touch with the base at Dalkey——"

"Lambay, you mean," Thein corrected him.

"Lambay—that was it," quickly agreed Letherdale. "Well, he thought in order to guard against any possibility of her getting thru, you should have Von Weden wireless to the base and have a couple of U-boats despatched from there."

"Von Weden, with his U-78, is the man for this job—providing we can communicate with him," mused Thein. "I called twice this morning, but he didn't come in."

"Maybe you can raise him now," suggested the reporter. "Gantz says it is most important that you act quickly or the Campian will get thru with her five thousand troops."

"Well, I'll see if I can get him," agreed Thein as he rose. Then, as he stepped away from the table, he added softly: "Lock that door."

Letherdale obeyed the instruction, and after he had turned the key, he carefully slipped it into his pocket. As he turned, he saw Thein bending over a small steamer trunk on the floor near the fireplace. He took some keys from his pocket and unlocked it. Raising the lid, he removed several small bundles of papers, portfolios and various documents, and then lifted out a complete set of wireless apparatus. Placing it on the floor, he closed the trunk and then raised the apparatus and set it firmly on the lid. After he had done this, he took out a long piece of insulated wire, with a plug fastened to one end. Going to one of the electric lights, he unscrewed one of the bulbs and fastened the plug in its place. Returning to the trunk, he moved a couple of switches. Then he adjusted the receivers to his ears, drew up a chair and sat down. Throwing open the sending key, he began to work. A violet ray instantly flashed in the spark gap, and Letherdale knew Thein was calling Captain Von Weden, of U-boat 78.

"If I cant raise Von Weden, I'll try the base at Lambay," said Thein, without turning his head. "If neither answer, then I'll have to get Nuen, and have the message transmitted from there."

The reporter was bewildered for a moment as he reflected over the silent working of the wireless. That irritating sound, similar to the buzzing noise of a saw-mill, which usually accompanies the operating of a wireless, was so hushed that Letherdale, who was standing but a few feet behind Thein, could barely hear the spark gap.

"This is a silent set, isn't it?" he remarked.

"I'm using a quenched spark," explained Thein. "It works right in with the current; softens the discharge and nullifies the sound."

As the man at the key continued in his efforts to raise Von Weden, Letherdale made a closer study of his surroundings. The room was not very large, and there was a noticeable absence of fresh air; for its solitary window was closed. Almost the entire space, bounded by the four walls, was utilized, and thus it was difficult for one to move about. In carelessness and neglect, the place would have fitted nicely into the traditions of Fleet Street. Everything was covered with dust and dirt, and there was a musty odor, such as one finds in old bookshops. The soot, from London fogs, which penetrates everywhere, had settled on the walls and ceiling, where it had probably rested for years. There was no system here, but complete disorder and confusion. Bookcases, dried and warped with age, stood against the sickly yellow walls, and their shelves were weighted down with volumes of every size and description. The place resembled that of a barrister's office, and Letherdale was inclined to believe that Thein, previous to the war, had been some sort of a professional man. He had probably sworn allegiance to the British Crown, and this possibly explained why he had not been molested. There were probably many others like Thein in England; men who had renounced their native country and accepted British citizenship, but who were now working faithfully for the Fatherland. England was too lenient with them—she was too slow in acting.

"He's coming in!" Thein suddenly announced, as he shut off his key.

"Who?" asked Letherdale, somewhat excitedly as he approached him.

"Von Weden! He's off the Irish coast....Says he's been submerged most of the day....Had to dive, as he sunk the passenger ship, Nomadia, off Blackwater early this morning! Everybody on board lost!... Three hundred passengers!...Men, women and children, and not one escaped!" Then, as he turned towards Letherdale, he added, with a fiendish grin: "That's fine! I warned him yesterday of her approach."

Had Thein witnessed the expression on the face of the man behind him, it would have altered his future considerably. The soul of Letherdale was stirred with deepest hatred for this despicable creature—this joyous murderer of the helpless and innocent—and it was depicted in every line of his countenance.

But Thein was unconscious of the look in the eyes of the man who held his destiny in his power. For he had opened his key again and was now "sending."

"Of course, you're sending in code?" ventured Letherdale.

The other nodded. "In case this message goes astray, it would be a simple report on today's stock market."

Letherdale remained silent for some time, as he watched the flash of the violet spark, responding to the hand of Thein at the key.

"Have you given him the message?" asked Letherdale presently, as Thein paused.

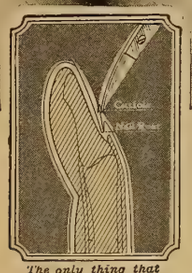
"He's got it," was the reply. Then Thein was silent. He pressed the receiver close to his ear. Evidently Von Weden was replying, for Thein was listening intently.

Finally he took off the receiver, after which he worked the "sending" key for a moment. When he had finished, he shoved in the little lever, which locked the key, and turned to the reporter.

"The U-78 is going full-speed to Strumble Head," he remarked. "Von Weden says the Campian has been sighted, and he believes he can get her before she reaches Fishguard. But in order to avoid any possibility of her escaping, I have also notified the base at Lambay." Then he paused a moment, after which he added: "Now we'll show those damn Yankees something!" He rubbed his hands with satisfaction as he said this.

"That's fine!" exclaimed Letherdale. His whole attitude now changed, and his face lighted up with the satisfaction of a man who had won a great victory. "You say Von Weden is on his way to Strumble Head," he added.

(*Continued on page* 84)



The only thing that protects the sensitive nail root is 1-12 inch of cuticle Don't cut it!

Don't do this! It makes the cuticle ragged

Remove the dead skin gently, safely this way

The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

Learn to keep it smooth without ruinous cutting

WHEN you use knife or scissors on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin. If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. The skin, in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle.

How to keep your cuticle smooth

You can keep your cuticle so thin, smooth, even, that it gives especial beauty to your hand.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Wash the hands in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle edge when drying your hands. In this way, you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

Thousands of women have learned that Cutex makes hangnails and rough, heavy cuticle a thing of the past.

To keep your hands well groomed all the time

With less time than you spend each week brushing your teeth, you can keep your nails conspicuously attractive. Once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure. You will enjoy seeing your hands *always* looking perfectly groomed, lovely.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

Cutex Powder Polish can now be secured in this improved ivory-like tube, at the same price--35c

A complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below. This will give you at least six Cutex manicures. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 806, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. *If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 806, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*

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Name .....

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Send 21c for this complete manicure set

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM.

Owen Moore has evidently become tired of the idle life and has returned to the screen. He has the leading rôle in the new Rex Beach picture, "The Crimson Gardenia."

S. L. Rothapfel, until recently manager of the Rivoli and Rialto theaters in New York City and now the producer of a novelty in film circles, The Rothapfel Unit Program, has completed his first feature, "The Elegie," in which Frank Gilmore has the lead. Mr. Rothapfel is working on the comedy to go with this. Yvonne Sheldon, of the Ziegfeld "Follies," has a prominent part.

Ethel Clayton will take a three months' vacation from the studio and will also spend the time in Europe.

Fox has purchased Elizabeth Robins' well-known novel, "My Little Sister," for the next picture starring **Evelyn Nesbit.**

Captain Robert Warwick's first picture since returning from France is "Secret Service." Shirley Mason has the rôle opposite him.

Tom Moore has renewed his contract to star in Goldwyn pictures for several years more.

"Oh, You Women!" the new Emerson-Loos comedy, is said to be the most amusing of the season. **Ernest Truex** and **Louise Huff** have the leading rôles.

Famous Players-Lasky are to erect another new studio and laboratory in Long Island City, New York.

Sylvia Breamer has returned to New York after a brief trip to California. Shirley Huxley, her pal, had their joint apartment all renovated for her, so that Miss Breamer could start work at once on the new J. Stuart Blackton production.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, who made the wonderful cannibal pictures, released thru Exhibitors' Mutual, have again forsaken the bright lights of civilization to spend three more years photographing the savages of the South Sea islands.

Virginia Pearson recently met with a slight accident while driving in her machine. Immediately all sorts of rumors were reported that the beautiful Virginia was dead or seriously hurt. All these are untrue. A letter from Miss Pearson tells us that she was slightly bruised but is now entirely recovered.

Society breaks into the movies! So says the press agent in announcing the fact that **Alice Elliott,** an Oakland, California, society girl, has been engaged to play opposite Monroe Salisbury in "The Open Road."

Cecil B. DeMille narrowly escaped serious injury last week when his airplane, in ascending, left the road and plunged into a clump of trees. The machine was almost totally wrecked, but the producer escaped with a slight bruise on his arm.

Forrest Stanley is supporting beautiful Katherine MacDonald in a feature for Miss MacDonald's own company at the old Biograph studio in Los Angeles.

Hale Hamilton has been bitten. But he says he is glad of it. "I'm doing a lot of things I always intended to do and never expected to," said he recently. "I've been bitten by the germ of work. There is nothing to worry about."

Immediately upon completion of "Orchestra D-2," **May Allison** started on a motor trip. During her two weeks' vacation she will visit the old Spanish missions along El Camino Real, from San Diego to Santa Barbara.

Juanita Hansen, the pretty blonde who has been jumping from company to company until we never know where she will pop up next, is playing leading woman to Tom Mix at present.

Fannie Ward and her husband, **Jack Dean,** have sailed for Europe.

Viola Dana recently telephoned a supposed garage for aid when her car refused to work. The garage turned out to be the fire department, and her friends had a good laugh. That, however, was Miss Dana's second offense. In New York once she was told to call Rector 3732 and ask for Mr. Fish, a reliable lawyer. Rector 3732 is the Aquarium.

Harry S. Northrup, the villain in "The Way of the Strong," a new Metro production, complains that being a villain is wearing. On the battlefield you have a chance to fight for your life, he says, but the movie villain knows, when he goes on, that he must take a beating.

Pearl White is answering to the call of "Author, Author!" these days in addition to working in her new Pathé serial by Robert W. Chambers, "In Secret." She has written the story of her life and a well-known New York publisher has accepted it for publication.

Madame Petrova, who, it is said, accumulated more actual returns in dollars and cents than any other dramatic artist during her four years spent in pictures, has returned to the speaking stage for a ten weeks' engagement in vaudeville.

Cupid has shot an arrow that penetrated the heart of **William Desmond** and **Mary McIvor,** his former leading woman at Triangle. The wedding date has not been set as yet, but we understand that it will be in the near future.

Mary Pickford gave a birthday party the other day for her niece, Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie Pickford's little girl. All the famous babies of Filmdom were gathered together. The guests included Bryant Washburn, Jr.; Marjorie and Carter De Haven, Jr.; Jack Mulhall, Jr.; Dick and Tom Ince, Jr.; Martha Wofelt, "Snookie" Rosson, Irving Cummings, Jr.; Billy Reid, Julie Cruze and George Beban, Jr.

If they should shut up all the picture studios, **Gladys Brockwell** should worry! In addition to the building business she is establishing, she also has a two-acre farm in Hollywood, on which she declares she is going to grow everything except butter and milk. She is even growing ham and bacon, for she has a fine young porker.

After a series of stage successes, **Ralph Kellard** has been lured back to the screen by B. A. Rolfe. Theatergoers reveled over his work in "Eyes of Youth," "Nancy Lee," "Over Here" and "A Stitch in Time" on Broadway during the past two seasons.

Madame Nazimova has joined the ranks of the portrayers of dual rôles. In her new picture, "The Red Lantern," she takes the part of Mahlee, an Eurasian girl, and of Blanche Sackville, an English girl.

Fritzi Brunette has been engaged to play opposite William Russell in "The Signet of Sheba," which William Russell Productions is making for the American Film Company.

Here is a new twist in the theatrical situation. Instead of taking Broadway favorites and making screen favorites out of them, **Marguerite Fisher** thinks it better to take a screen star and make a Broadway favorite out of her. Therefore she puts it to the test in her next picture, "Trixie from Broadway."

Francis Ford has begun work on a new serial called "The Purple Trail" and Rosemary Theby has been selected as his leading lady.

Harry Morey plays the greatest character rôle of his career in "Fighting Destiny," when he takes the part of a bent and browbeaten blind man.

Twenty thousand copies of the pictures of **Virginia Pearson,** painted by Hamilton King, will be distributed thruout the country by the Virginia Pearson Photoplays Company.

Our old friend, **House Peters,** has returned to the screen. He will shortly be seen in "Thunderbolts of Fate."

Make him proud of your complexion

It may be a dance or a dinner, a little home party among friends or strangers,—*he wants you to look your best.* Yet no matter how exquisite the gown, how prettily dressed the hair, how lovely the hands, a poor complexion ruins the general effect which otherwise would have been most charming.

In justice to yourself, decide today to clear your skin,—to have a radiant complexion.

The soothing ingredients of Resinol Soap give it just the cleansing and healing quality necessary to accomplish this result. Before long the skin usually takes on a healthier appearance,—rough red spots, excessive oiliness, or other blemishes gradually disappear. The extreme purity of Resinol Soap makes it most agreeable for general toilet use.

Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For free trial write Dept. A-19, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

(*Continued from page* 80)

"He'll be there in about two hours," Thein assured him.

"And two more U-boats have started from the base at Lambay?" As he said this, Letherdale's right hand moved slowly to his hip pocket.

"That's right," replied Thein.

"Great!" cried Letherdale. Then, with all the hatred in his soul reflected in his countenance, he added: "Now then, Mr. Heinrich Thein—murderer plenipotentiary—your time has come!"

"What!" exclaimed the man before him, whose countenance filled with horror as it gradually whitened.

"Your note has fallen due," hissed the reporter. "And you're going to pay!"

The man dropped back in his chair, dazed. The words had rendered him speechless, and Letherdale was amused with the perplexed look which spread over his countenance. He was like a burglar: threatening and confident, as long as he was accompanied by some means of protection, but completely crushed and helpless when divested of this.

"You think you're clever," continued Letherdale. "But you've been a fool! The way I tricked you was so simple it was subtle. With a little training, you'd make a German spy," he laughed.

Thein remained silent, preferring to sit and glare at him.

"I'm going to tell you a secret," said the reporter, growing serious again. "That stuff I told you about the Campian is all wrong! I'm awfully sorry, but I lied to you. The Campian sailed on the twenty-fourth, and she'll arrive at Queenstown, as per schedule: just as they are arriving every day, despite Mr. Von Tirpitz! Now then, Mr. Thein, you've sent those three U-boats to destruction!"

As Thein realized the importance of these words, he shook off his sudden apathy, and jumping up, was about to reach behind him, when he was stopped by Letherdale, who had whipped out his revolver and was pointing it straight at him.

"Drop that hand," commanded the reporter, "or I'll send you to Hell!"

The man's face became livid with rage as he glared at Letherdale. But, as he gradually realized his utter helplessness, his expression changed to one of resignation.

"You've done a pretty good day's work," said Letherdale as he frowned. "You must be tired. Sit down!"

Thein hesitated.

"Sit down, or I'll pass you the whole six pills!"

The German dropped into the chair beside the trunk. Then, keeping him covered, Letherdale backed over to the table, sat down and picked up the telephone receiver.

"Give me Victoria 555," he said to the operator, in the meantime, keeping his gun pointed at Thein, who sat stupidly watching him. "Are you there?....Is this the Admiralty?.....I'd like to speak to Secretary Doty." Then he waited. "Mr. Doty?....This is Harry Letherdale, of the Chronicle. We have a fleet of destroyers near Strumble Head, haven't we?...Yes, I thought we had...Well, there's three U-boats making for the Head....Maybe you'd like to submerge them, what?...Absolutely...They'll be there in about two hours. By the way, Mr. Doty...I've just learnt from an absolutely reliable source—and he grinned at Thein as he said this—"that the German U-boat base is at Lambay...That's all...Good-bye." Then he hung up the receiver.

"How do you like your own stuff?" sneered Letherdale as he studied the face of the German.

"Damn you!" hissed that individual.

But the reporter only laughed. Then, as he glanced at a picture of the Kaiser on the wall, just above Thein's head, he added: "I'm going to show you what'll happen to your friend up there, some day. You wont be around to see it: so I'm going to let you in on it now." And with that he raised his gun and fired at the picture. Thein was startled as he heard the shot, followed by the crash of glass, and gazing up at the painting of the emperor, he saw an ugly hole in his forehead, just over the right eye.

Sergeant Smith, who at that moment was standing in the doorway of the Gerrard Street entrance to the building, heard the shot too, and believing it to be the signal previously agreed upon, he hurried thru the hallway and paused at the foot of the stairs. Hearing no noise on the floor above, and becoming rather worried for the safety of Letherdale, he decided to investigate, and rushed up the stairway to the second floor.

Letherdale heard someone in the hall, and, confident it was Smith who had come in answer to his shot, he backed towards the door, inserted the key and turned it.

An instant later the detective rushed into the room. "Did you fire that shot, Letherdale?" he asked, almost out of breath.

"Yes," responded the reporter, who was still covering Thein.

"Well?" queried Smith as he glanced from Letherdale to the cringing figure in the chair.

"There's the thing I came for," said Letherdale, his gaze still fixed on his captive. "Take it to Vine Street, sergeant."

"Who is he?" asked Smith as he stared at Thein.

"Oh, nothing much—only a German," replied the other.

"What's the charge?"

"Every crime imaginable," remarked the reporter.

"I might have known that—when you said German," said Smith. Then, as he saw the wireless apparatus, his interest increased. He walked over and studied it a moment. "He was one of them 'buzzards', eh?" the detective added as he glanced at Letherdale, who nodded.

"These things have gotten more Germans into trouble, since the war started," mused the sergeant. "You'd think they'd ween away from'm wouldn't you." Then as he turned to Letherdale he added: "We received an anonymous letter a few days ago from some fellow who believed there was an enemy wireless operating somewhere in this vicinity. He stated he was experimenting with a set on the top of his house and that he frequently detected stray messages, which he was unable to read, as they seemed to be in code. No doubt, this is the bird who's been sending them." As he spoke, the sergeant walked over to where Thein was seated, apparently indifferent to the words of the detective, and snapped the bracelets on his wrists. The German made no attempt to resist him; for he was like the rest of his kind, an absolute coward at heart.

"Well, I know of one message this fellow sent," grinned Letherdale as he shoved his gun in his pocket.

"What's that?" inquired Smith as he relieved Thein of his revolver.

"He's just sent three U-boats to Strumble Head. And when they get there, they're going down!"

"Well, there's lots more of them down there, so they wont be lonesome," laughed the sergeant. Turning to Thein, he added: "Come on: I want'er take you for a ride."

As Thein started towards the door, Letherdale picked up the German's hat, which was lying on the table, and placed it rakishly on the man's head. As he glanced at the handcuffs, he remarked roguishly: "If you happen to meet any lady friends, dont forget to raise your hat."

"Swine!" hissed the prisoner, as he passed thru the doorway.

"Why dont you play nice?" said the reporter smiling.

"He cant. If he could, he wouldn't be here," added Smith, who followed him to the door. Then, as he was about to exit, he added: "Four—at the Yard?"

"I'll be there," added Letherdale.

When they had gone, the reporter closed the door, and going over to the wireless apparatus, proceeded to investigate. It was an excellent portable set and evidently not very old, for the levers and switches looked almost new. That it was powerful, he had no

(*Continued on page* 86)

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doubt, for Thein had admitted he was in daily communication with Neun, which was about a thousand miles from London. The message he had sent to Von Weden had traveled about seven hundred miles; for Blackwater was about that distance from London: far up on the Irish coast. And it had taken him only about twenty seconds to get a reply. He had heard that the Germans had portable sets which could "send" three or four thousand miles, with very little retardation.

But the question which puzzled him most, was the location of the antennae. At first he had concluded the "sending" was all done at night, and that the antennae was hoisted on the roof, with one end attached to the flagpole and the other to the rear of the electric sign; which would easily hide the sparks from the pedestrians and the surrounding neighborhood. The antennae was not up, when he entered the building, for he had closely studied the space between the sign and the flagpole before he entered, and saw no wires. He knew it could not have been hoisted by Thein, previous to his "sending," as he had watched every move of the German. The antennae was strung somewhere, permanently. And the next thing for him to do was, find it.

He decided to make a close observation of the roof, and, leaving the room, he locked the door and walked to a small stairway near the end of the hall. Ascending the darkened passage, he found a trap-door, which he unlocked and pushed upwards. The fresh air was invigorating, after the disagreeable odor of Thein's office, and he inhaled a deep breath as he stepped out onto the tarred and graveled roof. He gazed up at the electric sign, which reached a height of about thirty feet, and studied its steel frame-work. His calculations had been correct, for there, fastened to one of the small steel girders, in the center of the frame-work, hung a pulley, and suspended from this was two ropes which were made fast near the bottom of the sign. They had been painted a dull brown color, which harmonized with the rusted steel. Then he turned and studied the top of the flag-pole, on the other side of the roof. The flag which fluttered from this was merely to deceive the observer: for on one of the ends of the rope, which was fastened near the bottom of the pole, was an antennae hook. There was no doubt in his mind, but that, in case of emergency, the wires were hoisted up here at night. But that didn't explain where the antennae was, when Thein sent those messages to Blackwater and Lambay. Still curious, Letherdale searched about the roof for some clue, with no encouraging results. With the exception of two dirty chimneys, the only objects about him were the flag-pole and the electric sign. He was about to give up the search, when he decided to study the chimneys a little closer. Climbing onto the brick base, which rose about three feet from the roof, he looked down into the spherical tile, but saw nothing but a thick layer of soot. Then he moved over to the other one, and repeated the exercise. His interest was aroused immediately, as he discovered three small steel hooks, curved and clamped over the edge of the tile. They were long, and dropped down about a foot, inside the chimney, and were fastened to an insulated ring, about six inches in diameter. From this ring was suspended four wires, with a wooden cross-piece, and they ran down, out of sight, in the blackness which his gaze could not penetrate.

Letherdale, during his newspaper career, had heard of the wireless being worked in many peculiar places, but secreting the antennae in a chimney was a new one to him. Reaching down, he lifted the hooks from the tile and dropped the whole business down the chimney. Having done this, he jumped down, and left the roof. Returning to the office of Thein, he hurried over to the fireplace, and, there before him, in the charred embers, were the wires, hooks and rings, which had been used to flash messages of death and destruction to British ships and innocent women and children.

After a thoro search of the office, which rewarded him with a complete German "sending" code, and other valuable papers, Letherdale locked the door and descended into Gerrard Street.

About a half hour later, he arrived at the Chronicle office, and immediately went to the art department. As he entered, Tom Gantly, who was just leaving the printing room, saw him, and hurried to greet him. There was a satisfied smile on his pleasing Irish countenance, as he approached Letherdale, and held up two photographic prints, size 8x10.

"Well, Harry, we've got what we went after!" he said enthusiastically.

"Really?" asked Letherdale as he stared at Gantly.

"There you are," replied the photographer, as he held the prints up before his astonished colleague.

Letherdale snatched them from his hand in nervous excitement and studied them closely, making a mental note of every detail. The photography was excellent, and as the reporter gazed at the scene before him, his look changed from one of morbid interest to complete satisfaction.

"By Gad!" he exclaimed, as he finally looked up at Gantly, who had been watching him. "I had heard it could be done." Then, as he reflected a moment, he added: "But I didn't think it was possible. It's remarkable, Tom!"

"Wonderful!" agreed Gantly as he nodded.

"It's extraordinary!" continued the reporter. "Do you know that this has been done only three times in the history of modern science?"

"Is that so?" remarked his colleague, with strange curiosity. "I didn't know it had been tried before."

"It's the Rouvier Test," continued Letherdale. "Hundreds of tests were made at Sorbonne by Professor Rouvier, and only two were successful. This is the third."

"What'er you going to do with them?" asked Gantly.

"I'm going to show them to someone—someone who will be very interested in them, too," mused Letherdale as he slipped them into a large envelope.

"Too bad we can't use one of them in the Chronicle," said the other.

"It would be a great scoop; but I've got to keep my promise to the superintendent," the reporter reminded him.

Then, as he reached the door, he turned to the staff photographer, who had followed him, and added: "What we've done must remain an absolute secret, Tom...at least for the present. Dont mention it to a soul, until I give you permission. Promise me, Tom?"

"I promise," agreed Gantly.

"Thanks, old man." And Letherdale left the room.

About two-thirty that afternoon, a taxi entered the yard of the Victoria Studios in South Hackney. When it stopped, Letherdale flung open the door and jumped out. He made his way to the office of President Gluckstein. That official was down town, but his secretary, after listening to the reporter's request, gave him permission to visit the stage where the tragedy had occurred about twenty-four hours previous.

The drama, which had been enacted here, in reality the day before, had cast a dismal spell over the place, and with the exception of Director Lloyd's company, which were engaged in taking a scene on the "exterior" stage, the yard was practically deserted.

Without attracting attention, Letherdale made his way to the big "interior" studio, and as he entered he discovered that the "foyer" set was still standing. As he strolled thru it, he was convinced that nothing had been disturbed since he and Inspector Henry left it, the evening before. However, he was not interested in his surroundings. He had journeyed here but for one reason, and that was: to find the one missing link in the evidence he had, which would clear the name of Rita di Garma, and prove to Inspector Henry she was innocent of this crime! He felt certain that the Yard official, believing her guilty, was weaving a mass of evidence about her, from which she would find it difficult to extricate herself. This case was too important to Scotland Yard, and an

(*Continued on page* 88)

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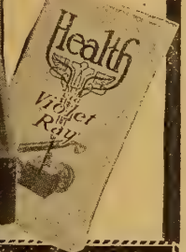

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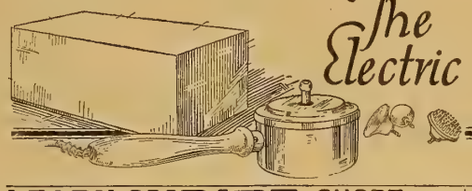

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arrest would have to be made soon. Otherwise, the Yard would come in for considerable criticism. Inspector Henry firmly believed Rita di Garma was a party to this crime. Either she committed it herself, or was an accessory before the act This was the inspector's belief, as he had made it known to Letherdale last night, as they rode back to London. The reporter disagreed with him, and confident that he was right in doing so, he had gone in a different direction to solve it. At this moment, he was absolutely confident that Arthur Gebhardt was not killed by a woman, and before the day passed he would prove to Inspector Henry and Scotland Yard that he was right.

With these thoughts sifting thru his mind, he made his way to the rear of the "foyer" set. Everything was in the exact order in which they had left it the evening before. The little table, in the center of the room; the chairs and other properties, including the tragic screen, stood in their places, and apparently had been unmoved.

He proceeded to make a careful study of everything in the rear of the "foyer." A small, round table, stood in one corner, with a Venetian vase resting on its polished surface. He examined it closely, without making any discovery: there was not the slightest scratch either on the vase or table. There were two doors, at the right of the staircase, behind the screen, and between them was placed a handsome sofa. Slowly and patiently he studied every inch of the silk tapestry which covered it, and then studied the framework. But his search was unrewarded: for it failed to disclose even as much as a tiny mark not included in the weaver's art.

Letherdale had about concluded his search was hopeless when his gaze rested on a large painting of a cavalier, which hung just above the sofa. It was an excellent reproduction of some Dutch portrait, and resembled the work of Van Dyke or Franz Hals. The subject was a gentleman of the seventeenth century, and he looked very striking in his plumed hat, ruffled collar of delicate lace and velvet coat. He had long, brown curls, which fell over his shoulders and harmonized perfectly with his penetrating eyes and aristocratic features, which were somewhat accentuated by a tiny moustache and a large mole near the edge of his chin. The mole interested Letherdale. There was something about it which aroused his curiosity. It seemed to him it was hardly necessary for the artist to reproduce his subject with such faithfulness; and it undoubtedly subtracted from the painting, rather than added to it.

His interest increased as he continued studying the picture. He was not certain the dark spot on the face of the cavalier had been put there by the brush of the artist. And in order to satisfy his curiosity, he jumped on the sofa and scrutinized it carefully. His doubts were confirmed, for it wasn't a mole! It was a small, perfectly round hole, and had been made by some sharp object, which had pierced the oiled canvas. The dark scenic wall, which formed a background, made the spot resemble a mole.

Intent upon learning the nature of this object, Letherdale carefully lifted the painting from its hangings and placed it on the floor, against the wall. Then he took a knife from his pocket, and opening one of the blades, he proceeded to enlarge the perforation. When he had done this he discovered that the object had passed thru the canvas and the camouflaged wall and lodged in the frame-work of the scenery. After a few minutes' labor with his knife, he succeeded in dislodging the object, which had been deeply imbedded in the wood, and placing it in the palm of his hand, he studied it closely. It was a battered and distorted bullet! As he held it up in his fingers, he discovered it differed from any he had ever seen before. It was evidently of 38-calibre, but appeared to be made of steel. The point had been covered with some sort of a cap, now missing, and he was certain that this messenger of death had carried something in addition to its steel body; for the center was hollow. This cavity had not been caused by contact, he believed, but was a part of this peculiarly made bullet, and its contents had been released by collision after the discharge. There was no doubt in his mind but that this was the medium of destruction which had caused the death of Arthur Gebhardt. It had probably grazed the skull of the victim and glancing off, had lodged in the frame-work of the scenery.

He was deeply puzzled. Did the bullet's impact kill Arthur Gebhardt, or, was his death caused by the contents of the cavity? This was the question which worried him. But, confused as he was over this question, he was confident that this would eventually prove beyond any reasonable doubt, that Rita di Garma was not the person who fired that bullet. And if this was true, then she most certainly was not the asssassin of Arthur Gebhardt.

He put the valuable evidence in his pocket and hurriedly left the studio. Entering the waiting taxi, he instructed the chauffeur to drive to the Hackney Station. And upon its arrival there a few minutes later, Letherdale jumped out.

Sergeant Claverly was on duty at the desk and greeted the reporter warmly. After a rather lengthy conversation, which the two men exchanged in low tones, the Sergeant added: "You dont want me to issue a warrant, then?"

"Not yet," replied Letherdale. After a moment's reflection, he added: "You mustn't act in the least suspicious, sergeant. Just tell him that Superintendent Frost wants to ask him a few questions."

"Looks to me as tho you've done some fine work on this case, Letherdale," remarked Claverly.

"I wouldn't dare to presume that: at this stage of affairs," smiled the reporter. "Several rather important things have to be cleaned up, before compliments are in order."

"Well, I'll send a man for that bird, right away," said the sergeant.

"And you'll bring him to the Yard yourself, wont you?"

"Righto. I want to be in on the finish of this thing," the officer remarked, with emphasis.

From the police station, Letherdale went to the office of Dr. Henry Pivers, Coroner's Physician, whose office was located at Arundel Street and the Strand. These two men were not strangers to each other: for they had worked together on many important cases in the past. Pivers was a rather distinguished looking gentleman, with long, snowy locks, which formed a pleasing background to his kindly countenance, fast wrinkling with time.

"Well, well, Letherdale!" said the physician as he removed his spectacles, and looking up, beheld the reporter, who had entered quietly and was standing beside his desk. "I believe I know what brought you here," he said as he smiled.

"Have you made out your report on the Gebhardt mystery?" inquired Letherdale, immediately getting down to business.

"I've made a superficial examination," replied Pivers, squinting thru his long, shaggy lashes.

"What did you find?"

"He probably died from a fracture of the skull, caused by a bullet, fired by an unknown hand."

"Did you find the bullet?"

"No. It entered just above the right eye, and came out over his right ear." The physician toyed with his glasses as his gaze rested on his desk. "The fracture was so slight," he mused, "that it seemed almost incredible that it could have caused his death. I am inclined to believe the shock had a great deal to do with it."

Letherdale was silent for a moment. Then he spoke. "Doctor, would you mind making another—a thoro—examination?" he asked.

"Not in the least, if you think it will result in new disclosures," agreed Pivers, manifesting surprise.

"I think it will alter your report, considerably," suggested Letherdale. "And this time, you might look for some traces of poison," he added, slowly and thoughtfully.

"W-what?" remarked Pivers, as he stared at the reporter, who greeted his look calmly.

(*Continued on page 90*)

The Roaring Road

(*Continued from page* 54)

him. The Bear had been a squelcher. Hadn't played fair. One could have enough of such dealings. One, Toodles, had—quite enough. He told the Bear so, squarely between the eyes. The Bear limped off.

Late that night Tom Darby sought out Toodles. He found Toodles only after a rather involved search. He found him in jail.

"How?" gasped Darby, in dismay. "What the——"

"Exactly," said Toodles, "I got all ready to bust inside. I've had—had too much. Everything. Rotten. I took out the old Darce and tore the road to ribbons and then tore it over again. I wanted to tear my own heart out . . . it's softer than pulp. They hauled me in. Here I stay."

"Bail . . ." ventured Darby.

"No good," sighed Toodles; then, resignedly, "I'm as well off here as I would be anywhere—*now.*"

"Heluva mess," commented Darby, without apparent sympathy, and departed. He departed, oddly enough, to the lair of the Bear. The Bear had the look he had been wont to have in the days when he was planning things . . . scheming and plotting . . . he and Darby did a lot of whispering . . .

An hour or so later Darby returned with an acetylene torch and some quick action. After he had released the apathetic Toodles he succinctly informed him that the Bear had stolen the Cub away and deported her to California, thence, no doubt, to Japan, or even China . . .

"We can make it," added Darby, with enormous detachedness, "in the Darce."

Toodles' young face became a grim mask. He was all swift action.

"Mechanician?" he asked of Darby.

"Righto," agreed Darby, innocently.

"It means the new record if we do it," said Toodles, "it means that, Darby, and . . ."

"And the Bear's Cub," added Darby, solemnly; "I'd stake my oath on that, Toodles."

"We're off!" shouted Toodles, "and God be with us!"

God was. They tore the breath from their bodies, the soul from the violated road, the life from the Darce racer, but they broke the unbreakable record and skidded madly into San Fran' three minutes before the Flyer. The Darce was made famous overnight.

On the platform stood the Bear and the Bear's Cub. They held out their hands to Toodles, grimed, caked, hoarse, triumphant. The Bear was grinning. The Cub had been crying, noisily and with abandon. Toodles thought her glorious.

"This was a put-up job," admitted the Bear; "I wanted you to do it, young man, you have . . ."

"You won the race," said the Cub, with hero-worship.

"And you," gasped Toodles, all the world forgotten, "and you . . .?"

The Cub looked at the Bear. The Bear looked at the Cub. Both Cub and Bear looked at Toodles. They saw, for the first time, the same thing. Under the sweat and grime, under the dirt and fatigue of grit and triumph they saw—a *man.*

"And me," said the Cub, very softly. "Oh, Toodles . . ."

"Amen," said the Bear, "let's get some grub."

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"I think I've made an important discovery," continued Letherdale as he reached in his pocket and brought out the steel bullet. He laid it on the desk before Pivers. "Did you ever see one of those boys before?" he added.

"I cant say that I have," replied the physician, adjusting his glasses, after which he studied the object closely.

"Neither have I." Then Letherdale added: "You will note there are two tiny white particles clinging to the wall of the cavity."

"I see them."

"Would you please make a chemical analysis of those, and take it with your report of the cause of death, to Superintendent Frost?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied Pivers, nervously, as he arose. "I'll go to the Yard as soon as I've finished." As he saw the reporter was about to depart, he added: "Er, by the way, has the inspector discovered who committed the crime?"

"No," answered Letherdale. Then, with a smile, he remarked with a considerable air of assurance: "However, the person who killed Arthur Gebhardt will probably be at the Yard when you get there."

CHAPTER VII.

The big clock in the Tower of Parliament was striking the hour of four, when Harry Letherdale stepped from a taxi, in the court of Scotland Yard. Instructing the chauffeur to wait for him, he quickly entered the building and made his way to the reception room on the second floor. After requesting Sergeant McCarthy to announce him to Superintendent Frost, he dropped into one of the big easy chairs.

He had devoted twenty-four strenuous hours to this case, which had proved to be the most interesting mystery with which he had ever dealt during his varied career as a reporter. Altho he had not been in communication with Inspector Henry since he left him the night before, he felt certain that the key to this mystery was in the possession of no one but himself. Abiding by the promise he had made to Superintendent Frost, he had not written a line for the Chronicle today, dealing with his important discoveries, and should he receive such permission during the forthcoming interview, he would give the Yard credit for solving the mysterious disappearance and death of Arthur Gebhardt. For he had no desire to win the enmity of Scotland Yard officials, which would naturally result from the embarrassment, most certain to follow, should he or his paper take the credit for the clearing up of this case. He realized that the popularity he enjoyed among the Yardmen was due to his generosity and fairness, combined with a certain amount of diplomacy. It had benefited him in the past, and he had no doubt it would assist him in the future; therefore, he had no desire to sacrifice it, even tho it would result in a little personal glory. He cherished the friendship of Frost and Inspector Henry, and he wished to preserve it.

When he entered the private office of Frost a few minutes later, he found the head of Scotland Yard seated behind his desk, where he was busily occupied signing a pile of letters.

"Well, Letherdale?" remarked the official by way of greeting, as he looked up. Then he added, pleasantly: "Sit down."

"Anything new in the Gebhardt mystery?" inquired the reporter as he seated himself in a leather chair beside the superintendent.

"It seems to be growing more interesting as the day continues," replied the official as he affixed his signature to another letter.

"Remarkable case," mused Letherdale.

"Most extraordinary," agreed Frost. "It appears to be merely an incident in a great web of espionage which has been woven about London by our alien enemies."

"I think there is no doubt we have been too lenient with our so-called German-Englishmen," said the other, thoughtfully.

"Personally, I agree with you, Letherdale," said the superintendent. "But this case will inspire us to be more suspicious, and treat those who have lived among us for years, enjoying the freedom of the Englishman, more harshly than we have in the past. We have played the game too square, my boy, too square."

"We should retaliate!" suggested Letherdale. "A system of reprisals would, undoubtedly, have a desired effect. The way to cure the bite of a rattlesnake is to inject some of the serum of the serpent into the victim. The way to protect ourselves from this miserable reptile, which is stinging us in our own home, after we have fed it, is to attack it with some of its own venom!"

"That will come—when we get thoroly awakened," reflected Frost. "A case, such as this one of Gebhardt's, has a far-reaching effect."

"Have you made any important discoveries?" asked the reporter with growing curiosity.

"Several." Then, as he finished signing the letters, he laid down his pen, and swinging around in his chair, faced the interviewer. "We brought a couple of men to the yard early this morning, who, while they have not been inclined to talk very much, have said enough to prove to us that Gebhardt was the victim of a bunch of international spies in the employ of the Wilhelmstrasse."

"Who are they?" asked Letherdale.

"Two Germans...Their names are Gantz and Mayer. And," smiled the superintendent, "they were carrying on their system of espionage right among you fellows, down there in Fleet Street!"

"Gantz was employed as one of the 'make-up' men on the Chronicle, and Mayer held a similar position on the News," added the reporter. "Who made the arrests?"

"Inspector Henry," replied Frost. "The clue was that newspaper which contained Gebhardt's hat and wallet. I instructed Inspector Henry to follow it up. He made inquiries and learnt that the News employed a German in its mechanical department by the name of Mayer. He shadowed Mayer and Gantz when they left the Blackfriars Tavern last night and heard enough to warrant bringing them here for examination. Mayer became panicky and told us enough to implicate both of them."

"If the inspector had been on the inside, instead of outside of the Blackfriars, he would have heard enough to send these two cads to the Tower," remarked Letherdale.

"Were you there?" asked Frost.

"I was on the inside," agreed the reporter. "I'll tell you what I heard later. What did you get out of Mayer?"

"Well, it appears that Arthur Gebhardt was a member of this gang of spies," began the Superintendent. "He was born in Laupheim. Later he went to Berlin, where he was employed as bookkeeper in a bank. After several years of apparently faithful service he suddenly disappeared, and, following his departure, a loss, involving several hundred thousand marks, was discovered. He went to America and changed his name from Rudolph Kleinsmidt to Arthur Gebhardt. For many years he labored in a small bank in the Middle West, where he filled the rôle of a bookkeeper. Gradually he worked his way East, and by hoarding a good sum away, was able to purchase a small moving picture theater in Pittsburgh. That was when moving pictures were confined to nickelodeons. By shrewd business methods, and an exceptional ability for anticipating the public's taste, he progressed until he became the largest exhibitor, and finally the greatest producer of moving pictures in the United States.

"When the war started between England and Germany he was, as many other Germans in America were at that time, in sympathy with the Fatherland," continued the Superintendent. "He contributed freely to the funds raised by the Germans in America to carry on the propaganda against England. At least this is what he was given to understand. But, the truth is, that the majority of the money given to this fund was used against the United States; to pay the agents of Germany who were then preparing for the day when that country would be waging a war against her.

(*To be continued*)

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Five Hundred a Laugh

(*Continued from page 49*)

must be constantly on the alert for the latest styles in laughter. Screen comedies are as changeable in style as women's clothes, and that means a new variety every three or four months. That is why Mr. Lloyd, who used to be Lonesome Luke, with a tramp make-up, is now a dapper young fellow whose only comedy equipment is a pair of horn spectacles. Lonesome Luke was a popular "guy" for a while, but the public tired of him, as they do of all fun personalities on the screen, and he had to be supplanted by a new type of mirth-provoker.

The first successful comedies in America were undoubtedly the famed Keystone single reels, which were mainly a series of acrobatic stunts. For a time they went great with the public. They required principally a lot of tumblers, and while they were in their prime the vaudeville stage was almost denuded of its acrobats. It was the vogue of funny falls, and arnica became as important an adjunct of a comedy studio as the camera.

Then came the *great pie epidemic.*

Somebody at some time in some studio discovered that audiences would shriek with mirth if a soft, cozy, custard pie was hurled by a comedian so that it struck someone squarely in the face. It is probable that the picture fans would like to get together right now and suggest some horrible punishment for the person who started the Pie Throwing Horror.

For the comedy manufacturers simply deluged the screens of the entire world with hurtling pies. At first only the comedian threw the pies, then they began to stage pie battle-royals, where everyone went into the ring armed with a dozen pies, and tossed them viciously into the nearest face. At first the custard pie, or its studio equivalent, made of dough, was the principal weapon of the pie-hurlers, but some director decided that a white pie was not messy enough, and promptly introduced the blueberry pie which, when dashed into a face, trickled down from the eyebrows and chin with such a beautiful Renaissance effect. Extra property men were required at all the comedy studios to keep the pie-hounds supplied with their missiles, and for a year or more all screen laugh-makers literally waded thru an ocean of shattered pie. It's almost a cinch that there is not a screen comedian extant today who will ever order pie in a restaurant. To him a pie is a weapon of offense, not an edible.

Today the wild pie makes its appearance occasionally in a comedy, but it never gets a laugh. Audiences haven't a laugh left in their systems for a hurtling pie. The pie as a mirth-provoker is a dead one and has gone back to its ancient and honorable task of ending up a good meal.

Second only to the pie as the prime ingredient of a screen comedy came the good old fire hose. At about the same time that the pie epidemic was raging, some other gentleman on the trail of the lurking laugh decided that a good strong stream of water directed from a fire hose at a character fashionably dressed was a sure-fire chuckle. Immediately the price of rubber went up, and the water meters in the comedy studios commenced to buzz industriously, for at some studio, day and night, a stream of water was spoiling good clothing to make the fans laugh.

The comedians generally directed the nozzles of the fire hose at everyone on the set and then turned it on themselves. For a time the fire hose threatened to eclipse the wild pie as a comedy prop, but there came a day when audiences stopped laughing at the spectacle of a group of stylishly dressed people being submerged. Like the pie, the hose had its vogue and died.

With the passing of these two good old adjuncts of screen comedy there came a change to more legitimate styles of screen laugh-making. Harold Lloyd, like all the rest of the comedians, passed thru the pie and fire-hose stage. He attributes his splendid athletic condition today to the training he received during the pie epidemic in throwing hundreds of pies daily, and he had a 100 per cent. record with the fire hose, too. He could hit his human target every time at any distance up to 100 feet.

Next in the evolution of the screen comedy came the bathing-girl period. Someone decided that the Ziegfeld idea was the thing for comedies, and flocks of pretty girls in one-piece bathing suits commenced to appear on the screen. This was not a bad idea. Everybody likes to look at a pretty girl, and, generally speaking, the less clothes you put on her the longer everybody looks. Of course, there was a limit to this sort of thing, since there are censors, but the bathing girl is evidently here to stay in screen comedies. For a time, however, comedies were put on like comic operas with a chorus. Now the general habit is to have one pretty girl to act as foil for the comedian.

Mr. Lloyd has one of the most fascinating of all screen comédiennes in Bebe Daniels, and it is probable that the fans would holler murder if a Harold Lloyd comedy came out minus the beauteous Bebe. Recently the Lloyd comedies have made a great hit by burlesquing melodrama. A screen comedian as a Western bad man, if not overdone, generally can get a lot of laughs, the five hundred dollar ones, too.

A screen comedian must be a combination of clown, acrobat, steeplejack, diver and tumbler. Unlike a hero, he never triumphs in any situation. He must always get the worst of it, or the audiences will not laugh at him. Mr. Lloyd spends many a day in his home nursing the bruises and sprains he has received the previous day in taking some scene at which audiences will shout with laughter. He said once that every laugh he gave the fans was at the cost of great pain to himself, and if you will watch his work on the screen you can readily believe that.

It is rather interesting to figure ahead and note in which direction the trend of screen fun is rambling. That they are becoming more and more legitimate is a sure fact. Producer and comedians are depending less every day on the old tricks and stunts, and are working out situations which will be funny. It may be that screen comedies will soon emerge from the farce stage and become light comedies. At any rate, far-sighted men in the business, like Harold Lloyd, are figuring ahead all the time and will continue to evolve something new to keep the public laughing.

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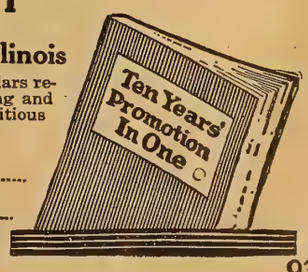

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All Is Fair—When Elinor Is Around

(*Continued from page* 56)

"But back to Paris—the children over there are not accustomed to governing themselves. I would pick up a book on a table in the *pension*, and shrieks of horror would greet me. I wondered why—was not the book to be read? As soon as I could spell out words, I read anything I wished. The children said this or that book was only for grown people, one must not even peep.

"If I took a walk without consulting mother first, they whispered about it They could not understand that I was allowed to do as I pleased, so long as I behaved myself properly. Mother always had confidence in my ability to take care of myself, and my love of seeking only well-bred persons and conducting myself in a dignified manner on the streets, so she did not require any special notice when I wished to promenade. Those children always went out with a chaperone. We lived right under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, and I remember it with awe. I studied piano and French while at that *pension*. I drank tea with my elders—an almost unpardonable sin, and the officers' wives shrugged their shoulders and said, 'Ah, that independent American spirit—how strange!' Their children never came to tea, of course."

Elinor Fair has been living at the Hotel Clark, but after years of hotel life, and, now that she's a real star for Fox, she is bungalow-hunting and will have a home of her own. With a five-year contract safely signed, she's bound to remain in Los Angeles until in her early twenties, and unless some mere male comes along and finds her still *Fair* and only half of forty, she's going to live in Italy for perhaps three years.

"My voice will not be heavy enough for grand opera, I fear, altho it is strong and carries very well, but I would enjoy being a light opera soprano, and perhaps by the time I can sing such rôles another Victor Herbert or De Koven will rise up and give us tuneful operas. I wish I'd been able to hear the Bostonians and other famous organizations of which mother speaks so much," added Miss Fair, regretfully.

But let me whisper in your ears, dear fans, the most beautiful part of the brown-eyed lassie is her lack of vanity. She surveys herself very critically in the studio mirrors and says, "I wish I could be beautiful, like Clara Kimball Young!" And all the while she's the prettiest thing imaginable, with her olive-cream skin, perfect teeth and shiny hair, the sort of hair that catches gold in its chestnut waves. She's young enough to have no facial blemishes; powder and greasepaint have failed to roughen her delicate skin, and just a saucy tilt to her nose gives her the roguish expression which offsets a pensive droop of the lips.

She's altogether *Fair*—and in love—that is, with her work.

PROJECTED

The inebriated one picked himself up from the sidewalk in front of the movie theater and glanced at the door thru which he had suddenly come.

"Well," he mused, "I'll say there is some projection in that place."

On Location With Mary Pickford

(*Continued from page* 59)

standing. In her few years she has known denial, struggle and disappointment, and she has early tasted the rewards of a great success. With it all she is absolutely unspoiled; this in itself speaks volumes for her well-balanced character.

"My thoughts are full of business these days," said Miss Pickford, after a little pause. "I hope everything turns out as we have planned in connection with the Big Four organization. But I am getting a little tired of the meetings. With more success and more money there come added responsibilities and so little time for enjoyments. I am beginning to learn that it is not only the poor who have their troubles." She laughed a little, sadly, and looked so like a wistful little girl sitting there among the blossoms that I found it hard to associate her with Stern Business.

The late afternoon sun was casting long shadows when Miss Pickford began her last scene.

"What a peaceful atmosphere and what a joy just to be here," she whispered. Then, under the spell of the director's prompting, she became submerged in the heartache of the forlorn "Judy."—"You are alone—the other girls have some one of their own to share their honors—but you—you are all alone—" Slowly a sadness crept into her face, the sensitive mouth trembled, and as she lifted her eyes, heavy with their weight of tears, all the tragic loneliness of orphaned girlhood stood vividly before me and I knew that I had been in the presence of that magic Art which belongs to Mary Pickford.

It was a quarter to six when we reached the studio and Miss Pickford was informed that several more scenes were to be made that night. For an instant her face fell, then cheerfully she remarked, "Well, I guess I can do that. You know, while we were making 'Captain Kidd, Jr.' we worked all one day and all that night, 'digging for treasure,' and left location at six the next morning. So a few scenes tonight in the studio will not be so bad."

As she waved good-by and passed thru the door, I recalled her reply to my question earlier in the day as to how she was enjoying her new home. With a quizzical smile, she said, "I sleep there, the bed is fine, and the servants say it is a beautiful place to live!

"Some day, when I have more leisure, I hope to have a home that I can really enjoy."

So, you see, even fame demands its price!

WHY THEY GO.

The young folk at the movies
  Are looking at a show,
They call it "dandy" or "a peach"
  And sometimes vote it "slow."
They laugh at lover's raptures
  And giggle at the tears;
If on the screen a player dies
They greet the act with mocking sighs,
  Or whisper thoughtless jeers.

The old folks at the movies
  Are looking on at life,
The swiftly changing scenes recall
  Their time of joy and strife.
Each parting brings a quiver
  Of pain they, too, have known;
And at the close-up we may see
Them smile, wet-eyed, in memory
  Of kisses once their own.

—EUNICE WARD.

"Here's an Extra $50, Grace
—I'm making real money now!"

"Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of $50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I. C. S.!"

Today more than ever before, money is what counts. The cost of living is mounting month by month. You can't get along on what you have been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you hundreds of thousands of other men have proved there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it without sacrificing a day or a dollar from your present occupation. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

It is the *business* of the I. C. S. to prepare men in just your circumstances for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 28 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 100,000 now. Every day many students write to tell of advancements and increased salaries already won.

You have the same chance they had. What are you going to do with it? Can you afford to let a single priceless hour pass without at least finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you? Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
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☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Toolmaker	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Teacher
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Auto Repairing
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish
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Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

Eyes of the Soul

(*Continued from page* 44)

It was true. He had had this marvelous thing, and he had used it like a spendthrift, thoughtlessly. Now he stood alone facing complete oblivion.

"I am sorry," he said, and knew that that would not do, that that was tremendously inadequate.

"I am glad," he began, then said with something like a catch in his judicial voice, "I am glad, Gloria, that I had the good taste to want you—for my wife. It is something. Something for me to remember."

"This is pity, Glory," said Larry that evening, as they were making their way to a band concert; "sheer pity. Beautiful, my girl, but not to be considered."

Pity! Pity, when her breast was gaping with tenderness of him. Would he never, never see?

"I am blind in the first place," he was going on; "no doubt for the rest of my life. I have about fifty dollars between myself and—charity. I have lost my nerve, my grit. I'm a down and outer—who—who, God, help me, Glory, who loves you most unutterably and terribly. Dont listen to me, girl, dont even hear me."

"I must hear you, Larry."

"You must not. You have a future. You have beauty. You have everything. I could not stand you to be the bountiful Giver of Gifts. I could not stand being the pauper to your—munificence."

"Your songs, dear Larry. Teddy Safford is trying them out with a publisher tonight. If they go . . . go big . . . why, Larry . . ."

"Even so, I shall be blind. Not fit for a woman . . . like you. What have you done to me, Glory?" . . . bitterly . . . "you have made it impossible for me—no other woman—ever——"

"Larry . . ." in the darkness the girl's voice was hushed as tho in a chapel; "do you remember when I told you of my—my mission? That day I spoke to you of the salt of the earth being—scattered?"

"One of your whimsies, Dream Child. Say on."

"I, Larry . . . always I have felt myself to be a Lamp—going out . . . flickering out . . . I felt that I must. It seemed like a knife in me—here—because that was my mission, Larry, to pass on the torch, to keep the lamp lighted . . . but there was no one . . . no one . . . anywhere . . . Then, just when I was ready definitely to abandon hope I—you and I, Larry. All at once the Lamp flared high, heaven-high. The torch flamed. I knew that I could—could fulfill my mission, with you, only with you out of all the world. Larry, Larry . . . keep the Lamp lighted, keep it lighted . . . let me pass the torch down and down . . . love, love . . ."

Overhead the moon drew a shawl of dim, clouding over her silvery face, a star winked at Man and Creation.

"Love . . . love . . ." whispered Larry, in his darkness.

"Gloria Swann," announced Teddy Safford a week later, entering his protégée's dressing-room rather more ceremoniously than was customary, "your 'young man', in our classical vernacular, has did it, meh child!"

Gloria sprang up. "His songs!" she cried, almost fearfully, "you've . . . you've sold them . . .?"

"Not I," disclaimed Teddy with modesty, "they've sold themselves. I was merely their humble vehicle of conveyance. The publisher was raving and tearing his hair. 'If there's anything new under the sun,' he shrieked at me, 'give it me ere I go mad!' I said, ses I . . ."

"Teddy," pleaded Gloria, laying her hand on his arm; "*please* dont—dont fun about it. It's . . .it's everything to Larry and—to me."

Teddy dropt his Cheshire smile. "They're a go, Glory," he said, a smashing big go. I think your singing them here to show just how they would go across, had a lot to do with it, but they're immense. Your Larry's fortune is, well, at least *begun*. When do you start housekeeping, mum?"

"Right away," murmured Gloria, her eyes fixed far beyond the press-agent of the Revue, who was regarding her with his big heart in his shrewd eyes; "perhaps . . . tomorrow . . . Teddy . . ."

After a great many tomorrows . . . a whole year of them . . . Larry walked like a caged thing up and down the living-room of the apartment he and Gloria had made Paradise-Come-True.

A stiffly starched person rustled up to him, and laid sympathetic fingers on his twitching shoulders.

"She is calling for you, sir," she whispered, with importance; "it's lovely, sir, *ten pounds* . . ."

Larry groaned and escaped from the guiding fingers. He needed no fingers to guide him to where Gloria lay. He needed no eyes to see the all surpassing glory on her face. He needed only his heart to touch her heart, his spirit hers.

She drew his head to her heart. She found his mouth which quivered. "Love," she whispered in her tender voice, "the Salt of the Earth . . . shall not . . . be scattered . . . oh, I am happy . . . *I am* . . ."

CRADLES AND COFFINS

In his new picture, "Some Liar," William Russell is featured as a knight of the road dealing in cradles and coffins.

Between scenes, t'other day, "Big Bill" told us a story he had heard years ago, about the proud young father of a brand-new baby engaged in shopping for a cradle.

"Daddy" inquired his way to the nearest store where he might find such a household convenience, and was greeted by a mild person of kindly manners. The customer was nervous—very. Likewise embarrassed. In fact, he looked so utterly miserable, and stuttered so painfully, that the sympathetic proprietor came to the rescue:

"Your first?"

The customer nodded.

"Sudden?"

"N-n-n-o—been expecting it for some time."

"So? Well," with a shake of the head, "one must be prepared for such things."

"Yes, I sup-p-pose so."

"Now, I expect you'll want something pretty nice—silver handles; and all that?"

"Oh—well, isn't that going a little too far? Let me see what you have, and then I can tell."

"Satin lining, sir? What color? Gray, white, or black? How old—?"

And then the customer tumbled.

"Ye gods! Where's the boob who told me this funeral joint was a furniture store?"

"—how can I succeed as a scenario writer?"

No need to tell you about the famine in photoplays—the top prices ($100 to $1000) producers are paying for acceptable plots—and how eager they are to encourage Palmer-trained writers. "That's all right in its way," you say, "but what I want to know is this: How will the Palmer Plan help **me**? What has it done for others like me?"

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From an obscure clerical position to Assistant Managing Editor of one of the largest film companies at a salary beyond his dreams—this is what Vernon Hoagland has accomplished through the Palmer Plan. He says: "Words cannot express my gratitude at the benefits I have received through the Palmer Photoplay Institute. It offers the greatest possible assistance to the struggling scenario writer."

KATE CORBALEY

Then—there's Mrs. Kate Corbaley, another of our members, who averages more than $200 monthly through the sale of photoplay plots. Mrs. Corbaley is the woman who won the $1000 scenario prize offered by "Triangle." She is a busy housewife, with four children to look after, and yet she manages to turn her spare time "movie" ideas into money. So why can't you?

MAURICE SALZMAN

And here's still another instance—but we'll let Maurice Salzman tell the story in his own words: "Shortly after enrolling as a student of your institution I wrote a story and continuity that met with approval. This story was immediately produced. The reception given the finished film was sufficient to assure me that your Plan of photoplay instruction—together with your Personal Advisory Service—will produce the desired result."

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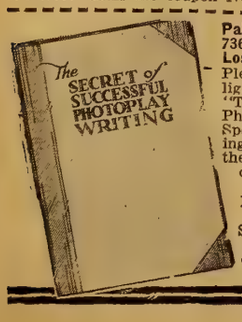

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

HONORA.—Surely. Send along the picture.

LOLA L.—Thirteen questions! You are unlucky.

OLIVE H.—Married, eh? Reminds me that it's a great comfort for timid men that beauty, like the elephant, doesn't know its strength. Otherwise, how it would trample upon us! Comedy Theater is a legitimate theater off Broadway. By "legitimate" I mean a theater for the speakies and not for the movies. If the former is legitimate, it does not follow that the latter is illegitimate. Yes, Lewis Cody was Rolin in "For Husbands Only."

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Hello! Write to the players direct for pictures. Interview with the Lee children? (Editor, please take note.) I did not say that buttermilk was my only beverage. I sometimes stop into a ham and eggery and have a cup of oblong tea.

DIMPLE.—Your letter was mighty interesting. So you have always entertained thoughts of a home of your own. Like most women. On the other hand, some people think that in marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy.

JULIA S.—Marie Doro is in Europe with Herbert Brenon, making pictures. Texas Guinan is with the Frohman Company. I have never stated a limit to the number of questions one may ask, but have a heart. Betty Scott is an actress.

MARY L. L.—The player you mention is so thin that he reminds me of a pin, but wit at the head or the point. Sounds like a woman, doesn't it? Hardly think Ann Pennington will return to pictures. Warner Oland had the flu.

ALL ABOUT ANITA.—Command and ye shall receive. You want more puzzles and more interviews with the big stars. Thanks for your kind words about this department. Gilbert Gordon in "The Hired Man."

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Yes, the same one. Lope de Vega, a noted Spanish writer, was the most prolific of the world's dramatists. To his authorship are accredited 1,800 plays and 490 shorter pieces. I wish you the same.

MARTHA B.—Pearl White doesn't intend to leave Pathé that I know of. Rosemary Theby, Mary Charleson and Robert Ellis, all with Olive Thomas in "Up Stairs and Down." Some mix-up in that.

PEARL.—*A votre sante.* Keep it up and you will be an artist.

SILVER SPURS.—Beware and dont call my form ancient. I am still a young man with a girlish figure, and I dont care who knows it. You ask me which I would rather have, knowledge and wisdom, or health and vigor. Well, I have a large supply of the latter and a pinch of the former. It is not impossible to acquire all four in one lifetime, but the wisdom of old age can never quite compensate for the vigor of youth. Hence, keep young, even if you cant grow wise. *Gardez.* Niles Welch is playing "Reclaimed."

VERA VALENTINE.—Passed your ode to the editor. The players you mention are West. So you believe in reincarnation. I wish I could—it's fine. Edmund Lawrence is directing Theda Bara now.

MAE F.—Why, 78.

RUTH A.—George Cohan was born in Providence, R. I., 1878. Leo Ditrichstein was born in Temesbar, Hungary, 1865. Jack Rollins, you mean.

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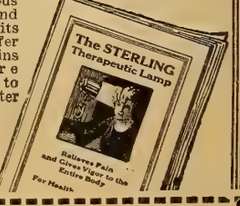

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M. B. of Kentucky.—No, I haven't a new spring suit yet—last year's is good enough. As I have often said, fashion wears out more apparel than the man. That's a good line. You say it takes more than a bathrobe to hide some people's shame. Then why not a coat of mail? Thanks for the verses.

Gladys B.—Above all, Gladys, avoid loud talking and laughing in the streets. Modesty is to merit as shadows to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty. Leap year is 1920. Can you wait? Some letter.

Muriel H.—Lillian Walker's "The Love Hunger" is released thru Pathé exchange. Art Acord is back in pictures. George Fisher was Jack in "The Hell Hound of Alaska." Dont mention it.

Mrs. U. M.—Always glad to hear from the Mrs.'s. They are such lucky beings. So you dont care for his criticisms. The legitimate aim of criticism is to direct attention to the excellent. The bad will surely dig its own grave, and the imperfect may be safely left to that final neglect from which no amount of present undeserved popularity will rescue it. The trouble with most critics is that they see only the faults and do not look intently for merits.

Gladys Leslie.—How did you like her cover? Alfred Kappelier was the Ben you refer to. Yes, Miriam Fouche. Belief in success makes success. Anybody who is fighting everybody is wrong.

Saperstein.—Puzzled once more. Your letter remains unanswered because you did not conform with the rules. Class in arithmetic, stand up and please help the poor old Answer Man answer this: "The moon looked as big as a dollar before the war. How does its first quarter and second quarter and third quarter look to you after the war? How many quarters are there in a dollar and how many quarters in the moon?" I'll have to change your name to Frankenstein.

Eileen H.—You say you dont believe I am 78 because I dont complain of my rheumatism. Shucks! Roomatiz never bothered me, because I am not a carnivorous animal. Nazimova is in "The Brat." 'Member the stage play of that name?

Sammy L.—You say women are stubborn things, like facts. O Sammy! Kathlyn Williams in "We Cant Have Everything." Yes, Elliott Dexter. Just right. Shirley Mason opposite Bryant Washburn. Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense."

Vancouver.—It isn't worth it; revenge dwells in little minds. Jack Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, 1896. Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson and Alice Neilson Terry in "Masks and Faces." Rhea Mitchell in "The Ghost of the Rancho."

Lily.—Cant answer you here. It would take up too much room.

E. C. H.—Adventure, why it's the name of a magazine. Yes, a license for everything—even to run a woman. To get an automobile license, you have to have your picture taken and wait a couple of days; a marriage license, ten minutes.

E. C. H.—Just a little patience there. Rome wasn't built in a day.

W. T. C.—Congratulations. June is the month of matrimony—also bugs. Madge Evans played in "Heredity." Very interesting. Mary Martin and William Courtleigh, Jr., in "The Heart of a Lion."

Dorothy B.—The preliminary matter in your letter was all very nice, but you have me wrong. Alan Forrest is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter. Dick Barthelmess is 24 years. You're quite a character, Dot, and somehow I like you.

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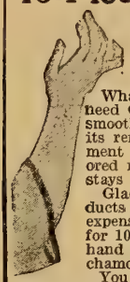

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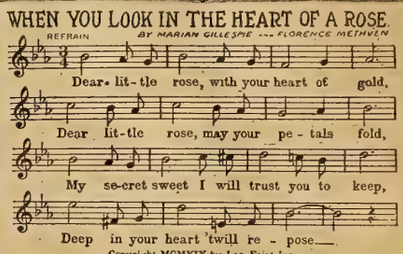
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S. D.—Milton Sills in "Patria."

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Stout? I should say not. Tom Reed once said that no gentleman ever weighed over 200 pounds. I am still well within the limit. William Shay opposite Theda Bara. Glad to hear from you always. You want to know how Marion Davies gets so many write-ups. Ask Mr. Hearst and his staff of publicity men. Thurston Hall, William Desmond and Charles Ray in "Peggy."

RUSSELL F. M.—*Je ne sais quoi* means "I know not what." Seldom eat any breakfast. The road to indigestion is often paved with hot cakes for breakfast.

LAUGHING BROWN EYES.—William Hart has withdrawn from the Big Five, leaving only four. He has expressed his desire to retire from pictures. Say not so, William, say not so. Must be a woman in the case. James Kirkwood, I guess. Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After" on the stage in New York.

BRAZILIAN GIRL.—You say one seeks new friends only when too well known by old ones. I am a friend to all, and I love my new ones almost as much as the old ones. Molly King was born in New York. Martha Erlich was the pretty girl. Edna Munsey with June Caprice. Vivian Rich was Grace in "The Price of Silence." Alan Forrest in "American Methods."

BLANCHE ST. C.—Never heard of John Wolf. Any of you know him? His sister is looking for him.

HARRY MC.—Clifford Bruce in "The Winding Trail," with Viola Dana. Arline Pretty is 26 years. But, Harry, before promising a woman to love only her, you should have seen them all, or should see only her. Remember, painted beauty is only skin deep.

MARJORIE.—No, I am not married. No! Marriage is often the prolog to many a romantic divorce. Ralph Graves in that Artcraft. Constance Binney and Faire Binney.

OLD TIMER.—Any time a friend gives you a dinner, take it. I always accept all the invitations I receive—it's an economy. Had a pretty fair dinner the other night at a friend's house, which saved me 35 cents. Thomas Santschi was McNamara in "The Spoilers," if you insist on going into ancient history. Matt Snyder was the colonel in "The Crisis." Bessie Eyton is with Metro.

RAG BUG.—Number, please! Theodora Roberts, Elliott Dexter and Anna Little in "The Squaw Man." Wallace Reid and Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman"—more ancient history. Frank Keenan, Robert McKim and Mary Boland in "The Stepping Stone."

R. U. D.—Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley in "Courage of Two." Ralph Ince is back with Vitagraph directing Gladys Leslie. Busy? Well, I guess. Edna Purviance in that Chaplin.

LOST ARROW.—Please dont be a scandal-monger. One-half of the world takes pleasure in inventing scandal, and the other half in believing it, but, thanks be to Allah, I do not belong to either half. No, I dont know how to make a ouija board work. The spirits dont move for me. I look on it as an inane but interesting joke. Jack, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore will be seen in "Peter Ibbetson"—first time the three Barrymores have played together, and it is a beautiful play.

RUTH B. PRICE.—You refer to the poem "Armies in the Fire," by R. L. Stevenson, depicting what the author once fancied he saw. Herbert Hayes was David, Anna Nilsson was Alaire, and L. Fernandez was Longoria in "The Heart of the Sunset Trail." Helen Weir was Elsie and Gladden James was De Pusytin in "Social Secretary."

JEAN.—The first savings bank in America was opened in Boston 102 years ago on December 13, 1818. There are now over 2,000 such banks in the United States with a total of 12,000,000 depositors. When I close my account there will only be 11,999,999. Harry Von Meter and Vivian Rich in "Heart of Gold." Alma Rubens and Jack Richardson in "Painted Lily."

RICE ESTES.—The player you speak of is very courteous. True politeness consists in being easy one's self and in making every one about one as easy as one can. Ralph Kellard in that Pathé. Norma Talmadge and James Morrison in "The Battle Cry of Peace."

WILFRED, WINDSOR.—Francis Ford is not married to Grace Cunard. So I understand, but the sky always looks blue when we look at it thru a roll of bills. James Morrison is about 30; Harry Northrup 42, and Montagu Love about 42.

CHARLES B.—William Bray was Ludsvico in "My Cousin" with Caruso. His picture never appeared in the Magazine, but is in the Classic. Lottie Briscoe is back on the stage in vaudeville, also Petrova.

NORMA TALMADGE FAN.—E. K. Lincoln in "Virtuous Men," and Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives." The great Maciste will be seen in "The Liberator." Gene Gauntier is not in pictures, but is editing a column in one of the Kansas City papers. Monroe Salisbury in "Ramona." Thanks.

VIOLA MC.; MARGARET B.; OLD CHUM; JOSEPH B.; KATHERINE W.; CUTIE; PRISCILLA D.; MARY PICKFORD FOREVER; MARY H.; X. Y. Z.; LILLIAN S.; RAYMOND W. A.; BARBARA N.; INQUISITIVE C.; MISSOURI KID; AGNES W., and SMILES.—See elsewhere for yours.

TOOTS BECKER; GLADYS G.; MARTHA WASHINGTON; BROWN EYES; VIRGINIA R.; COUNT ON ME; BOBBIE N.; J. A. P.; G. H. S. 1914; PEARL WHITE ADMIRER; GLADYS 15; POTSDAM; PRINCE DAVIDSON; CUDDLES; EMMA B.; JERRY P.; JOHN G.; HOPE E.; JACK A. M.—Sorry to put you in the also-rans, but better luck next time if you ask questions that have not been already answered and say something to sharpen my otherwise dull wit.

WM. SHAKESPEARE; EBER C. N.; YVONNE; STEVE; JEANNETTE T.; WINIFRED D.; HORTENSE J.; HAZEL R.; I. M. A. BIRD; JANE M.; X. Y. Z.; CAROLYN W.; MARY MAE N.; UNCLE BOB; G. W. SAUNDERS; J. M. E.; ESTELLA E.; ISORA C. T.; BETTY M.; MILLARD E.; FAITH; JERSEY GIRL; GILBERT G. E.; CURLY J.; L. B.; BUSHMAN-BAYNE FAN and MYRTLE C.—Let me hear from you again. Best wishes to you all and pardon me for not letting loose on you individually. Crank up and give her lots of gas.

LILLIAN B.—Well, I should say so. Carmel Myers in "Who Will Marry Me?" Dont think Carmel will have to look far. Yes, Bessie Love will answer you. But, Lillian, no man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself. You have nothing to fear.

PEG, 1918.—Peg, you're a dead one. Mary Pickford is playing in "Daddy Long Legs." Emerson says the first wealth is health, so I must be very wealthy.

B. L. M.—That last letter wasn't necessary. Calm yourself. I accept your apology.

CUTIE.—So you think you would make a second Lila Lee if you got a chance to get in pictures. That's it, try and get it. You're like a good many women. A man never knows beforehand what a woman will do. Neither does a woman.

MENTHA P.—Glad to know you. Mildred Davis was Margery in "A Weaver of Dreams." No, you cant overwork me. I require just so much sleep and no more. Work and smile, that is the secret of happiness.

PUCK.—Bill Hart has blue eyes. He has no accent—speaks pure United States. Perhaps. Charles Ray is playing in "String Beans." Yes, almost could eat 'em. Margarita Fisher in "Fair Enough," by American.

FRANCES B.—Jere Austin and Arthur Housman in "All Women." Yes, I have met Jere Austin personally. He is very interesting, and full of good talk.

OTELLA D.—Surely I believe in Turkish baths. Try one. If there aren't any in your town, you can purchase a portable one. So your friend is very bashful. Someone has said that the man who is too good to be bad is often the one who would like to be bad, but dassent. Oh, Norman Kerry was in service.

THU JAYS.—What, again? You're some boy. Enjoyed yours.

DOROTHY H.—How many times have I said that alimony is the price of an affinity. Some come high, too—the high cost of loving. Which is prettier, Norma Talmadge or Margarita Fisher? Why ask me? Dont you know?

MARION S.; FREDDIE H.; F. HAMILTON; M. E. G.; CHARLIE; BETTY A.; BONNIE LASS; MISS FOURTEEN; ELSIE F.; TOM 16; FRED K.; ESTHER L. L.; LUCILLE G.; ANNA G.; CLAIRE A.; E. W. RUTH; MARY C.; BRIGHT EYES; JULIA C.; DOROTHY D.; UNA A.; HOLLIS; MEDA B.; CHARLES W.; RACHAEL S.; EMILY M.; A. NUTTY NUT; and IONA HUDSON (I'm glad you do).—Sorry to put all you together, but it's just for tonight—this is my busy day.

MAGDA.—So you think my column is a fake. I must say you are gifted with rare powers of defective observation. All those who dont believe in me can go where the woodbine twineth. Nigel Barrie was in service last.

VIRGINIA.—Haven't where Elliott Dexter was born. Marie Doro is his wife.

BERYWN.—Harry Beaumont is directing Tom Moore in "Go West, Young Man." Jean Acker is back with the Fox Company. Yes, she hasn't been in pictures for some time. Thanks for the kind words. You might wire Pathé Exchange.

NORMA MCK.—You say a successful office contains more than a desk. Yes, I have a waste basket too. You can reach Charlie Chaplin at Hollywood, Cal. Well, I try to tell the truth, because a lie is the truth out of place.

DUKE.—Chawmed indeed at your presence, me lud! You refer to Marjorie Daw. Norma Talmadge is not Jewish. Mary Thurman is with Paramount. Your verse is up to the average, and that's all I can say.

E. H. B.—Of course I'm always hoping, aren't you? Hope is the dream of those who are awake. Pinch yourself. Not William Desmond. Write in to our sales department. Carmel Myers.

JACQUELINE.—Glad to hear from you again. Reprove me kindly and I am doubly indebted; slap my face if you please, but speak to me kindly. We cant interview him just now. Fritzi Brunette and Henry Walthall in "And a Still Small Voice."

ALICE IN LUMBERLAND.—So you think I am a mystery unsolved. Where's the mystery? Come in and see me, but I'm not much on talking. Usually he who talks much accomplishes little. It was Wellington who after having become the victor of Waterloo was called the Iron Duke. Enjoyed your letter greatly. Write some more. Get in touch with Henry Albert Phillips, this address.

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INQUISITIVE HENRIETTA.—No, I never gamble in stocks. Misery loves company. Trade in stock and see how quickly you'll lose your stock in trade. Yes, I heard someone say that Charlie Chaplin's wife was appearing in "Borrowed Clothes." Universal have no studio at Ft. Lee. Goldwyn are using the former Universal studios. No, they were only acting.

VERBENA.—Sweet flower. You certainly are tall. Well, I'm kinda short. Yes, I suppose my whiskers serve as a Kolinsky (who's he?) scarf. Muriel Ostriche was Grace Moran, June Elvidge was Sybil and Irving Cummings was Richard in "The Buffer."

EDNA L.—Don't forget the old Hindoo philosophy that we may all have what we like simply by liking what we have. Bertram Grassby was the Guise in "The Devil's Wheel." The only time a woman lets any grass grow under her feet is when she lives in clover as a grass widow.

THOMAS MEIGHAN ADMIRER. — Please dont all write and ask me if I think the players will send their photographs. Most players will.

THU JAYS.—Thanks for the many cards you sent me. I appreciate your thoughts.

EMIL J. M.—Thanks for your letter. We are carrying your club on our list.

MARGUERITE F.—So you think Freddie Smith is very crabby, but he isn't at all. He's a severe critic because he sets a high standard and has high ideals. Yes, it is a horrid phrase, "Business before pleasure." My business is such a pleasure that I dont mind it. Cant give you the name of that song.

CREIGHTON HALE ADMIRER. — Thanks for the postals. Prejudice is an opinion formed without due examination. So you think May Allison is a plum; many think she is a peach. Dont know where you could purchase a booklet of Creighton's Hale's life. An interview with Hale in the June Classic.

PALM.—Well, serious question before the house. Why did the biographer leave the date off Pauline Frederick's biography? One nice large red apple for the best answer.

HELEN, 14.—Well, by gum, if your letter hasn't been answered, it isn't up to me. The Editor-in-Chief is cutting down my department, and pretty soon I'll be allotted to the back cover and nothing more. Then I'll have to say, "Away back here, right out of sight, is the only place he'll let me write." Guess he thinks that you folks dont care much about my department. You've got some good philosophy, Helen, and you'll get there some day. Let me hear from you some more.

CALIFORNIA BEA. — Thanks for your kind letter.

OMAR.—You call the silver in my hair the choicest blessings of Allah. No silver there, Omar, or I'd had it spent long ago. Ruth Clifford and Carmen Phillips in "The Cabaret Girl." Peggy Hyland in "Caught in the Act." Thanks for the invitation.

HONOR.—Of course, I'm a man. You say no woman could have such sense of humor. Accept this boquet. No, I dont think Maurice Costello will come back as strong as he was six years ago. Thomas Santschi played the lead in "Code of the Yukon." That is, Lewis was Jean.

BLUE BIRD.—You do bring me happiness.

A VOTRE SANTE.—Thank you, and all of you who so kindly sent me cards of remembrance. That player is unknown. No, he lost his fame. With one flash across the sky the meteor makes its entrance and its exit. Just so with some players.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Back in Harness

(*Continued from page 37*)

returned to camp, bringing the cattle he was sent for.

About four years later a small fly-by-night rep show played the town near where Tom lived, and he hired on as an actor and trouped all thru the Southwest, playing all of the smaller towns. He then played in stock companies, and finally started on tour with his own company. The show stranded and Tom landed in Los Angeles—broke. He went around to the few studios that were there at that time and finally landed a job with the Kalem Company. He learnt the foundation of the picture work under the direction of J. P. MacGowan, and then went over to Universal and wrote scripts, then he took a flyer with Lubin and then went back to U.

When George Melford wanted a juvenile to play opposite Edith Taliaferro in "Young Romance," he suggested Forman and he was brought over to the Lasky lot, where he has been ever since. He has played leading rôles opposite Mae Murray, Blanche Sweet, Fannie Ward, Marie Doro, Vivian Martin and others. His last picture, before entering the army, was "Hashimura Toga," with Sessue Hayakawa. His return to the screen is celebrated by his appearance in the all-star cast selected by Cecil B. DeMille for the Edgar Selwyn story, "For Better, For Worse." Tom plays the part of the man who marries beautiful Gloria Swanson, and Elliott Dexter is seen as the man who stays at home.

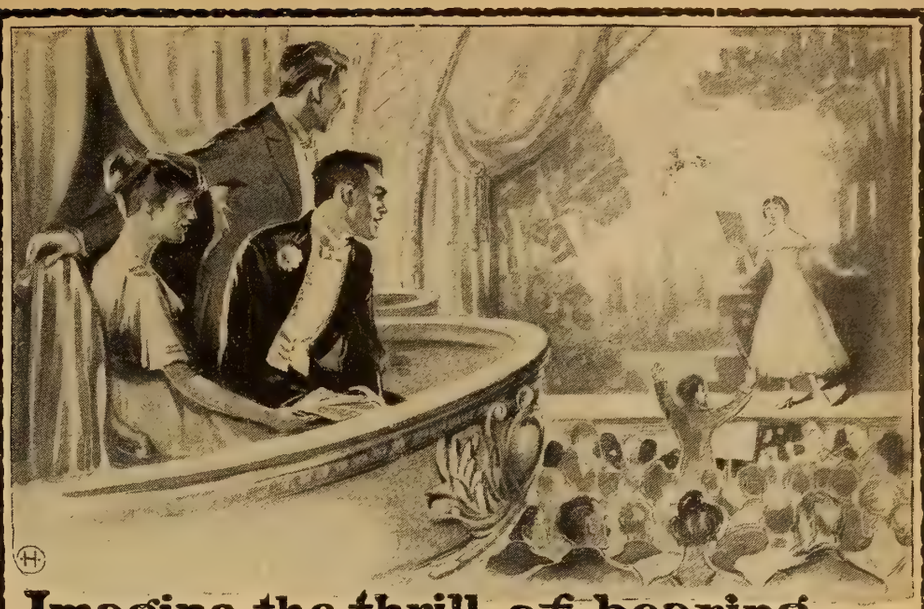
"You know," Forman said the other day, while talking about his army experience, "I was sort of shy about being a motion picture actor when I went into the army. Men from other walks of life seemed to me to look down upon it, but I hadn't been in the army long before I was doggone proud of the fact, because in my mind and in the opinion of thousands of others the pictures did as much to turn out the army we did as anything else, if not more.

"We had motion pictures to study, with pictures showing the movements of guns, the effect of explosives, the explaining of manœuvers and other things. Seeing these on the screen, the soldier could understand them in about a quarter of the time that was required to get 'em into his head by word of mouth. As for keeping up the army morale, it was the greatest thing in the world. After a soldier had paid his Liberty Bond appropriation, his allotment to his home and his insurance money, he didn't have any great amount of cash left to spend in amusement. The canteen and the saloon were fortunately closed to him, and he would sure look forward to the nightly picture show, which only cost him a nickel to see, and he had something to talk about the next day.

"When it was learnt that I had been in the pictures I would be called upon several times a day by a deputation of privates requesting me to explain or settle some argument concerning the picture of the night before. I didn't have any trouble about getting back into the acting harness, altho the grease-paint felt funny and uncomfortable on my face.

"I'm going to stick right to the pictures now. I learnt in the army the value of hard work, so I am going to apply it and maybe some day Mr. Lasky will commission me a star."

If the Forman star is as irresistible to the great producer as it is to the "fans," he probably will.



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A Glance at Gladys

(*Continued from page* 46)

conditions used in "shooting" her pictures.

At one side of the room is a couch for moments of rest and a few comfortable chairs complete the furnishings.

Miss Brockwell is inclined to study a visitor more than a visitor is permitted to study her. She is apt to find out more about you than you can about her.

What Gladys Brockwell does is done after she is convinced that it's all right, and then it's done before the whole wide world.

She's ambitious, works hard and patiently, and takes a wholesome view of life.

She is not bored. People interest her and she gives of herself freely. She loves *living*.

One of the attractive things about Gladys is her keen sense of humor. She adores a joke on herself.

Miss Brockwell is decidedly original. She thinks original things and occasionally expresses these thoughts. For instance, recently she was heard to remark, "The only undying thing in life is death." Think it over.

The most recent Brockwell releases under the Fox banner are "The Forbidden Room," "Conscience," "The Soul of Satan," "The Moral Law," in which she played a dual rôle, and "A Branded Soul."

Our Girl on the Cover

(*Continued from page* 39)

should have to spend all the money you so laboriously earn."

"I appreciated that," she said, earnestly. "It reminded me of the time when $5 looked mighty big to me."

There is nothing "up-stage" about Olive Thomas. She'll "kid" backward and forward with all-comers. She delights in startling people and, especially, in shocking the dignified ones. Excess of dignity is as provocative to her as the red flag is to the bull, and she loves to take its possessors down all the pegs she can. Underneath all the kidding—no matter what she might say—there is a bubbling humanity, a freedom from sarcasm, that wins her way into the hearts of all.

Her first engagement was with Triangle. As her contract neared its end many important producers entered into competition for her services. She decided finally to cast her fortunes with the Selznick Pictures Corporation, of which Myron Selznick is the president.

"I think," says Olive Thomas, "that you die when your time comes and not until then. I feel the same about other things as I do about death. I dont think you can change anything that is going to happen to you any more than you can change anything that has happened to you. That's why I never worry, and that is why I dont think people should get conceited and think themselves better than others."

Her first meeting with Jack Pickford was at a dance in a beach café founded by the late Nat Goodwin.

"Jack," she said, "is a beautiful dancer. He danced his way into my heart. We knew each other for eight months before our marriage, and most of that time we gave to dancing. We got along so well on the dance floor that we just naturally decided that we would be able to get along together for the remainder of our lives."

A Castle "Over There"

(*Continued from page* 34)

long lines of soldiers—but no Irene. Suddenly two Tiger yells rent the air, the brown lines parted and a lithe feminine figure came running thru the rows of soldiers.

"Did you hear my Tiger," she called breathlessly, "aren't my boys just too wonderful?"

And that is Irene Castle as she is.

A slim creature, beautifully rounded. A woman with a certain child-like naïveté in her eyes, a girl who never loses her enthusiasm for life.

She loves pictures, so much so that she says she would act in them for the joy of it, even if they didn't pay well. That is why she has signed a new contract with Paramount.

But she will never dance with another partner again. All the theatrical managers and the vaudeville houses have offered her unbelievable sums of money to appear with certain dancers they have suggested, but in vain.

"No one could ever dance the way Vernon could," she says. "Why, he could *make* anyone dance, he was so wonderful."

Irene Castle is young, and it is not well that the young should live alone. She should have companionship and love. She is essentially the kind of woman who should be looked after, protected, cared for. And she loves children.

"There might," she admits, naïvely, "come a time when I could again consider marriage."

And then she resumed her definite planning that in the case of her death she be put beside Vernon in the new monument she is erecting at Woodlawn.

Her attention was gently called to the fact that if there was a third person he'd have something to say about that.

"Nothing would make any difference," she said, "*my place* is beside *Vernon.*"

Think It Over, Mr. Educator

(*Continued from page* 71)

sent thru the country to stimulate landscape gardening for residence and welfare work.

Another important lecture is one on social hygiene, which was shown before 200,000 United States soldiers in the various army centers in America and France.

Industrial concerns are awakening to the fact that educating and advertising via the motion picture is a paying investment.

The results from the many educational lectures that John H. Patterson has given and sent thruout the United States augur well for the position of the motion picture as an educational factor. If a practical business man like Mr. Patterson saw the value from the first and has used it for twenty years and more, motion pictures *must* supply a need that nothing else can.

Why dont the public schools give the movie a fair chance? If history were told by means of moving pictures, the scenes would remain indelibly fixed in the minds of pupils. There would not be so many truants, so much aimless browsing over dry text books. Geography, mythology, many sciences, particularly botany and biology, could be taught by the screen. The possibilities are only limited by the curriculum. There are enough historical and other films particularly adapted to education to make experiments practical and cheap. It is well worth trying.

Think it over, Mr. Educator.

Would The Law Let YOU Marry?

LIONEL STRONGFORT
"Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

WHEN will the people of this country finally wake up to the fact that only by taking care of posterity can it become the greatest of all world forces? There is much agitation all over the United States over the law of Eugenics, and some States have been wise enough to insist upon a medical examination of the two contracting parties to a marriage before a license is issued, and although the propaganda of those at the head of this movement is, perhaps, not fully understood or appreciated, there is no one who can conscientiously deny their sincerity or the ultimate good that would result.

Through the adoption of a law whereby the physically unfit were barred from marriage in every State of the Union, there would, indeed, be a relatively small percentage of the population who would measure up to the standard.

Would You Be One of Those

who were doomed to go through life alone, without the joys and happiness that go hand in hand with a loving wife and strong, healthy children? Would the fact that you have neglected your body, ignored the fundamental principles of health and right living, and failed to make the most of Nature's supreme gift, doom you to a life of single wretchedness and unhappiness?

Our first duty is to posterity. We are not put here by an all-wise Providence merely to live out our lives and then go out, like a snuffed candle. We are entrusted with the sacred duty of perpetuating the species, a duty which is as sacred and immutable as anything might well be.

LIKE BEGETS LIKE is a saying handed down from time immemorial, and no truer maxim has ever fallen from the lips of man. A thin, scraggy, under-developed body, soaked and saturated with poisons which are denied their proper outlet because of functional inefficiency cannot hope to produce strong, healthy children. A man who is torn and wrecked by physical ailments, organic disorders and excesses of all kinds, will some day be treated to the spectacle of his children in a like condition. On the other hand, the strong, healthy, virile man, with a body and constitution that is a replica of Nature's own design, and who jealously safeguards that body and that health, and takes the proper measures to gain and keep them, will some day revel in the sight of offspring that are but a duplicate of himself—a picture of joyous, bubbling, care-free health and strength.

So you see, it is not only yourself to whom YOU OWE A DEBT but TO ALL MANKIND.

And You Owe It Most to That Girl

The sweetest, purest, dearest girl in all the world, whom you would call wife. Is your body clean, strong and healthy? Do you realize the terrible consequences of the youthful follies that are wrecking your body? Remember, then, that STRONGFORTISM will restore to you the vitality of MANHOOD.

Strongfortism will make you become more active, more hardy, more pure blooded, more healthy. It will make you shake off indigestion, constipation, nervousness, headache, rheumatism, results of early vices and other ills. It will make you regain your snap, vim, vigor, energy. It will make you enjoy every minute of your life, every act you do, eating sleeping, walking, talking, working, seeing people, greeting people.

If you have any of the troubles mentioned on the consultation coupon below, check up the subject in which you are interested and mail it to me today with your name and address written plainly thereon.

YOU have the same right to the splendid Health, Virile Manhood, and superb Body shown in the picture to the left, that I have, if you will obey Nature. If you will do the things I shall ask you to do, you can make your body like mine. I will show you HOW to obtain it.

In order to help you attain that degree of bodily strength and efficiency that is yours by gift of Nature, I invite you to write me regarding your present condition. Do not hesitate to state your case plainly and fully, and no matter whether it is merely lack of proper development, simple indigestion, constipation or the result of youthful excesses, I shall be glad to give you a personal information that will prove of inestimable value.

I have prepared a little book, entitled "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," which should be read by everyone sufficiently interested in themselves to wish for the best in life. You will find it interesting; and it points the way to better health, a cleaner and happier life, and a splendid physique. Three 2 cent stamps will pay for the postage, etc., on the book. Send for it *now*. You will be pleased and surprised with its contents.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
910 Strongfort Institute Newark, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose three 2-cent stamps. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested. (910)

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..Catarrh	..Short Wind	..Impotency
..Asthma	..Flat Feet	..Gastritis
..Obesity	..Stomach Disorders	..Heartweakness
..Headache		..Poor Circulation
..Thinness	..Constipation	..Skin Disorders
..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Despondency
..Lumbago	..Torpid Liver	..Round Shoulders
..Neuritis	..Indigestion	..Lung Trouble
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Increased Height
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Stoop Shoulders
..Deformity (describe)	..Rheumatism ..Youthful Errors	..Muscular Development

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No Questions Asked
REWARD of $10,000 and absolutely no questions asked for the return of a diamond necklace of seventy-one stones, which disappeared from a house at Willys Hills, Long Island, last Saturday or Sunday.
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JUST a small advertisement, yet in it were bound up the reputation of a beautiful girl, the social career of a famous family, the love of a great inventor.

It is just one more of the mysteries so marvellously solved by Craig Kennedy—the master detective given to the world by

ARTHUR B. REEVE

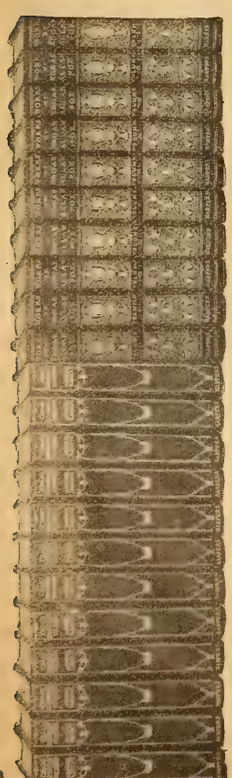
The American Conan Doyle

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots — such suspense — with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.



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To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's masterpieces in 10 volumes.

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Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes, maroon cloth. Also send me, absolutely FREE, the set of Edgar Allen Poe, in 10 volumes, green cloth. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.00 within five days and $2 a month for 12 months.

Name.....

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Occupation.....

When the Spotlight Hits Charles Clary

(*Continued from page* 65)

the foundation for successive lies, subterfuges, perhaps even dishonest business methods. Still, this type of man will not have done wrong for the sake of personal advancement; there'll be a sacrifice connected with it, perhaps for a woman's sake, perhaps because Fate gave him no alternative. Always the man will be a humanitarian, above petty meanness, one whose very sins will be guide-posts to others, sort of "stop, look and listen" warnings.

"What is *your* hobby, Mr. Clary?" It was easier to venture now that I found the lion's den comfortable, and the lion big, good-natured and an easy talker, with a whimsical smile, and a very attractive way of drawing the eyebrows to a center-point.

"Minerals and mines—I've dabbled about three years now in both and have not lost any money yet, so think I'm on the right track. I'm interested in two in Arizona and one in Mexico, and by the time I retire from the screen I hope Mother Earth will open her pockets and give me enough loose change to keep me comfortably in the toothless age," he responded seriously.

"How did you first come to pictures?"

"After I left the stage—it was in San Francisco—I came to Los Angeles, and on the advice of a friend went to Selig and asked for a motion picture try-out. I had a steady engagement from that time on, and felt as if I'd gone to Utopia, when I found free auto-rides, free luncheons on location and congenial people to act with. We went to Florida and did that long serial with Kathlyn Williams."

Charles Clary, who supported Fannie Ward in "Each Pearl a Tear," Gerry Farrar in "Joan the Woman," and Kathlyn Williams in "The Rosary," and many other Selig successes, admits frankly that while he doesnt *love* any woman save his mother, he as certainly doesn't hate the deadlier of the species, and thinks them capable of fair play.

Far be it from me to let a little thing like that influence me in any one's favor, *but*—

I, for one, am strong for Charles, and I'm glad the editorial button buzzed for a chat with him.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 102)

MISS B.—Well, Diogenes carried a lantern, searched for an honest man, and lived in a tub. Here in New York City he would have to do without the lantern, forget about the honest man, and be lucky to get in a tub on hot-water days. Your letter sounds as if you were excited.

FORT PITT.—The last picture Julian L'Estrange played in was "Daybreak." Yes, Frohman brought him over from England. Let us respect white hair—especially our own.

MARION M.—We cannot always oblige; but we can always speak obligingly. House Peters with Garson Co. now. Mae Murray and Jack Mulhall in "Danger, Go Slow." I didn't see it.

U-53.—No, I am not worn by the toils of my laborious profession. 'Taint labor, just play. Thomas Holding was the senator and Madeline Traverse was Lola in "The Danger Zone." Keep out of the danger zone, U.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Handmaiden to Lily-White Hands

Make your hands beautiful, white, velvety tonight.

No manicure complete without LILA, for the entire hand.

LILA is peculiarly adapted for beautifying and whitening the hands, arms and neck. Its effect is marvellous and instantaneous.

LILA is a pure, antiseptic Cream Lotion.

50¢ Sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Made only by the

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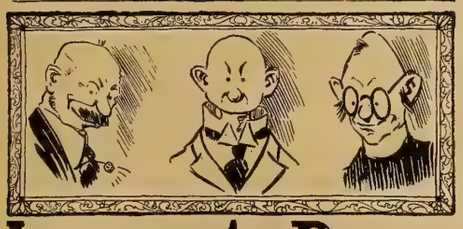

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Good or Bad Photoplays?

(*Continued from page 63*)

If they want soul-stuff, give it to 'em. If they want sex-stuff, give *that* to them. On the whole, I'd say that the films without sex interest are not so profitable financially as those based on the old stand-by theme of the relationship of man and woman. That's why there are more of them produced. We get our stories wherever we find ones suited to our particular stars, from books, plays, history or submitted scenarios. It's a strange thing, but *very few of the story writers who are so popular with the magazine readers can write even a mediocre screen tale,* at least that's been my experience."

The little lady at World who holds the hopes of many scenario writers in her keeping thinks that the question is purely one of locality. "I stood in line three hours to see 'The Bluebird,'" she declared. "The house was packed to the doors. But in a mill town it would have been a flat failure. On the other hand, the most melodramatic melodrama would be a splendid drawing card in such a town. Some tastes demand their entertainment highly flavored, without subtlety, bald, melodramatic, obvious. But films of this sort always teach a highly moral lesson. Perhaps, after all, they do more good than harm."

Still unsatisfied, I made my way to Select Pictures and put my query, "How shall we get better pictures?" to the genial gentleman behind the mahogany desk.

"Stars are temperamental creatures," he shrugged the responsibility from his shoulders. "They demand certain rôles, and it's up to us scenario editors to give them what they fancy they can play best. Alice Brady, for instance, wont touch anything that doesn't give her a chance for strongly emotional acting. The public takes what is handed to it usually. It's the stars themselves who determine what sort of plays are produced."

When doctors disagree to this extent the layman might as well form his own opinion. Here's mine, humbly offered. The tendency just now in the larger studios is toward pictures which cheer instead of depress, elevate rather than titillate, appeal to the wider human emotions of pity, charity, sympathy, instead of the narrower range of sex sensations. The masterpieces of the world's best literature are coming to life upon the screen—Dickens, Thackeray, Dumas, Ibsen, the Italian dramatists, the French classicists, as well as the best of modern writings.

There are an increasing number of whimsical and appealing ingénue stars and a decreasing supply of vampires and villains. Professional story writers are coming to realize that the screen offers a new field for their talents, and as a consequence the picture stories are more artistically constructed and more logically worked out than they ever were before.

The censor—thanks be!—has limited powers. He is at best prone to personal prejudices, capricious, unsatisfactory. *The public is the logical censor.* Once let the parents of the country put their ban of displeasure on the plays that display before their children's eyes all the secret byways of vice and sin, and there will be no more such plays. It is distinctly up to us whether we go to the theater to see an ennobling "Les Miserables," a poetic "Peer Gynt," an ethereally dainty "Prunella," or an insinuating piece of sensuality such as "At the Mercy of Men," or the tawdry and banal heroics of "The Bride's Revenge."

Remove Hair
the Common-sense Way

IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem.

De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine De Miracle has a money back guarantee in each package.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00.

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price

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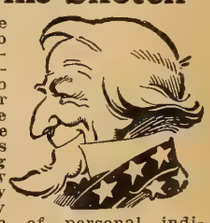

and let me see what you can do with it. Cartoonists and illustrators earn $25 to $125 or more per week. **A large proportion of the newspaper artists who are gaining success today were trained by this course.** My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your drawing ability as it developed theirs.

The LANDON Picture Chart Method of teaching drawing is the easiest to understand, the quickest and the **most thorough.** You learn to draw as easily as you learned to write! Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for full information about the course, together with test lesson plate, samples of students' work and evidence of what you too can accomplish. **Please state your age.**

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
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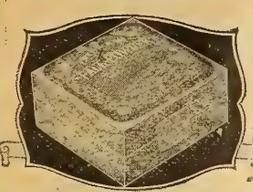
FACE POWDER

The climate of Britain's Isles makes care of the skin imperative. The complexion demands a powder that soothes, softens and beautifies, like Freeman's. 50 cents (double quantity) at all toilet counters, or 4 cents for miniature box.



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You know in a general way that milk is good for you. But if you knew what a precious life-giving fluid it really is—if you knew the almost miraculous results it produces for those who drink it *intelligently*, you would be truly amazed. For anemia, indigestion, constipation, any difficulties of the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart or bladder, Bright's disease, rheumatism and many other ills for which physicians have no reliable remedy, *the right use of milk almost invariably overcomes the trouble.* For instance, feet and hands that are usually cold and clammy, become warm and life-like a few days after beginning this marvelous self-treatment. Benarr Macfadden, the famous physical culturist, in collaboration with Dr. Sanford Porter, the milk diet specialist, has written a book of priceless value entitled: "*The Milk Diet. How To Use It.*"

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It will be a revelation to you. Send us a three months' subscription for PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE at the regular price of 50c and we will mail you the book at once. PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE should be part of your reading every month. Its inspirational articles on Health, Hygiene and Success-Building will be of great value to you in many ways. To more broadly circulate this unique magazine, we will send it to you for 3 months for 50c and include Mr. Macfadden's above mentioned book free. Write TODAY.

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Miss Betty Parker — Jay Dillon

Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

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Because Hair-Dress will make the most stubborn hair stay the way you comb it and retain a smooth, dressy appearance the entire evening. With Hair-Dress you can comb your hair any fashionable style—straight back—any way you want it. Hair-Dress will also give to your hair that beautiful lustre so much in vogue with men and women of the stage, the screen and society. Is harmless and acts as an excellent tonic.

Send for Trial Jar Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today.

Send $1.00 for Three Months' Supply.

HAIR-DRESS CO., Dept. 61, 920 Windsor Ave., Chicago

MISINTERPRETED

The poster
In front of the Cinema Theater
Read as follows:
The eminent actor
PERCY PIPPIN
in his new play
"GOING HOME,"
In four reels
Supported by a large company.

The angular spinster
Looked at it for a while,
Then curled up her nose
And walked on.
"I was going in,"
She commented,
'But I hate
Those drunken scenes!"

—HARVEY PEAKE

Beauties from All Over the Land

(*Continued from page 73*)

decided upon, but it will be announced in both THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC far enough in advance so that every one can get their final pictures in before the last hour.

If you happen to be within a short distance of the office of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, please do not telephone the office for information regarding your pictures. With thousands of portraits arriving daily, the impossibility of giving out information of this character is plainly apparent. Do not write to ask if your portraits have arrived safely. These queries cannot be answered.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. *Do not place stamps in separate envelope.* These pictures will be returned upon examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls. Pictures may be lost in handling and we cannot guarantee the safe return of portraits.

If your pictures were entered before March 15th and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits.

The contest is open to men.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

Samuel Lumière, the photographer, has been added to the jury of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

The Fame and Fortune jury now includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, or a similar coupon of their own making.
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(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....

Address.....(street)

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Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

.....

When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

Height.....Weight.....

Complexion.....

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Helping Our Heroes Thru the Red Cross

(*Continued from page 29*)

back to stay the rest of my life right there on that farm with my folks."

I confessed that I had agricultural ambitions, too, and he laughingly guessed that the next time we met we would probably both be brawny farmers thrilled over the prospect of a bumper hay crop.

The world loves these fighting men and a uniform is a sure passport to anything they want. They must not be forgotten when they lay aside their uniforms and are absorbed by civilian life. The Red Cross and all the organizations co-operating with it are pledged to service just as long as there is a soldier who needs them. Their care will follow the men at Hero Land when they leave this hospital for another or to return to their homes; they, and all the country's heroes, will have the supporting friendship of these organizations until there is no longer painful evidence of war's deprivations, but a healed nation where all men are happily engaged in work suited to their capabilities and for which they have been carefully trained.

Red Head, Red Head!

(*Continued from page 74*))

over the head with a club. You develop a large reptilian acquaintance. Snakes, alligators, tarantulas and other crawling things are sicked upon you. You are asked to do scenes with tigers and lions and wild boars. Your life becomes a constant repetition of escapes and your mind is occupied with but one thought—how will you get even with the man who wrote the scenario?

Such is the life that Anne Luther gave up the features for.

Did I mention that Miss Luther is a red-h—excuse us—a Titian blonde?

History tells how Anne Luther as a schoolgirl was subjected to the taunts of the little boys of the neighborhood. Like all girls whose hair is of inflammable texture, she was picked on. The boys probably warned her not to go into the barn, or she would set the hay on fire. They no doubt yelled "Red head!" at her just as the boys did in Irene Franklin's song. But from a casual inspection of Miss Luther I am morally certain that they ran like the dickens after calling Anne names. For Anne is not of the sort to be trifled with and, as a rule, the uncertainty of action of a Titian blonde begins to take form at an early age. I will venture to assert that any youth of Miss Luther's school set who commented on the color of her tresses in a ribald manner was able to exhibit a discolored optic the next day. That is, unless he happened to be a budding marathoner.

From all of this I do not want you to accumulate the idea that Miss Luther is a tomboy or a female Hercules. But she is a healthy athletic girl and not of the sort to be picked on. It was probably her health and spirits combined that led her to eschew the anemic feature for the red-blooded serial.

A certain player, whose name we will not mention, has a wife who plays the guitar. One evening recently while in a poetic mood, she took up her instrument and, strumming a few chords, began to sing, "I'll Strike Again My Tuneful Lyre." Her husband made a dive for the door, saying, "Not if I know it, you won't!"

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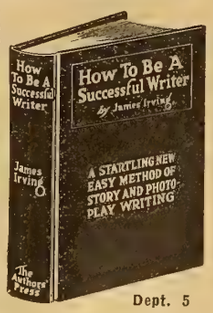

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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Matt o' the Moores

(*Continued from page 47*)

doing—or perhaps I should say *bigger* stuff. He's capable of it. Well, to go back . . . Tom kept tight grips on his ambition, and when he got out of school went straight into stock. Just sort of fell in. Never seemed to have any trouble landing. Then Owen followed suit. Then yours truly. We were always like that, Tom and Owen and the kid and I. Tom would go first, at a game or anything; he'd yell, 'I dare you!' Owen would go next and he'd yell back at me, 'Dare *you!*' Then I, scared to death, would follow on. I never wanted to, tho. I always had a kind of a form of stage-fright.

"When Owen went into the movies we thought he was crazy. Owen was the first recognized leading man in the game, if you remember. But, as usual, Tom and I fell into step, too."

"You sort of roam about from picture to picture, dont you?" I asked, thinking of the recent bearded appearance with Louise Glaum and the picture he was working on at the time of our talk with Marion Davies.

"Yep. No contracts for mine. Beastly, binding things. I think it is a much better proposition the way I work things. More variety, consequently more interest. One big picture here—one there—and no apron strings. I'll tell you honestly, tho, I would like to go on the stage, if I thought I wouldn't die of stage-fright." He gave a whimsical smile. "I wouldn't have Owen back of me," he said, "to yell, 'I dare you!'"

When we started, as all good interviewers should, to talk of "outside hobbies," young Matthew shook his young head. "Hate to shock you," he observed succinctly, "more than I already have, but fact is, I haven't any—except *sleep*. I'm simply mad about that. I'm not a bit athletic. Dont even *like* athletics. Fact is, but dont tell this, either, I'm *lazy*. Plain, plumb *lazy*. I hate anything strenuous, anything that calls for physical effort or exertion. I like the sedentary life. Just think—I'm not 'crazy' about motoring, tennis, boxing, baseball, polo, nor yet golf. I dont own a motorboat. I dont own a Rolls-Royce. I've no ambition to conquer the air. What *are* you going to say about me?"

"Heaven knows!" I sighed.

"Just say *anything*," indolently and affably sighed Matthew, "anything at all and it will be all right."

"All right," I assented—and I have.

THE TRYST

By Terrell Love Holliday

Why do I dance with delight?
  One I was hoping for, waiting and moping for—
Him I keep tryst with to-night.

Raptly I'll sit for a while;
  Eyes on the face of him, thrilled by the grace of him,
Warmed by his wonderful smile.

Often uncoveted beaux
  Ask me to fly with 'em, live for and die with 'em.
What will this evening disclose?

Naught. But He's billed for to-night.
  Fondly I'll moon at him, love ditties croon at him.
Then—he will fade from my sight.

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Stories Told on the Story-Tellers

(*Continued from page* 50)

photoplay world may prepare itself for a sensation.

R. Cecil Smith, who writes original stories and continuity for Thomas H. Ince photoplays, confided to a studio friend that he believes he has a just claim for damages somewhere between Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs Is Pigs," and Hoover, the apostle of food conservation.

When the "waste nothing" propaganda was started Mr. Smith conceived the idea that the best medium for conservation would be a pig. So he bought a porker, yet young in life, and proceeded to build up what he thought would be a fortune. But when he took potato peelings to the pen the swine only grunted and turned up its nose. So Smith cooked the peelings, with but little better result. Then he decided to serve them on a dish garnished with lettuce leaves, and they were greedily eaten.

"You know," confided Smith, "I have been playing French chef to that pig ever since. I thought it was my patriotic duty, but I never saw an animal with such an appetite and such fastidious tastes. It has eaten into my savings account, into my insurance money and has nibbled one payment off my Liberty Bond. If the blamed thing dies before I get it to market I face financial ruin."

Julian Josephson, who has written several of the recent Charles Ray stories, the latest being "Greased Lightning," ran a general store in a small Oregon town before he made moving picture work a profession. He always had a mania for fiction, however, and acquired the habit while behind the counter of writing on wrapping paper, bags or whatever was handy at the moment of inspiration. This habit has clung to him, it has been discovered. The writer came to the studio recently very much down in the mouth and confided to friends that after days of study a scene suddenly came to him just the way he wanted it. He jotted down the notes, but immediately his attention was attracted to something else. The idea slipped from his mind and he had lost the piece of paper. While yet in his perplexity Thomas H. Ince arrived at the studio and hurried up to the writer.

"Here's a good idea for that story you are working on," he said, handing Josephson a small piece of paper.

The writer recognized his own handwriting and asked:

"Where did you get this?"

"It was on a paper bag. The maid at my home brought it in from the kitchen because she thought from the scraggly writing it was a Black Hand message."

So it came to be known that the producer and the writer patronize the same grocery store and Josephson's notation carelessly left on a bag at the counter was sent with oranges to the home of his superior.

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page 78*)

walk Miss La Plante resembles the big star. This little girl is now doing a picture with Mary Pickford, and has supported many notables. She's just climbing up the ladder by doing smaller parts well, but she's an emotional bit of humanity, and comes naturally by her "temperament," because her mother was Spanish and her father French. Some one suggested that it would be lots of fun to pose Norma and Beatrice for stills, wearing the same expression, and then have the output used for a magazine puzzle.

Louise Lovely is working with William Farnum in at least three pictures this spring. While at Palm Springs recently, on location, two bees stung Miss Lovely —and the men all retired to soft music, while the ladies of the company gathered mud from the baths here and condoled with and nursed poor Louise.

You remember that Charlie Ray started in as a super at the old Belasco here, and followed this up by vaudeville and light opera? He's not forgotten how to sing, and has just started a quartet at Culver City, including himself, Walt Hiers, Bert Woodruff and Walt Perkins. During rest intervals, the boys are entertaining the whole outfit down there.

Eight companies have been working at Universal, showing quite a bit of activity on this enormous plant lot. Allen Holubar has begun to direct "The Light"—the working title of Dorothy Phillips' newest. In this, Mrs. Holubar will take a dual rôle. Seems like every star at some time of his or her life has to wade thru a dual —or should one say DUEL where the men are concerned? Ah, these trite themes! However, Mr. Holubar wrote this story and it circles fair Dorothy, so let's reserve judgment. Robert Anderson, of "Heart of Humanity," will play a character rôle.

Gloria Swanson's mail has just doubled daily since she signed a two-year contract with Lasky studio, and she's quite an important young lady since the wonderful work she did in "Dont Change Your Husband." She is featured now in "For Better, For Worse," and will wear thousands of dollars' worth of gowns, and that's no press tale, for we saw the materials and there will be about 24 complete outfits.

The College of the Immaculate Heart, at Franklin and Vine Sts., Hollywood, is the home of many movie kiddies. Katherine Pyle, Margarita Fisher's niece, well remembered in many of her American Beauty films, is there, also the Lee children, little Miss Moran, and too many others to give an itemized list. One of the little girls had two pictures of young men on her walls, and the Mother Superior said kindly, "Dearie, we cant allow pictures of movie actors on the bedroom walls; if one were permitted to have such, all would want to follow suit and we dont approve of it."

The wee one said, "But those two actors are my uncles; cant I have my very own uncles hanging up here?"

And Mother Genevieve had to admit that she COULD and SHOULD.

May Allison had a very strenuous time while taking scenes for her picture, "The Isle of Intrigue." She and the members of her company were caught in a terrible storm while on board a yacht. All hands turned to the pumps, and were finally rescued by a fisherman.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 68*)

but personally, I feel that Miss Stewart should be given an opportunity to express greater depths than are apparent in this picture. The story is that of a princess who is shipwrecked and taken ashore where she obtains a livelihood by masquerading as a maid in a hotel. She promptly falls in love with a rich guest, whom an adventuress is pursuing. There is very little need of the second and third reel, for we know Anita will bestow her royal hand upon Jack Holt in the end. However, the story has been presented in very attractive settings and Miss Stewart is good to look at—only who told her to wear that bathing suit? Jack Holt is manly and attractive as the hero, while Juanita Hansen is a plump but pretty adventuress.

THE GIRL DODGER—PARAMOUNT

Charlie Ray is an artist. "The Girl Dodger" proves once more his careful and convincing handling of a rôle. Here he assumes the part of a college grind who blunders into a love affair with his friend's fiancée. At a dance he loses his trousers, and the following situations are jolly good fun. One is willing to strain his credulity for the sake of the good laugh Ray gives us—while running thru the fashionable hotel in his B. V. D.'s. Jane Novak plays the leading feminine rôle attractively.

THE MAN HUNTER—FOX

William Farnum literally fights his way thru these five reels. In reel No. 1 his best friend cheats him of his fortune and his girl—and for four reels Farnum's one motive is revenge. In the fifth, he loves again and recovers his fortune. Would that all things ended as well as the conventional movie. Louise Lovely lives up to her name.

JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN—ARTCRAFT

Never has anything bored me quite so much as "Johnny Get Your Gun," unless it were the other Fred Stone pictures. Mr. Stone is unfortunately as bad on the screen as he is good on the stage. However, this may not be his crime—but that of his producers. The plot of the present offense is too banal to bear repetition. An all around good cast is hurt by poor photography. Mary Anderson alone showed moments of promise.

WHEN A GIRL LOVES—JEWEL PRODUCTIONS

Lois Weber has handled this primitive story much more forcefully than she did "A Midnight Romance." Mildred Harris (Mrs. Charlie Chaplin) is billed as the star; however, to William Stowell go the stellar honors. The story is a vivid one of a man in rebellion against the world. In order to consummate a robbery, he impersonates a parson. His congregation's simple faith in him is the leaven that raises the best in him to the surface and he becomes converted to the virtuous life. All in all, a vivid, straightforward story—well told on the silversheet.

RECLAIMED—MC RAE-WEBSTER

This is a multireeled melodrama with a punch in every reel. It is the story of a little girl who goes thru all sorts of troubles, even to an attempt at ending her own life, before she finds ultimate happiness. Mabel Julienne Scott makes a very vivid heroine, being especially effective in her unhappy moments. Niles Welch plays opposite Miss Scott.

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* * * * *

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PAG

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Cecil B. de Mille

[Director-General Famous Players-Lasky Corp.]

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The Palmer Plan is making photoplay authors out of many people who never dreamed that their names would loom large on the silver screen. One member secured a staff scenario position three weeks after enrollment. Another member succeeded in having his first story accepted and produced. Another, after struggling unsuccessfully for years, received $500 for his initial effort through us. Another, a busy housewife and mother of four children, is earning over $200 monthly from spare-time work. Still another rose in a few months from an underpaid clerical position to Assistant Managing Editor of one of the largest film companies. Hardly a day goes by but what we receive a letter from some grateful member with the story of his or her success. And that, after all, is the thing that counts—the thing that interests you.

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Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing

Letters to the Editor

An interesting protest against fitting stories to stars:

DEAR EDITOR—For several years I have been a film enthusiast, reading all the "movie" magazines available, and observing screen plays good, bad, and indifferent. I live in a small town noted chiefly for sand, slag, smoke and sulphur fumes, where the picture theater is absolutely all the city has to offer in the way of entertainment and recreation. (The population is about 4,500, and we don't even boast a public library.) Living in such surroundings, one must attend the picture show, or starve, and I believe that it is under such conditions that the intelligent public comes to appreciate the art of motion pictures.

Four years ago my attitude towards motion pictures was quite indifferent, until one day a certain little player woke me up, and I realized that back of the shadows were living people. Since that day I have gone more and more into the study of plays and players—and now, after four years—I find myself losing enthusiasm! Every day I become more coldly critical, until I begin to doubt if I have a heart, or a sense of humor.

My reason for writing is to register a complaint against the distortion of original stories, in the process of adaptation for the screen. On several occasions I have seen on the screen a portrayal of some story I have read—each time with a sense of disappointment; and I know other people have had the same experience. I should like to cite two examples in this connection.

Some time ago I read in the *Woman's Home Companion* a story called "The Ineligibles," which I enjoyed very much. There was a subtle charm in that story, and it breathed the spirit of romance thruout. Imagine, then, my dismay when I read in a magazine that Mary Pickford's "How Could You, Jean?" was like a Mack Sennett comedy! Later I saw the picture, and understood the criticism. I wonder what the author of the story thought of that grotesque caricature? Some might say the author ought to feel flattered because Mary chose to make a picture of it. I shouldn't feel flattered—I'd be mad. The picture was undeniably funny, but I couldn't enjoy it for thinking of the poor mangled story.

The second example is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It seems to me that a book like that, if it is to be done at all, ought to be played by an all-star cast. If I am not mistaken, Eva was just five years old when Uncle Tom first met her. Marguerite Clark is delightfully small, but she isn't quite so tiny as Virginia Lee Corbin! Madge Evans might pass for a five-year-old on the screen.

"Mrs. Wiggs" is another crime—and I suppose every other play we see is someone's cherished brain-child hopelessly deformed.

By these criticisms I dont mean to knock the stars themselves. They may, or may not, be responsible for this wholesale mutilation of stories. I may say it was Marguerite Clark's "Wildflower" that first made me "sit up and take notice," and after four years she still reigns as queen of my heart.

I write this letter as a plea on behalf of the authors, living or dead. You cant tell me a book must be so treated to make it screenable. A few details may have to be altered, but I contend that the spirit of the story should not be destroyed. I cant see where any advantage comes in—

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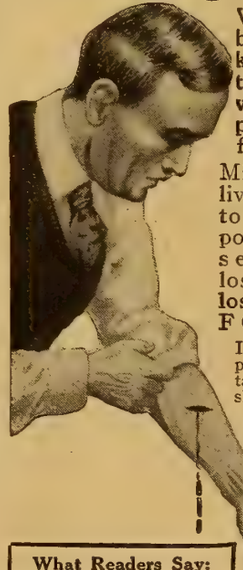

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it isn't fair to the player, who must necessarily come in for unfavorable criticism, and it is, to my mind, an insult to the author. I venture to say that the ignorant public would be just as well satisfied with a true version as with a false one, while the intelligent public would be more so. I am aware that this subject has been dealt with by critics who are better qualified to judge than I am, nevertheless my opinion may be not without value. Yours truly,

(Miss) H. G. GAIRNS.

It's a long lane that has no turning. Stuart Holmes will be seen in Norma Talmadge's "New Moon."

The Answer Man:

Dear Sir—Have just waded thru some of your heavy stuff and seem to detect a certain element of humor here and there. Immediately upon the discovery of this you swam into my serious notice. In other words, you became visible upon my mental horizon. Do we understand each other?

From your picture, tho I take it the length of your beard is exaggerated, pardon me if I state that I dont like your looks. However, in spite of this discouraging feature, let us proceed.

Since you have adopted the modest title of "Answer Man" I beg to presume, or rather take advantage of my privilege as a reader of this Magazine to ask you a question, the answer to which I have no doubt can be found somewhere in that well of knowledge which you have on tap. I do not wish to flatter you by seeming to indicate any thought that this data is encompassed in your cranium by any chance, as you doubtless keep a well-stocked scrap-book. I simply want everything clear between us.

Now then, a little concentration, if possible. Make an effort, old chap.

About a year ago I honored a certain local movie emporium with my presence, and with profound appreciation saw the reverend Stuart Holmes with "careless grace" put across some splendid acting in a picture entitled "The Broadway Sport." Such an impression was made upon my fevered brain that I fain would see said Holmes again.

Yea, many moons have I watched eagerly for his coming, but alack and alas and all that sort of stuff, he comes not Will you not refer to the fount of wisdom you have acquired and reveal the latest tidings of Sir Stuart? When comes my hero to Los Angeles, and is he still in the land of the living?

Any inflammation you can proffer on this excruciating subject will be thankfully assimilated by the writer.

In closing I might mention that it is a lot of trouble to pen these weary lines and make the suggestion that you go ahead and print your answers without waiting for people to write you these bally letters of interrogation. You need not send me a check for this valuable suggestion, as I have lots of money—because the higher the fewer! Simple, isn't it? I think so.

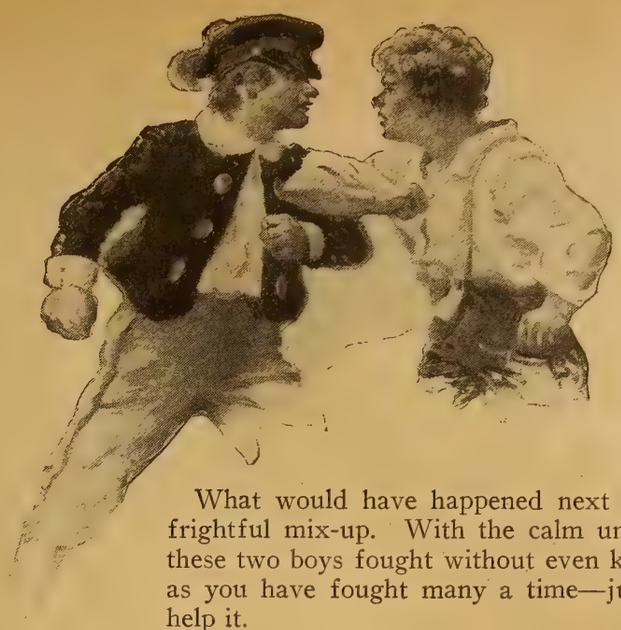
Yours paraphrastically,

E. F. K.

All the way from Brazil:

Brazil—Rio de Janeiro, March, 1919.

Dear Sir—It is a brasilian young man who writes this letter; therefore I ask you don't look for my english that cannot be good. I read all the copies of your "Magazine." I write in order to talk



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"I ain't."
"You are."

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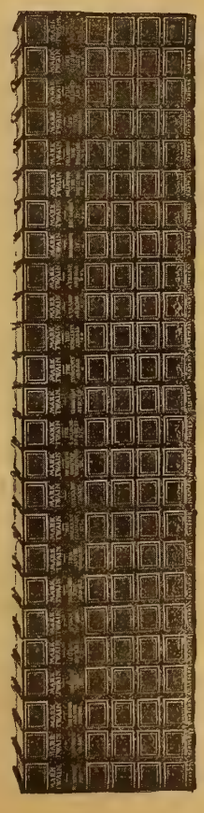
Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?



Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

The Great American

He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. Born poor—growing up in a shabby little town on the Mississippi—a pilot—a seeker for gold—a printer—Mark Twain was moulded on the frontier of America. The vastness of the West—the fearlessness of the pioneer—the clear philosophy of the country boy were his—and they stayed with him to the last of those glorious days—when Emperors and Kings—Chinese Mandarin and plain American, all alike, wept for him. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty, as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

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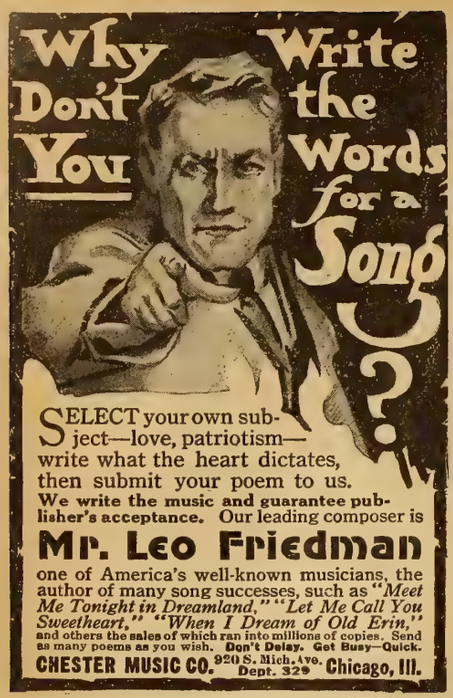

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about motion pictures and the stars and also to say what people of Rio de Janeiro think about them. You must know the brasilians like the north-american pictures very much; all "cinemas" (houses in which we see the motions-pictures) are always full of families.

The italians films are rare and very little admired, we don't like the manner in which the italians act; they are very exaggerated, while American ones are natural and the subjects of the pictures are always nice and interesting. The pictures of "Paramount," "Fox," "Triangle" are very well-liked here; particularly those which are developed in the "Far West." These have more success than those of social arguments.

The dearest and most popular actors here are: William Hart, William Farnum, Wallace Reid, Charles Clary.

William Hart is in the first place. The ladies here who like in preference the handsome players, have an extraordinary admiration for W. Hart in spite of his ugliness; I think him admirable when he is near a girl, the rude man become submissive and he looks at his girl as at a saint; these scenes Hart plays admirably.

William Farnum is also very endeared; he has had his greatest success in "American Methods" and "The Price of Silent."

The handsome and elegant Wallace Reid, the ladies' darling; has always success in their pictures. Charles Clary is admired as first in the cynic genre. Milton Sills, the admirable actor of "Honor System" and "Married or No?" has a great many admirers. George Walsh is very well received, he had great success on "The Beast."

The dearest actresses are: Dorothy Dalton, Ethel Clayton, Theda Bara, Jewel Carmen, Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Mae Murray, Alice Brady, Virginia Pearson and others.

Dorothy Dalton is the dearest star; her fame has begun with the picture "The Flame of Yukon;" we prefer her when she plays pictures of that kind.

Jewell Carmen, the girl of champagne eyes, is very well liked.

Mary Pickford, the little Mary, always fills the "cinemas," when one of her pictures is given. Pearl White acquired a name with the picture in serials, "The Mysteries of New-York."

About the motion pictures, the ones that had more success lastly were: "The Honor System," "The Flame of Yukon," "Civilisation," "Womanhood," "My Four Years in Germany," "Rasputin," "The Spy," and others that I cannot remember.

I must to profit the occasion to felicitate all the motion-pictures enterprises for the success that their films have here. When we received only italians and french pictures and with great rarity american ones, the brasilian people know very little about United-States and hadn't interest in its things; but after the importation of motion pictures of "Fox," "Paramount," etc., your country began to be known here. Amongst the young men and ladies the enthusiasm for the United-States is enormous. I had a great desire that the same thing would happened with my country; for I know that you there don't know anything about us. Here in Brazil we have few national actors and actress, therefore we cannot play films, but natural pictures can be taken. You will see briefly a motion picture of Brazil taken in Rio de Janeiro during the days of Carnival.

I finish here, thanking very much if you want to shelter my letter. The great adimirer of United-States and your constant reader. HAROLDO ALENCAR.

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KATE CORBALEY

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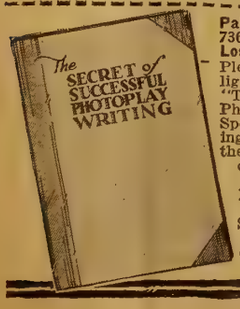

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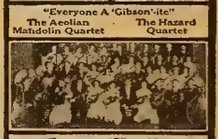
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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

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Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Casino.—"Some Time." Lively musical comedy using the flash-back screen idea. Ed Wynn very amusing as a stage carpenter, while Mae West gives excellent comic aid as a tough chorine. Tuneful music.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan's very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins. Grant Mitchell now playing the leading rôle.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie's whimsical insight into the human heart. What would you do with a second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Hayes plays the daughter who might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast is admirable, particularly the statuesque Violet Kemble Cooper. Tasteful staging, especially the magic wood.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies." One of the best comedies of recent years with Louis Mann and Sam Bernard at their best.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

(*Continued on page* 12)

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page* 10)

Liberty.—"Molière." Interesting and, at times, moving drama by Philip Moeller of the famous French playwright with a background of love and intrigue in the court of Louis XIV. Excellent performance by Henry Miller as Molière, Blanche Bates as the king's mistress, De Montespan, and Estelle Winwood as Armande, the dramatist's wife.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capitally with a capital C.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Shubert.—"Good-Morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Built around the farcical efforts of a magistrate to escape a raid on a lively café, thus being arraigned in his own court. The de luxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and her brother, Charlie King, and George Harrell contribute excellent first aid.

Selwyn.—"Tumble In." Musical comedy version of the successful farce, "Seven Days," the comic story of a house party under quarantine. A negligée chorus now lends optical aid. Peggy O'Neill is the best of the cast of funmakers.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since 'The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

(*Continued on page* 15)

NEXT MONTH

The AUGUST issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be the most beautifully illustrated book you have yet seen, which is a very large promise to make, but one which will be truthfully kept.

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VIOLA DANA

Who is at the height of her popularity and is one of the best loved girls on the screen.

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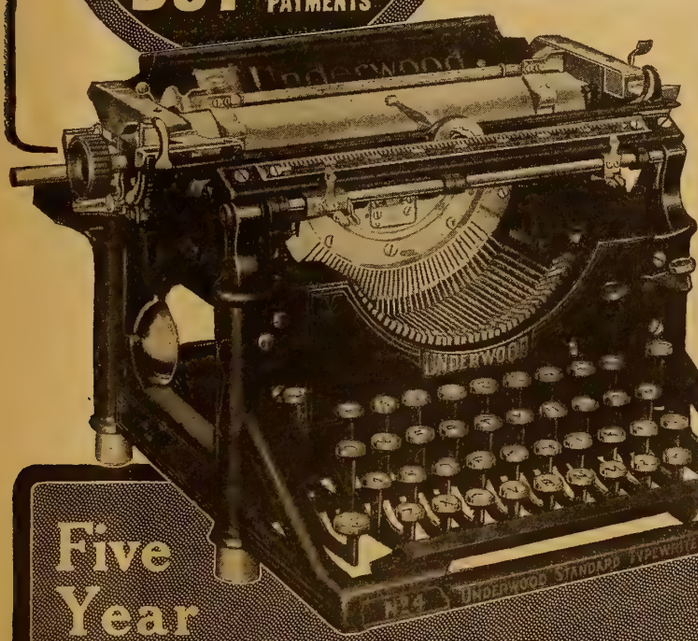

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Patter From the Pacific

By Clarke Irvine

Mary Pickford celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday, and if she keeps up the good work, will be able to stop paying income taxes before she is afraid of telling her age. The presents she received, if jammed together, would have filled one of the large rooms in her spacious home.

Another new studio for the film capital! This time it is Francis Ford with his own company. He expects to be shooting early in the coming month. The building will be quite unique, and is designed after the original drawings by Ford himself.

After having a relapse in the clutches of the dreaded influenza, Frances Marion, the brilliant young film writer, will resume her penning of screen vehicles for the stellar people of filmdom.

Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale went to a theater recently to see Howard in a picture where he played instead of directed. It has been some time since he has filmed himself, and if he continues to direct Bessie, he will be too busy to don the make-up himself.

With Charles Ray hooked to the First National after January, 1920, and the prospects of other big stars on that service, the old-line producers will have to look to their own laurels. It is a fact that Ray has been the most meteoric in his flight over the screen heavens.

Lois Wilson and Dustin Farnum! Can you imagine that combination? Well, she has been signed to play opposite him in a big feature.

Harry Carey, the cowboy celebrity, has returned from his Wild West tour of the East. He is glad to be back on the coast. He made a million fan friends while appearing personally thruout the land.

It is rumored that Herbert Rawlinson, who has been playing some fine leading parts with Farrar, Burke, and other big female stars, will come West as soon as he completes his detective work in the Craig Kennedy serial. Herb will be welcome again on the Pacific.

Each studio springs a new one on us nearly each week. Now comes Bob Brunton with an orchestra all his own which is for use in sad scenes, cabaret sets, and wherever the continuity necessitates. The equipment contains everything from a flute to a pipe organ.

Larry Semon, that Vitagraph comedian, now comes forth with a dog understudy, which he used in his last picture. Who will be the one to have an understudy for a gown, or a set?

Fritzi Brunette is still nursing a severe scalp wound she sustained when playing a scene with Mitchell Lewis. He fights with the heavy, and is supposed to burst thru a massive door, but when the battling heavyweights came to the "bursting open the door" part, the huge timbered portal gave way, falling on the diminutive star. They thought she was killed at first, but she was only stunned and bruised and bleeding from the wound on her head.

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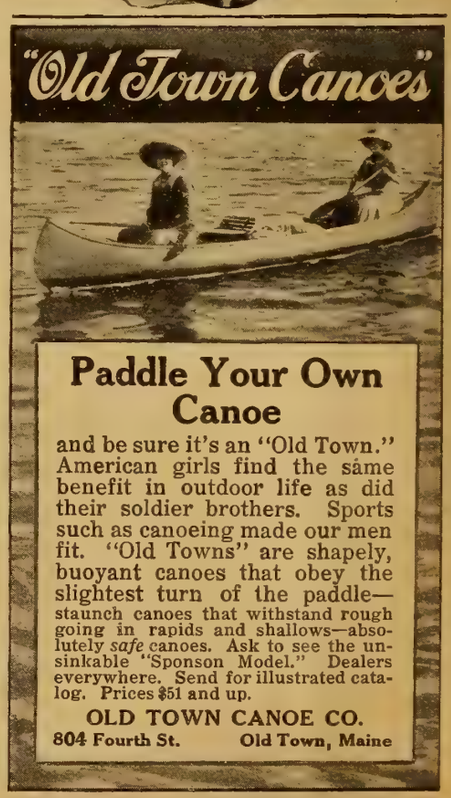

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film writers of the scenario, publicity, and news variety. A big party is scheduled for the near future. The Screamers go "Dutch treat" on everything.

When it comes to kidnapping scenes, Director Clarence G. Badger, of Goldwyn's, is the master artist. But his formula is unknown. He recently shot some wonderful scenes for Madge Kennedy's new picture on an estate where the owner said "Not for a million dollars can you use my place!"

Jack Mower is a full-blooded sportsman, for he went out on the first trout day and hooked the limit, sat down and cooked his breakfast, then went out and caught five more beauties. Question is, how large were the five he ate for breakfast?

Frank E. Woods, Lasky supervisor of production, is building himself a real rancho out beyond Hollywood's hills. Frank used to be a newspaper man and he had the inevitable dream of a bit of land and some growing things—today that dream of the copy desk is realized and he is gleeful.

Tearing out from rehearsals and the grind of stock work, Leatrice Joy, whose name means herself personified, hied herself to Los Angeles to make arrangements to re-film herself. She was the girl in "The Man Hunter" with Bill Farnum, and is going back in films. She made quite a hit on the stage in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Stage Plays Worth While

(*Continued from page* 12)

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story. Effie Shannon is excellent. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle; remainder of cast is the original New York company.

"Sinbad," with Al Jolson in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and Kitty Doner.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

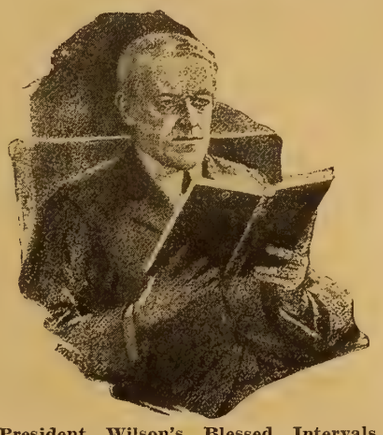
Rivoli—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra.

Rialto—Photoplays supreme.

Strand—Select first-run photoplays.

OF COURSE

In glancing o'er the records of my honored pedigree,
I note one branch delved deeply into astronomy;
Which I deem the explanation of the ardent inclination
For gazing at the film stars—shown by my family.



President Wilson's Blessed Intervals

President Wilson is quoted as saying: "There are blessed intervals when I forget, by one means or another, that I am the President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over."

Col. Roosevelt said:—"I did a lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by **Arthur B. Reeve**—some of them were corkers."

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Bcause of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

Arthur B. REEVE

(The American Conan Doyle)

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

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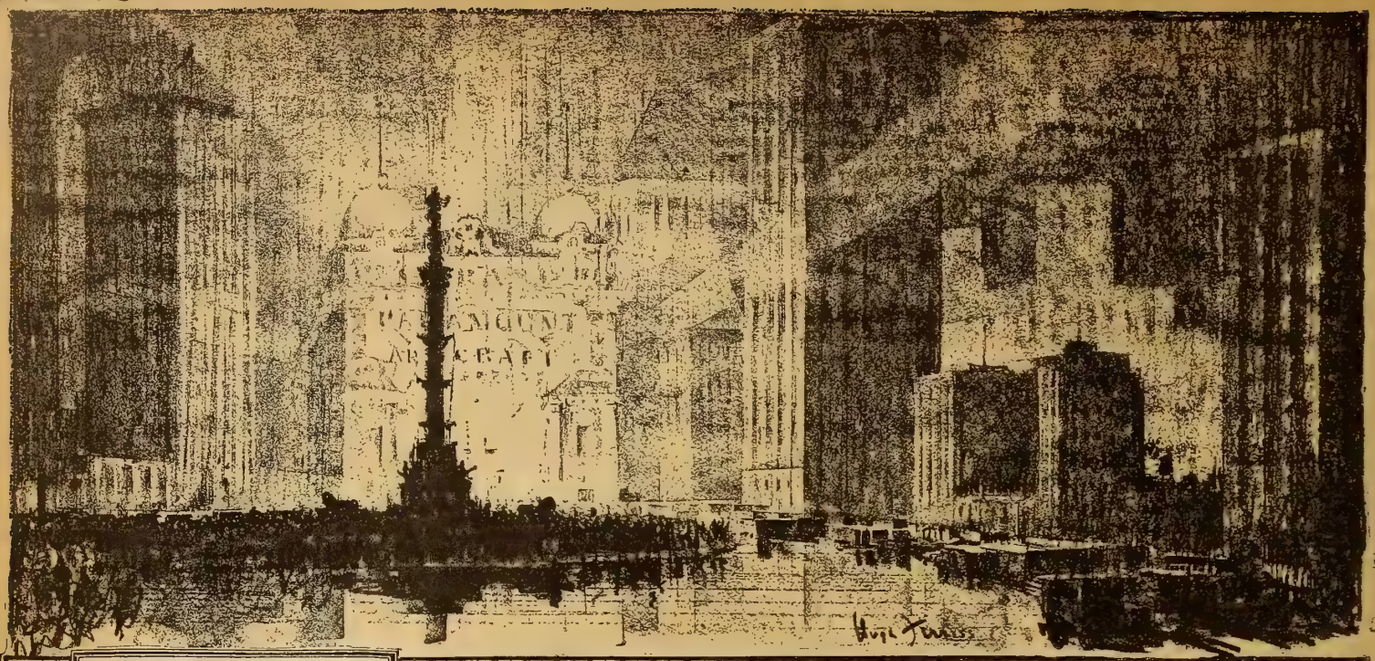

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to May 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom"
Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark in "Come Out of the Kitchen"
Ethel Clayton in "Vicky Van"
*Dorothy Dalton in "The Lady of Red Butte"
Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee in "Rustling a Bride"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin in "The Home Town Girl"
Shirley Mason in "The Final Close-Up"
*Charles Ray in "The Busher"
Wallace Reid in "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn in "Something to Do"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
"Little Women" (*From Louisa M. Alcott's famous book*) A Wm. Brady Production
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Geo. M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holliday"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul"
D. W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
*W. S. Hart in "The Money Corral"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "When Love is Blind" "Love's False Faces"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Welcome Little Stranger"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "Harold, the Last of the Saxons"
Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

And remember that ANY Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

What's the brightest spot in town?

The spot where hearts beat faster.

The spot where the audience becomes one living unit of happiness.

The spot where no man or woman can remain isolated.

The spot where the spirit of Paramount and Artcraft catches everyone happily up.

You know where the better theatre is in your locality, don't you?

Then you know where Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are.

You are happy there because you are in touch with the pulsing heart of all humanity.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to see that there is at least one spot in every tiny section of this country where every human being can get in quick touch with the best fun in the world.

That's Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

—and they're *yours!*

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures — and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

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JULY, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Dorothy Phillips painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., after photograph by Hoover Art Company, L. A.

Dorothy Phillips was born and educated in Baltimore. Immediately after her graduation from high school she became a successful member of the Fawcett Stock Company. Her entrance into films was made via Essanay. Universal saw her great possibilities and captured her for their program, where she has recently made one of the greatest personal successes of the year in "The Heart of Humanity."

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READ
The personality story of Bobbie Harron in next month's MAGAZINE.

WATCH FOR
The final chapter of "The Crimson Iris" in the August MAGAZINE.

Before a busy day at the Studio, Miss Ostriche always protects her hair with a Bonnie-B Hair Net.

How I Keep My Hair Smooth and Lovely

By MURIEL OSTRICHE, Famous Film Star

You'd think after a strenuous day in the studio, my hair would be in a wildly flying state—but it isn't! I've discovered the way to keep my hair beautifully arranged all day long—I wear a Bonnie-B Imported Human Hair Net.

The Bonnie-B Human Hair Net is so delicate, and matches my hair so perfectly, that it's absolutely invisible. My hair always looks as though I'd just arranged it. The Bonnie-B is as strong as it's dainty—it lasts *three times longer* than ordinary hair nets.

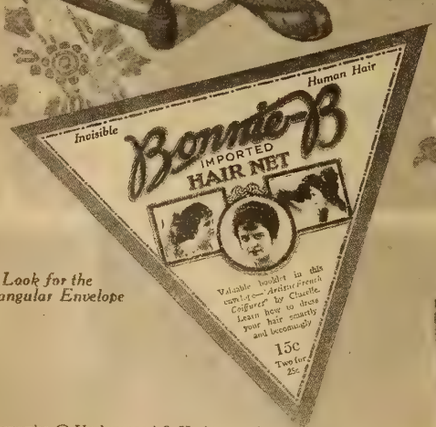
The little booklet—"Artistic French Coiffures," by Cluzelle—which comes with every Bonnie-B Hair Net, tells you how to arrange your hair in the newest, most fascinating styles.

You can get the Bonnie-B at the Veiling and Notion counters of the better shops—they're 15c, 2 for 25c—white or gray, 25c each—or write to the Bonnie-B Company, 216 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Do try the Bonnie-B—I'm sure you'll like it. And Bonnie-B Veils—they're irresistibly French!

Muriel Ostriche

P. S. If you will write me at the above address and send me the stamps for your Hair Net, I shall be very glad indeed to tell you how I arrange my hair.



Look for the Triangular Envelope

Photographs © Underwood & Underwood

ELSIE FERGUSON

Miss Ferguson has been one of the most popular stars to come to the screen from the land of the footlights. Among her foremost stage vehicles were "Shirley Kaye," "The Strange Woman," "Outcast" and "Margaret Schiller." Her beauty and fine dramatic skill have made her a remarkable favorite in Artcraft productions.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Photo Evans L. A.

Young Barthelmess tried extra parts in pictures during his junior year at Trinity College—and did it so successfully that university days were soon forgotten. Herbert Brenon discovered him in a mob scene and gave him the rôle of the younger brother in "War Brides" with Nazimova. He scored—and he has been scoring ever since. Now it's whispered that he is soon to be a Paramount star.

JUNE CAPRICE

© Alfred Cheney, Johnston, N. Y.

Miss Caprice is back—as co-star with Creighton Hale in the new Capellani productions. A screen version of "Oh, Boy" will re-introduce June, who is a Boston lassie. William Fox discovered her and she starred in her very first production, "Caprice of the Mountains," in 1915. She came to the films fresh from school.

ANN LITTLE

© Evans, L. A.

Miss Little used to do Indian squaws in the old film days with Thomas Ince. That was after four years on the speaking stage. Her advance in the silent drama has been consistent. One of her recent hits was as the Indian wife in "The Squaw Man," of Cecil de Mille. She is one of the best liked of Paramount-Artcraft actresses.

DOLORES CASSINELLI

© Lumière, N. Y.

Miss Cassinelli, a few years ago so popular at old Essanay, has returned to the screen in spectacular fashion. The new Cassinelli productions are released thru Pathé. Miss Cassinelli, who is of Italian descent, was a reigning favorite in the Essanay days, and she won a popularity contest conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Try this famous treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it well with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice.* Always dry your skin carefully.

Conspicuous Nose pores—
How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially,* there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores. These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce enlarged nose pores: Try the special treatment given above and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. But do not expect to change immediately a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1307 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1307 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If your skin is marred by blackheads

It is because the pores have become clogged with oil, dry cuticle and the dirt and dust of the air. A special treatment for this skin trouble is given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JULY, 1919

Romance or Realism?

IF you stop to analyze the reasons for your attendance at picture theaters today you will realize it is because you are seeking romance.

Motion pictures are to grown-ups what fairy stories are to the days of childhood.

They are the magic carpet which carries us to the make-believe land of our youth. We, of the great middle classes, whose days are spent in the everyday round of doing things that have to be done, wish an hour of what might-be, at night.

Pictures have given us this.

They have given us glimpses of mountain and valley and stream after a hot day in an office, they have given us peeps into the world of silken-clad people. They have pictured for us heroes, such as we have all treasured in our hearts, and dream girls that seem the realization of our longings.

Pictures have supplied the romance for which even the most prosaic people are hungry. They have helped us to retain the belief that our wonderful visions for the future are possible.

But now, some of those gentlemen who are always dissatisfied are stirring up the stream of production.

We must have realism, they say. If the screen is to advance, we must have pictures that depict life as it is, with all its sordidness and unhappiness, its problems and vexations.

The result is an influx of realistic pictures.

During the last month we have been oppressed with the hopelessness of existence. We have seen one photoplay whose story took place mainly in filthy dives, and depressing poverty-stricken surroundings of which we had before had no knowledge. We have seen realistic plays of police court and reformatories; of orphanages and burglar dens. We have seen prison plays. We have watched unfaithful wives ruin their husbands without a quiver of their beaded eyelashes, and we have become smothered with the overpowering thought of how hopeless is the struggle of humanity.

Even tho our inmost thoughts tell us that all girls are not perfect, nor all men heroes, even tho we know that some people are forced to live in holes in the ground, and that hate and envy and greed do exist in the world, is the picturization of this, under the pretext of realistic art, going to help humanity?

Is not the primary definition of art, the creating of something beautiful?

Whether your art be the creating of a statue, a play, a poem, a picture, or just kids, is it not a greater, a more joyous art, if you know you are creating something beautiful, something that is going to give JOY to the person who comes in contact with it?

And so we would say to the producer, we would proclaim as one voice from the thousands of throats of those that attend the picture theaters as a means of finding and making strong their illusions, their dreams; give us more of romance and less of realism.

Not a sugar-coated romance, but a romance that shows us wide and beautiful avenues, and the possibilities of bigger and better and more beautiful lives.

Stop hemming us in with sordid productions, furnish us with the broad vistas of what MIGHT happen.

Play fairy tale to your tired work-a-day children —the people who need the movies.

The Art Still

Photography has reached a point where it is really an art in itself. Some of the photographic studies taken by men who have experimented with a camera's moods are indeed as beautiful as the work of an artist's brush

All Photographs by Ford Sterling

of the Camera

Ford Sterling, well-known screen comedian, has a hobby. It is his still camera. These pictures are a few of the artistic results of his experiments with the little black box and won a prize at the London exhibition for Mr. Sterling. He titles them, left-hand page, *top*, "The Ballet"; *bottom*, "Behind the Scenes"; right-hand page, *top*, "A Study"; *oval*, "The Firefly"; *bottom*, "Alice Lake"

A California Scandinavian

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

THERE must be something in a name, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding.

Every one knows wild Jacks, dignified Johns, prim Priscillas, open-hearted Franks and flourishing Florences. And it always seems to be the first name which exerts the psychological influence. Take, for instance, Juanita Hansen. She is of Danish-Swedish descent, was born in Portland, Oregon, came to California when she was eight years old and has lived in Los Angeles ever since. She has never even visited New York. By all the rules of ancestry and environment, she should be an out-of-doors girl. And, to some extent, she is.

"I'll never get speed enough, never!" she said. (We were shooting up one of the highest hills in Los Angeles with the ease and seeming velocity of a bullet.) I remarked, with a sigh of content, that I didn't think I could either, but I had heard that it could happen——

"That's funny," (as she turned skillfully into the narrow way leading into her garage), "Barney Oldfield told me the same thing."

It seems that she was one of a party with "Daredevil" Barney Oldfield, the famous racing driver.

"We were going down the county road," she went on, as we left her car and walked slowly toward the house, "at a considerable rate of speed with a very good driver at the wheel. Suddenly Barney bent over and said to him, 'Slow down a little,' then to me, 'I get speed enough on the race-track; twenty-five miles an hour is plenty fast enough for me on the road!'

"Think of a remark like that," wonderingly, "coming from Barney Oldfield!"

But in this, her restlessness and her love of speed, the influence of the Hansen name on her character seems to end. She is, for the most part, Juanita, the child of luxury.

She dresses in soft silks, but in order that her move-

For the most part Juanita is a child of luxury. She dresses in soft silks and uses a haunting, rich perfume which in itself suggests luxury

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

ments may be unrestrained, never wears any restraining stays, not even with her suits. She uses a haunting, rich perfume which in itself suggests luxury.

In contradiction to this side of her character you can see her, almost any day when she is not working, driving her Chalmers speedster down smooth country roads at the rate of from forty to sixty miles an hour. The car is the most conspicuous thing imaginable—gray, trimmed in red, with red-spoked wheels—and it is so highly geared that it can make sixty in second and ninety in third without any trouble at all, except to the speed cops, and, incidentally, to Juanita. And here is another claim to distinction. She has been arrested so frequently that it has ceased to be anything more than an incident in her life. In fact, she rather enjoys it, and so does the lucky speed cop making the arrest. Judging by appearances, they all adore her. In this connection, here is an amusing incident:

Juanita's house is at the top of a high hill from which you can see for miles around, yet it is within ten minutes' ride from Los Angeles' Broadway

Miss Hansen's uncle, who is now in France, had lent her his car and driver while her car was being renovated. One day, in town on a shopping trip, she found that cars had been parked in all the available space on Broadway.

"Park here," she said to the driver, indicating a spot dangerously close to a fire plug.

"I cant," he answered; "fire plug."

She laughed. "Do it," she said. "The cop's in love with me and I'm in love with him."

He parked. Nothing happened except that the driver took her remark seriously and communicated it to his employer. She has been getting anxious letters from France ever since!

Miss Hansen has the Scandinavian coloring, a pink-and-white beauty, and when I first saw her on the balcony at the Hotel Alexandria, she was dressed in black. From the edge of her small, low-tilted,

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Real Pearl White

By FRANK V. BRUNER

Photo Charlotte Fairchild, N. Y.

Photo Campbell Studios, N. Y.

YOU who read this screed have in all probability formed a lot of impressions of Pearl White that you have assimilated in various ways, from the magazines and newspapers. Pathé Exchange, Inc., maintains a busy publicity department, a large portion of whose time is given up to acquainting the picture-going public with Miss White's goings and comings, her fads, her pets, her eccentricities, her automobiles, her jewels and her hairbreadth escapes from death in the making of her many Pathé serials.

But did you ever stop to think that this is the parade Pearl White, the Pearl White who is put on exhibition, so to speak? You have visualized the publicity man's Pearl White and not the real one. You perhaps realize that the press-agent must, in order to keep his salary coming, exaggerate a bit at times. This is a polite way of putting it, but it might be stated right here that news does not spring forth like Venus from the sea at all times around a motion picture establishment. There are very dull weeks when nothing happens, yet the star must be kept before the public. Then it is that the publicity man must draw upon his imagination. If there is no news, he must manufacture some. It is during these dull interludes that you read about stars with pet boa-constrictors, you hear perhaps that two picture celebrities are engaged, while the celebrities themselves never heard of it. You may read of the actress who was so nervous that she had the streets about her hotel covered with tanbark, so that the passing traffic would not disturb her. Perhaps you have been told of the actress who bathed in milk every morning. Recently a motion picture star leaped into prominence and onto the front pages when it was rumored that she was engaged to marry a famous American flying "ace," who, upon being cabled for confirmation, promptly answered that he had never even heard of the lady in question. Of course he hadn't. Neither did the famous actress ever strew her neighborhood with

Pearl White has suffered at the hands of "dull day" press-agents. As a matter of fact and not fiction, she is a rattling good fellow. She does not assume a pose as do some stars

Being the Confession of a Publicity Representative

tanbark, nor did the other one use fifty dollars' worth of milk every morning for her bath. The other star mentioned never owned a boa-constrictor and shuddered at the very idea of such a pet.

All of these stories were the manufactured news on a dull day around the studio or theater. The publicity man had to get into the papers, and unless he became a human Ananias, his job "would have gone a-glimmering." So he did some plain, ordinary lying and kept his job at the expense of his conscience.

Miss White also has suffered at the hands of the "dull day" press gentlemen. Due to her long career in pictures, she has probably endured more at the hands of the exploitation gentry than any other female star. No one of the Pathé gentlemen who hurl adjectives at a stenographer has ever cramped his style in working his imagination for Pearl White. She declares herself

Photo White, N. Y.

Pearl White loves to entertain and her home at Bayside, L. I., is the scene of many happy parties

that every stock press-agent yarn in the game has been tied to her at one time or another.

Now I am one of the guilty. It is a part of my duties to write pieces about Miss White for the papers. I have gone thru the dull periods, and I, too, have resorted to my imagination. It is very likely that I am to a certain degree responsible for many of the wild ideas that the public entertains about Miss White. I sent her to South America once in search of a certain kind of orchid she wanted for her hothouse, while, as a matter of fact, she was resting at her home in Long Island after six months of hard work on a serial. She has no hothouse. I am not guilty of the boa-constrictor pet yarn, but I did furnish her with a pet pig.

At any rate, here is where I reform. Motion Picture Magazine has asked me to write my impressions of the real Pearl White, and has compelled me to swear upon a prodigious stack of Bibles that I will tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me. Being Miss White's publicity representative, I naturally have become fairly well acquainted with her.

I have seen her both at the studio and at her home. I have talked with her when she was tired and when she was elated. Having told a lot of untruths about her, I am now going to tell the truth. Being a press-agent, I wont be believed anyway, but in my heart I will have the satisfaction of writing a story that breaks all the rules of press-agentry—it is true.

My first impression of Pearl White was that she was a rattling good fellow. I mean by that she did not assume any of the attitudes or poses that I have noticed in stars, having known a large and varied assortment of

them during my career as a P. A. I expected Miss White to portray for me, when I was introduced to her, one of several rôles; she would be either bored, disdainful, peevish, up-stage or gushingly sweet. Most of the stars assume one or the other of these characterizations on meeting strangers—and my! how they will talk about themselves. This one fooled me.

Miss White struck me as just a human, likeable person—"full of pep," to use the Americanism for enthusiasm and spirits. My first meeting with her was a good character impression of the star. I had been told that Miss White would be in the office at 5:30 on a certain evening and I would be introduced to her and could talk over publicity plans at the time.

At 6:30 I came back to my office, after spending an hour and a half in the projection-room looking at a new picture. I had forgotten all about my appointment with her, but she had arrived at the office at the appointed time and had waited an hour for me. Now a press-agent is by no means an indispensable or important personage around a motion picture office and a star is. So when I returned to my office and found the star waiting for me and beguiling the time by looking at old "stills" that were lying around, I said to myself, "Here is where I am in wrong right at the start."

I began a hurried and rather abject series of apologies, which she cut short by saying, "Oh, that's all right; I didn't mind waiting."

The idea of a big picture star not minding waiting for a press-agent was almost too much for me, and I had to hold tight to a chair to keep from falling. Then I laid out some publicity plans which entailed considerable bother and much discomfort for her, and she agreed to everything without a murmur. Again was my preconceived idea of stars knocked sky-high. I might say right here that my personal acquaintance with Miss White has accomplished for me just what I hope this article will for its readers. I have said that you picture fans have impressions of Miss White formed from reading publicity of a more or less imaginative trend about her. Well, we press-agents also have our own ideas about stars. This is a little secret of the trade. I shouldn't tell—but I will. We press-agents get together every so often and talk the stars over. We have a little organization that includes the men from every big picture concern, and these men collectively can tell you things about stars which the public never learns. Well, at these meetings we find out which are the good-natured ones and which the peevish ones, the ones who will force you to submit every story and then rewrite it half a dozen times and the ones that never look at our stuff. Note—The latter variety are the rarest and naturally the press-agent's delight.

Now it so chanced I had never heard Miss White discussed at our little gatherings, but I had heard many other stars talked of pro and con. The things I had learnt at our little confabs and my personal experiences with the ladies and gentlemen who specialize in electric signs had led me to expect anything but the sort of reception I met at my first meeting with Miss White. So I was agreeably and delightfully surprised.

From that day to this my association with Miss White has carried out the impression formed on the day of our first meeting. She is democratic to a degree, absolutely devoid of egotism, that all-prevailing star ailment, and my idea of an all-around good fellow.

She loves to entertain and to have congenial people around her, and her home at Bayside, L. I., is the scene of many happy parties. Her house parties generally overflow the house in the summer, and she has them sleeping on the porches and in tents on the lawn. No other star has contributed of her time more liberally for war work than Pearl White. During

The stage hand who works with Pearl White every day says "She's the best little girl in pictures and we all would go to Hell for her"

(*Continued on page* 102)

Photo by
C. Fairchild

Photo J. De Staeleck

Photo C. Fairchild

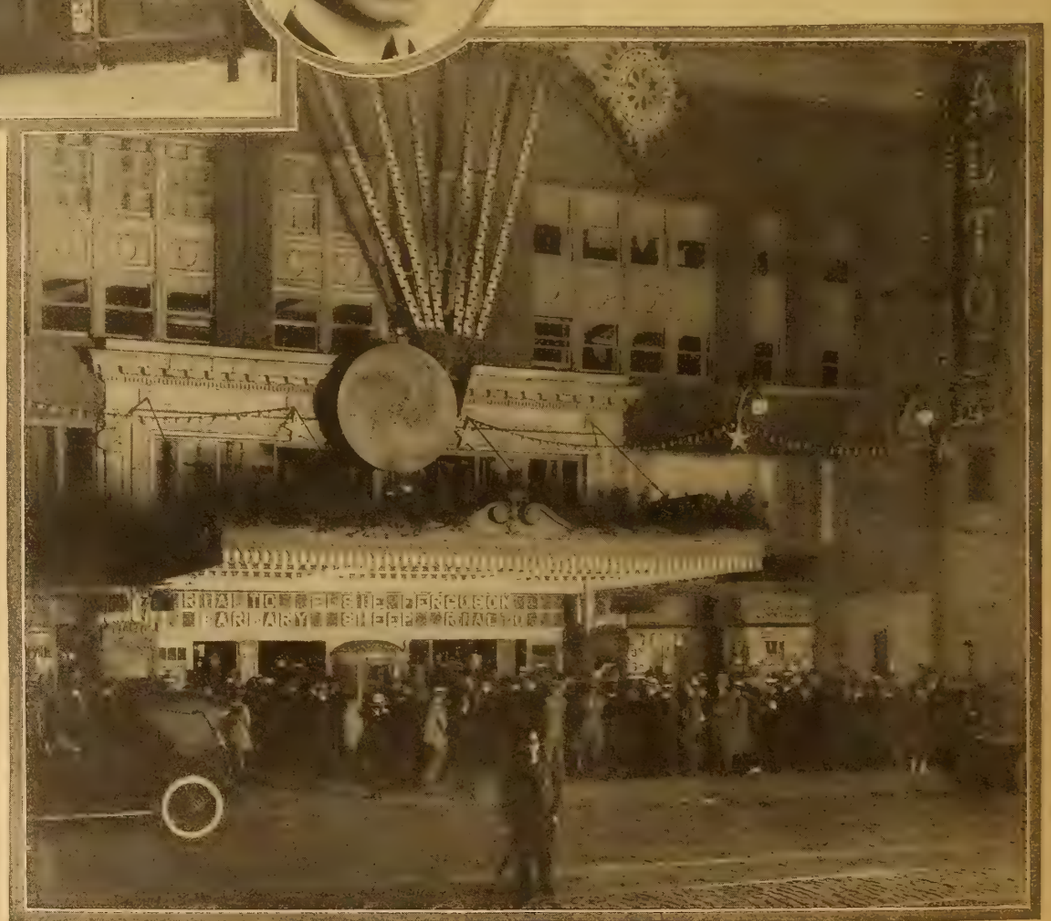
A Famous Family

Perhaps there is no family of the present age so justifiably called famous as the Barrymores. Hithertofore their art has not been given the same opportunity on the screen as it has on the stage. Now, however, comes the good news that Famous Players-Lasky will present all three, Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore and Lionel Barrrymore, in a picturization of "Peter Ibbetson," the famous drama by George Du Maurier, the author also of "Trilby." *Above,* the most recent photograph of Ethel Barrymore. *Left,* Lionel and John Barrymore as the characters they portrayed in their last season's stage production of "Peter Ibbetson." *In circle,* a scene from the stage "Peter Ibbetson."

Exhibitors

by Kenneth McGaffey.

Examples of modern photoplay theaters, Loew's Montreal Theater, and New York's famous Rialto. *In circle*, Adolph Zukor, one of the best known producers of pictures and head of the Famous Players-Lasky Co.



THE white dove of Peace that has spread its wings over the warring world has also brought a small bale of olive branches to the warring factions of the motion picture fraternity—the producer and the exhibitor—who, since the inception of the industry, have been at each other's throats, battling for their rights, but who have recently buried practically the entire hatchet and are now working more or less harmoniously together for better motion pictures. I qualify these remarks, for the smoke of the burning cornfields in each territory is still seen on the horizon.

The amusement seeker, I believe, is not interested in the difficulties between the producer and the exhibitor. They do not care a hoot who presents so and so in such and such a picture. The public has a knowledge that if they go to one theater, good pictures are to be seen, and if they go to another, bad pictures prevail. The fan enjoys going to a certain theater and has a miserable time at others. The reason for this is not analyzed. They have their favorite stars or stories, and if they want to see those stars or stories, they go where they are on exhibition. The troubles of the makers of amusement do not interest them.

This article, altho it deals with the workings of the producer-exhibitor strife, should be interesting to the reader, as it endeavors to explain why there have been so many bad pictures—why pictures are getting better and why they are still going to improve.

Way back in the dark ages of the silent drama—ten or twelve years

Versus Producers

The fan enjoys going to a certain theater and has a miserable time at others. The reason for this is not analyzed. This article explains why there are so many bad pictures—why pictures are getting better and why they are still going to improve

ago—motion pictures were regarded in the light of an optical freak and a short-lived fad; they were to endure for but a brief time.

The producer took a few people up on the roof of a building or out in the country, had them perform certain gyrations that comprised a story, and the exhibitor rented—on a short-term lease—an abandoned store, put in rows of chairs, secured a projecting machine, and for the sum of five cents gave the wayfarer a few minutes' amusement.

The old-fashioned type of movie house contrasted with the beautiful Rialto interior. *In circle,* Marcus Loew, one of the best known exhibitors, and owner of an endless string of theaters

At that period the motion picture theater was a good place to go to keep out of the rain, spoon with your girl or take a nap. Managers of continuous vaudeville houses found pictures a great thing to chase audiences out of the theater so a new audience could come in. No one could see any long life to the flickering films.

Also at this time there were two warring factions in the ranks of the producers. Each faction controlled certain patents connected with the cameras or projecting machines, and each sought to dominate and control, with their product, the small field of exhibitors. The unit for running a picture was one day, and each morning the exhibitor went to the branch office or exchange of the particular faction from whom he bought pictures and haggled for his daily supply—three or four reels, or as many as he felt the public should have for the amount of money they paid to get into his theater.

Photo Gould & Marsden, N. Y.

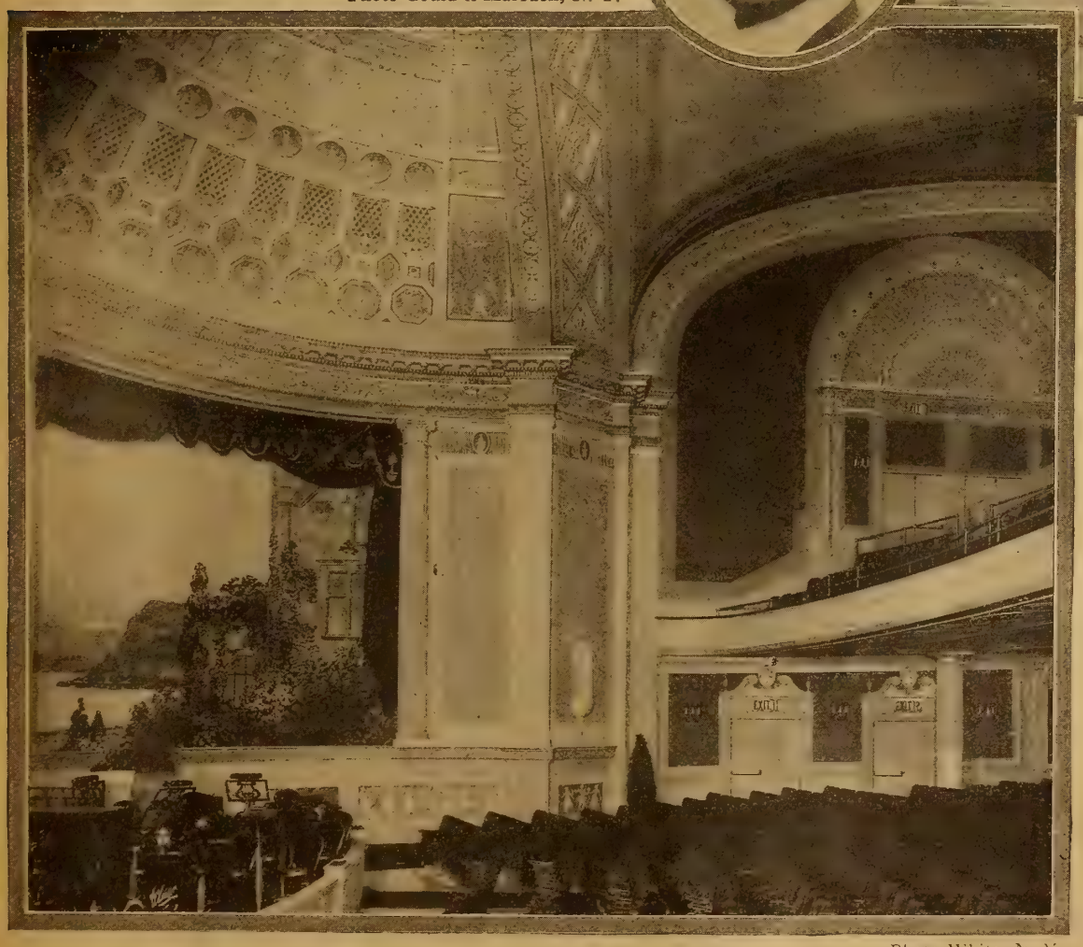


Photo White, N. Y.

Each producer was striving with every effort to give the exhibitors all the film they could use—to produce the stories as cheaply as possible and charge the exhibitor every cent he could afford to pay. It was a "get-the-money" policy on both sides, the producer making pictures for as little money as possible and selling them for all the

The picture industry was founded on the get-the-money idea. There was a time when the exhibitor could not turn around without finding either a distributor's or a producer's hand in his pocket, on the other hand the theater manager would fail to return film on time and carelessly injure the delicate film

exhibitor could pay, and the exhibitor in turn buying as cheaply as possible and showing just enough film to make the public feel that they were not being absolutely robbed of their five-cent pieces. Every one connected with the infant industry wanted to get there while the getting was good—a collection of merry little porkers trying to get their fill out of the trough before it was empty.

But, for some unaccountable reason, the trough did not empty, but as the porkers' appetite became satisfied, they also became more epicurean, and it was not long before the public began to find more expensively produced and carefully directed pictures. The exhibitor boosted the admission fee to a dime and put in an anemic saxophone player to accompany the blonde piano-thumper.

The number of motion picture theaters was on the increase. Store shows sprang up everywhere, and even obsolete vaudeville theaters were being devoted to pictures and variety in equal doses.

The feature picture came into vogue, two or three reels in length, but the one-day unit of running still remained, until finally it was increased to two days for the more important productions.

In order to keep competitors from cutting into the houses they wished to supply with film, the producer had to manufacture pictures to fill the fast growing demand, and when the length of the pictures increased to five reels, there were some producers making a feature release for every day in the week, as well as supplying the usual accompanying comedy. It is easy to imagine the haste with which the stories were thrown together.

Eventually the unit of running went from two a week to the week run, and there it has halted. One week is considered the logical length of time for the modern first-class theater to run the average feature production, irrespective of its merit.

Five years ago the cities were beginning to build theaters entirely devoted to the presentation of pictures, and these big houses were able, with their large seating capacity, to pay the producer more money for the exclusive showing of his product. For this the exhibitor was guaranteed that the picture would not be shown by another exhibitor in that locality for a certain number of weeks.

With all this advance, the get-the-money idea still prevailed. If the exhibitor wanted a photograph in his lobby to advertise the attraction, the producer charged him for it. In fact, the exhibitor could not turn around without finding either a distributor's or a producer's hand in his pocket.

A salesman is reported to have said to his exchange manager: "I saw an exhibitor with a five-dollar bill today."

"Raise his rental," ordered the manager; "that's too much money for an exhibitor to have."

The producers in turn had their grievances against the exhibitor. The theater manager would fail to return film on time. They would cut scenes out of the picture and throw the pieces away. Careless operators with dirty machines would scratch the delicate film so that the next exhibitor would have a kick coming concerning its condition.

The exhibitor protested in vain that his public did not like costume pictures, allegories or stories with unhappy endings. The producer made whatever suited his fancy. Managers were also forced to run the productions in which unpopular stars appeared in order to secure the pictures their audiences preferred. They were forced to run some popular star in a poor story and surrounded by an incompetent cast. They were exploiting the old favorites to the injury of the new, and thus forcing the producer to raise the old favorites' salary to such a height that it was necessary to either raise the rental of all productions in order to meet the increase of salary of one individual or cheapen the production and cast surrounding the star. The majority of the stars were perfectly willing to have a poor supporting cast, as it made their own efforts stand out to better advantage, increased their popularity and the salary check.

The New Big Four combination. D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks are now producers as well as stars

Things were in a chaotic condition. The producer would get his pictures into some theater at a good rental, when for some reason the exhibitor would cancel them and book something else or some other exhibitor would offer a bigger rental, and the first exhibitor would promptly be cancelled. There was no fixed income with which the producer could plan in advance and govern the financing of his productions. One week the exhibitor would

have a good play, the next week a bad one.

Trouble between the exhibitor and producer was maintained at a fever heat until about a year ago. Then each faction began to realize that in trying to cut the other fellow's throat, they were cutting their own. It was definitely decided that pictures were here to stay, as proved by the increasing success of the big "exclusively motion picture" edifices which had been erected.

Photo Campbell Studios, N. Y.

S. L. Rothapfel, formerly one of the best known exhibitors of motion pictures, while he served as manager of New York's Rialto and Rivoli Theaters. Today Mr. Rothapfel is a producer, and is directing his own productions that the way may be made easier for other exhibitors

The exhibitors formed a distributing company of their own and the big producing companies were on a more business-like basis.

By means of national and local advertising, personal co-operation and other facilities, the producers were offering real assistance to the showman. In turn, the theater men are being more careful of the film, seeing that their employees do not clip out portions of the production for their own private library and returning it promptly to the exchange. The theater man began to realize that the leading producers were seriously and conscientiously trying to give him carefully made and interesting stories and that the producer really knows more about producing pictures than does the exhibitor. The producer in turn is learning that the exhibitor is a better judge of the public than he is.

Several of the producers now require the exhibitor to send in a written report of their productions shown and grade them as to their appeal and popularity. These reports, coming in from all over the country, give an excellent diagnosis as to the popularity of certain stars and the kind of story the public enjoys.

A survey of these reports leads to much interesting information. A star may be a great favorite in the East or West, but the Middle West and South will have nothing to do with her. A production shown in Seattle may play to crowded houses, but in Portland, Oregon, a night's ride away, it may be a failure. St. Paul may like one star which Minneapolis will not go to see. One star is popular in a certain type of rôle as far East as Denver; east of Denver they want her in some different character, while down South or in Canada the exhibitor wont even show her pictures, knowing that the public does not care for her.

I have before me a six-page letter from the producing department of one of the big organizations to the different directors and editors of its several studios. This communication deals entirely with the selection of titles for photoplays. It is composed of short, crisp statements sent in to the New York office from exhibitors all over the country—the little and the big—telling what is required in a title to bring the public into their respective theaters. It shows sincerity on the part of the exhibitor in giving a reasonable and comprehensive explanation on why the titles of some pictures will draw people into a theater, while others will keep them away. It shows sincerity on the part of the producer in carefully reading the letters, compiling them and sending the information to the members of their force who are concerned in that part of the producing end of the business. The exhibitors are unanimous in their demand for short, snappy titles. They must have a "kick" and suggest something relating to the central idea of the story, cause the patron to think or stir his imagination. The exhibitor is universal in his demand that titles suggesting war stories should be abandoned, and states that the public will flock to see picturizations of popular novels and short stories sometimes in preference to some big star in an unknown story.

The producers now know positively that the public does *not* want costume plays of any description, allegories, fantasies, morbid stories or stories with unhappy endings. A few persons in each community enjoy one or two of the types of stories mentioned, but there are not enough to support the expense of making the picture. One of the most progressive of the producing organizations has made several of these stories, but did it more in an effort to advance the silent art and attract a new class of patrons to the theaters than in an expectation to get their money back. Also, at the risk of financial loss, the advanced exhibitor offered these productions to the public and squandered hundreds of dollars in giving them artistic settings and music.

The type of exhibitor who will advertise Ferguson in "A Doll's House," "Bring the Kiddies!" and "Mate-her-Link" in "The Blue Bird" is still unfortunately in the majority, but his day is fast drawing to a close and his place is taken by the presentation director, who studies his pictures as a stage actor would his rôle or a musical conductor a score.

The ignorant, get-the-money showman is now the big thorn in the side of both the sincere producer and the sincere exhibitor. The big producers, as a body, practically control the distributing field; they realize that their existence depends upon showing to the public only the best. The slogan, "Foremost stars, superbly directed in clean motion pictures," has been adopted by nearly all of the big producing organizations. The big fellows are very careful not to produce plays that will greatly offend the censors—altho, by the way, to produce any one picture that will pass all of the censors in the different communities thruout the United States and Canada, and tell a story in which the

(*Continued on page* 108)

A star may be a great favorite in the East or West, but the Middle West and South will have nothing to do with her. A production shown in Seattle may play to crowded houses, but in Portland, Oregon, a night's ride away, it may be a failure

The Marc of Steadfastness

Puffer, N. Y.

SOME men are like rare wine. With the passing of each year, they become mellow, richer, of more intrinsic worth. Of this type is Marc MacDermott.

Early he tasted the sweets of stardom, being one of the first stage people to see the artistic possibilities of pictures and to try them out. He was one of the most popular actors the screen knew and has remained a respected favorite.

He was not, however, one of those who ride to oblivion in a limousine. Genuine achievement, according to his own ideals of the artistic, meant more to him than the silver dollar.

There is in him something of the staunch bravery of a Columbus, who, while at the mercy of his mutinous sailors, in a little vessel on an unknown sea, held steadily to his purpose; entering in his diary day after day—"This day we sailed west, which was our course."

Day after day, Marc MacDermott has held to his course, the determination to do worth while portrayals in pictures or none.

For instance, once in the past, Mr. MacDermott was playing a part which required him to wear an Inverness evening coat and high silk hat. The director was staging a ballroom scene. When it came time for Mr. MacDermott to enter the dance hall, he removed his coat and hat, and stepped into the scene in evening clothes.

"Why, why, Marc—leave your coat and hat on!" sputtered the director.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. MacDermott in his punctilious, gentlemanly way.

The director repeated his order.

MacDermott's face grew stern. "You wouldn't have me enter a ballroom with my wrap and hat on," he protested. "Why, the butler would have removed them in the hall."

"Yes, yes, I know that," said the director impatiently, "but you look so attractive in that coat and hat, I want it in this scene."

Mr. MacDermott quietly left the company at the end of his contract.

In the old Edison days his leading lady was Miriam Nesbitt. She was a girl of high ideals who was perhaps too modest a violet to push herself into notorious fame. She preferred retaining her modesty and sweetness. Her sterling ability as an actress was

When asked about the numerous actresses he had appeared with, Marc MacDermott could remember and talk of only one, Miriam Nesbitt. Mrs. MacDermott she is. *At the left,* Miriam Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott as they appeared in one of the first serials ever produced, "Lord Strangleigh," filmed by Edison

Tea for Two

By

ALEXANDER LOWELL

THERE is a charm about New York at tea-time. Especially tea taken with a very pretty girl. Big things, big issues are obscured, are resting. Small things become big. Such as warmth, fragrance, a pot-pourri of small talk. When the setting is a charming apartment next door to the Plaza and fronting the park and when the very pretty girl is Gail Kane.

I took to tea one particular reminiscence of Gail Kane. An old, old lady once sat behind me in a motion picture theater. Gail came onto the screen. The old, old lady drew a deep, incredulous breath. "It just isn't possible," she averred, "for anybody to be so beautiful. It isn't human. They cant fool *me!*"

Gail Kane's beauty is undeniable, but it is quite, quite healthily human. If one cares for the ethereal, for the insubstantial, for the bizarre, her type would not appeal. She is a most wholesome-looking young person. One feels that her mother took very scientific care of her infant years. She has heavy dark hair, and dark eyes, and full lips and white, strong teeth. She is the sort of a girl who will make a magnificent-looking woman in the autumn of things. She has the lasting beauty, not the ephemeral.

© Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photo by White

Gail Kane admits to being fickle. She thinks that men and work dont go well together. One is jealous of the other. *At left,* Gail Kane in a scene from her stage success "The Woman in Room 13"

In a manner she is rather the young débutante in her first season than the young person who has appeared in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," in "The Miracle Man," "The Hyphen" and others. She lacks the assurance of manner that seems to go with footlight triumphs of any nature. There is some quality in her that has not, as it were, hardened. She has not the seasoned manner of one inured to the clapping of many hands.

Her chiefest characteristic seemed to me, who were become an interrogation point, to be reticence. I pursued, she evaded. I attempted cajolery, bald flattery, subtlety. I took on a knowing air. Futile. She talked of the war, she touched on politics, she spoke

(*Continued on page* 105)

For the Bride

There is a special thrill attached to the designing of the wedding gown itself. May Allison planned this one for her new picture. Its chief charm is girlish simplicity. The foundation is of rich white satin, edged with real filet lace. The pointed overskirt and waist are of finest white tulle, with a touch of white satin baby ribbon. The veil is of tulle, caught with orange blossoms

Photo Campbell

At this time of the year many of our readers are donning orange blossoms. To help the bride select fashionable and yet practical wear, we have had the stars posed in the most recent New York styles. *At the right,* Miss Enid Markey is wearing the ideal travelling suit. It is light weight dark blue serge. It features the narrow skirt drawn in at the bottom, tight sleeves, and belted coat. A dainty vest of fine white organdie adds a girlish touch

A Fashionable Trousseau

Left, Lillian Walker wearing a pale pink negligée. The skirt is straight accordian pleated, the waist depends for its daintiness on its flowing lace sleeves

Below, a pretty gingham morning frock is worn by Bessie Barriscale. The frock has side-peplums, and collar, cuffs and sash of white organdie. The hat is trimmed with the same material.

Witzel, L. A.

Photo Evans, L. A.

Of horizon blue is the natty sport suit worn by Juanita Hansen. Strictly tailored of Jersey silk, its only touches of trimming are the black satin tie and the colored insignias

Photo C. Fairchild

This ideal dinner gown worn by Dorothy Dalton is of rich cloth of gold simply fashioned. While the evening cloak is of crimson brocaded satin trimmed with maribou, worn by Miss Barriscale

Photo Woodbury, L. A.

Edward Burns a Trail to Fame

By GERTRUDE K. SMITH

WHEN a man's named Edward—if he is young, good-looking and an all-round, jolly good fellow—it is inevitable that his friends, new and old, will call him Eddie. The particular Eddie we're going to tell about is Edward J. Burns, who is proof conclusive that success comes to those who rush in where angels fear to tread.

Eddie came to New York nineteen months ago and has just finished his sixteenth picture. If it takes four to six weeks to make a picture, you can figure it out on your own fingers that he has been a busy young man.

It was only twenty-four years ago, in Philadelphia, that Eddie Burns first opened his eyes, and, to show you how smart he was, it is recorded that he knew instantly what a sleepy town it was. Such a birthplace is, of course, a great handicap for any one except a lawyer, and after Eddie graduated from the school days' age, he became a traveling salesman.

For three and a half years his youthful exuberance, as expressed in his smile, did much to spread the fame of a certain cereal from Battle Creek. Then one day Eddie had a little talk with himself, and himself told Eddie that both of them would always be salesmen if they didn't hitch their wagon to a star.

Every possible vocation, including his birthright of Philadelphia lawyer, was considered, and, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, he decided to see if it was hard to get into moving pictures and stay there. Accordingly, on a certain Wednesday a little more than a year and a half ago, Edward J. Burns arrived in New York, determined to get into pictures, even if he had to start at the bottom and tote a spear—which he didn't.

Right then and there the kibosh was put on the old saw that has something to do with lack of speed and the Quaker City, for the very next day young Burns got a job! Presenting himself before Sam Kingston, casting director for William Fox, he pretended a nonchalance he didn't feel. William Nigh, the director, was in the room at the time. They both looked Eddie over. Nigh gave Kingston the high sign, and, without asking Burns if he had any experience, engaged him to play Herbert Heyes' brother because of a rather marked resemblance, which shows that it's not a bad idea to look enough like some one else to still be yourself.

Friday, just two days after our hero's arrival, pinching himself to make sure his head was really securely fastened upon his shoulders instead of floating about lightly in roseate clouds, Eddie Burns wended his way to the Fox studio in Fort Lee. Knowing nothing about the delicate art of making up, he took a chance on finding out without admitting his ignorance. Remembering having seen William Nigh with Violet Palmer in "The

(*Continued on page* 99)

Edward Burns first played in pictures nineteen months ago. Since then he has appeared in sixteen productions

Photo Brunel

Americans like to be thrilled—even a little shocked, perhaps, until nearly the end of the last reel—but then the worst villain must reform—and even Sappho was made regenerated.

Thru the Looking-Glass of Films

The French Viewpoint and Ours

By DOROTHY B. NUTTING

ISN'T there an Æsop's fable about two frogs who started a-traveling and got as far as the top of the huge hill they had always considered the edge of the world—only to find that the other side was just exactly like theirs? And didn't they go back to their own pond, perfectly contented there at last? Or am I thinking about the song about the "bear went over the mountain, to see what he could see—and the other side of the mountain was all that he could see"?

At any rate, the point I'm trying to make is that, after all, we mortals are pretty much alike, whether our skins are dark or light and whether we happen to live on the east or the west side of the Atlantic.

Lately a great deal has been said about the difference in moral and mental standards between the Latins and the Anglo-Saxons—the little matter of the "happy ending" demanded by the latter especially and the causes therefor. It seems to me that the best way to a completer understanding of these differences might come thru an examination of the films of the respective peoples, for, after all, as some one has aptly said, the films do little more than mirror a people or a nation.

The French like films which display realism to the bitterest degree, and which deal, often, with subjects the Anglo-Saxon would leave mostly untouched, such as the "eternal triangle."

The French, who are the typical Latins, of course are older in the family of nations. I'm not speaking of the League—it isn't a family yet—only in the engaged stage, so to speak. They have had more time to develop their minds, their eyes and their appreciation than we have. We've been very busy indeed making ourselves comfortable before

(*Continued on page* 106)

IT *is!* The hour is very hard at hand, or there is no fitness in the essential scheme of things, when a new star will rise in the firmament of stars, give forth a fine refulgent light, shine steadily and long—a star with a light to give, a star by whom one might be guided to an art not of stone but of flesh, an art not dead but living. Not an overnight discovery, this surely rising constellation; not a darling of fortune and the seven angels; not a prodigy of miraculous press-agentry—nothing so spectacular, nothing so sensational, nothing so brief. When this young star rises she will rise to stay, to a place of permanence, to a place in the sun, if such an analogy be possible. There is a reason in all things. There is a reason in this. She has a message to give to the world, a message

All photographs © by Lumière

The Hour Is

Or Will Soon Be for

By GLADYS

vitalizing and very real, a message from the heart, from the warm bright heart of youth, a message that will home to the heart of the world.

Mabel Juliene Scott!

Perhaps you saw her in Rex Beach's "The Barrier," as the little half-breed who was so convincingly half-breed, who gave to you the very spirit of the patient, brooding Northland, the unutterable pathos. Or perhaps you have seen her in the more recent "Reclaimed," where she made the picture, not the picture her. Or even in vaudeville—or any number of other places.

Mabel Juliene Scott radiates the sheer joy of living. She is keen with interest in all life, in all of its aspects, all of its phases

Perhaps you have wondered about her. She is the sort to arrest wonder. No doubt you have thought, "Why do we not see more of her? Where is she? Where?" There is a reality here, a warmth, a vividness. Why is she so infrequent? Perhaps you have

at Hand—

Mabel Juliene Scott

HALL

wondered what lies behind that clean-cut young face, those wide eyes, that splendid Amazonian young body.

It is no camouflage, that bright apparent youth. There is no dependence on a tumble of curls, a trick of manner, no fear that the years will coarsen or fade a beauty too fragile, an art too hothouse wrought.

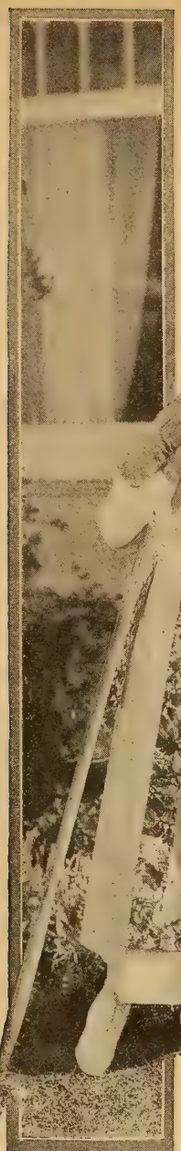
Mabel Juliene Scott is a "regular girl." She has a superabundance of that quality termed, for want of a more classic equivalent, "pep." She radiates the sheer joy of living. She is keen with interest in all of life, in all of its aspects, all of its phases. She is red-blooded, unself-conscious, the egotist, but refreshingly so. She is beautiful, but her beauty is independent of adornment, emancipate of frills and furbelows. She says, naïvely, "I am miserable in evening clothes—and lots happier in rags." She gives one a sense of Western plains stretching to limitless horizons under a flamboyant sun. She calls to one's mind the out-of-doors when all the world is June. She gives one a sense, too, of the pioneer women of long-ago who knew neither fear nor failure, the women who have been the Spartan mothers of men.

"I want everything of life," said Miss Scott, with the appetite of the very young; "every experience, every sorrow, every joy. I mean, specifically, that I want not only my art, but marriage, children, home-building. Ethel Barrymore . . . she is the type on which I build when I dream. She is rounded, many-sided, not just the bloodless artist. She has builded her art upon her womanhood and the experiences of her womanhood. That is what I want to do, what I will do." She stretched forth her

(*Continued on page* 100)

Mabel Juliene Scott is the young girl who made such a splendid impression as the little half-breed in Rex Beach's "The Barrier"

All photographs © by Lumière



One fine morning Dorothy Phillips armed herself valiantly, for a day in her garden

She raked and dug at poor old mother earth and even investigated a horrible worm that was murdering her rose bush

All on a Summer's Day

At the end of an hour, "Gardening makes one's back ache," said Dorothy Phillips, apologetically, as she languidly ate the fruit the Salvation Army has made famous. And so our photographer snapped her and called it the end of a perfect day's work

THE THIRD DEGREE

By Charles Klein.

Fictionized by

GRACE LAMB

From the Photoplay Based on

CHARLES KLEIN'S DRAMA

ANNIE SANDS was brought up, mostly by institutions, in the awe and fear of God and "th' swells." God meant to her an abstract but very tremendous person of great years and bulk who occupied sedentarily a throne of brilliant gold and spake with the voice of a trombone or something equally sonorous. She said her prayers to Him and was assured, institutionally, that they were invariably answered. In due time it came to her that no doubt God got her prayers mixed up with the prayers of somebody else even more humble than herself, and, being of necessity philosophic, she let it go at that.

"Th' swells" were the more substantiated personages who rode about in autos, went to theaters, ate frequently, had butlers and never talked loud or alluded to one as "yer brat, yer!" "Th' swells" were to be revered, to be emulated when possible, to be protected if occasion demanded and always to be envied and aspired to.

Annie had acquired these beliefs, or impressions, variously but consistently. Back in those nebulous years before one is seven she had had a father, a thin-appearing person with a stubbly face and a breath one avoided. The father had orated, Annie vaguely recalled, on the subject of "th' swells," with the slight difference that he called them the snobs, tyrants, trusts, corporations and various other blasphemies. In one of these tirades he had been removed by two uniformed officials and had never again reappeared. Soon afterward Annie's mother had been fitted into a neat-appearing box and had been talked over by the parish priest, and Annie, in a brand new black, shiny dress, had thought, from her vantage point by the neat box, that her "ma" had never looked so comfy nor slept so sound and long.

Her "ma" had not returned, either, but Annie's world was accustomed to disappearances. And then, too, when one is undernourished and mostly cold and shivery, one's mental processes are not overly acute, nor yet one's power for suffering.

Eventually Annie had found herself in a 'sylum. There were dozens of others very much like her in the 'sylum, too. They all dressed alike, ate alike, slept alike, more or less thought alike.

When Annie was about twelve she began to have odd little thoughts of her own. They made her rather uncomfortable. She didn't just know how to account for them. They were like the little, green, tendrilly shoots on trees long bare and bleak and barren. She discovered, after various tentative attempts at disclosure, that they were best kept close within her small breast where they stirred about. There had been two or three attempts at confidences, once to Mary Murillo, who had promptly and with much giggling confided to Rose O'Shaunnssey that "Annie Sands likes *babies* . . . little ones . . ."

They began to call her "queer." The matron, an overridden woman with

THE THIRD DEGREE

Narrated by permission from the drama of Charles Klein as scenarioized by Phil Lang and Eugene Mullin, directed by Tom Terris and produced by Vitagraph with this cast:

Annie Sands ..... Alice Joyce
Howard Jeffries, Jr. ..... Gladden James
Howard Jeffries, Sr. ..... Anders Randolf
Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr. .. Mrs. De Wolf (Hedda) Hopper
Robert Underwood ..... Herbert Evans
Richard Brewster ..... George Backus
Dr. Thompson ..... J. P. Wade
Captain Clinton ..... Rogers Lytton

an institutional countenance, warned Annie to "mind her ways." Annie did—by keeping quiet.

She kept very quiet. She locked the little green shoots safe within her heart. She kept to herself severely the quivering of her small body at the smell of the young green May, the calling of the birds, the spirals of the incense at chapel. She never alluded to the little thoughts of love that prodded her with gentle sweetness . . . elusive . . . delicious . . . She read books and thought . . .

At sixteen she was working in the Modest Restaurant. She got out her working papers. In her way, she was happy. The work, she thought, was pleasant. It was somehow satisfying, in a deep, warm sort of way, to feed these coming and going but ever-hungry men. It gave her a glow in the waste places of her heart. It gave her a place, an import, a need . . .

Then she liked the cheery chatter of the dishes, the little frequent jangling of the silver, the staccato of the cash-register. At night, she had her tiny room over the restaurant. She had joined the Tabloid Library. She read a lot of books. Somehow or other, she got the nice books . . . they always told of love . . . of love that sacrificed and never died . . . woman's love . . . They told of homes, these books, and even of babies, pink and delectable . . . Love . . . home . . . pink babies . . . young May . . . Annie would dream over the dreams until her head nodded and she fell asleep . . .

She was eighteen when Howard Jeffries, Jr., was piloted into the Modest Restaurant one day by Robert Underwood.

Robert Underwood had been in there before. Annie had waited upon him. He had given her an exorbitant tip and had said he would "see her some more." Annie had not liked him much, altho she thought his eyes were romantic—and somehow tragical. They looked as if they were always turned inward upon himself, those eyes, as if they were forever seeing some dark secret thing . . . but he had prest her palm too closely in his own hand and his hand had been burning, and once, when she had inadvertently got his breath, there had come to her a flash-back of the blasphemous Pa.

Howard Jeffries, Jr., was different. Instantly she saw him something motherly and deep welled up in Annie. He seemed an answer to something or other, to something, she thought, rather confusedly, she had been demanding all her famished life. She was possessed by insistent desires to serve him, to *do* things for him, to wait upon him. She garnished his chop with some stolen lettuce leaves and cut his bread in fantastic shapes never evolved by the Modest Restaurant, which lived faithfully up to its name. She hovered over him, then, when he glanced up at her, she shrank away and the hot blood stained her face like an early peony. Robert Underwood caught the little play and his bitter mouth curved. He knew the signs so well . . . so well . . .

When Howard Jeffries, Jr., glanced up at the young waitress he did not immediately glance away. This was not unusual. Howard, Jr., was in the habit of glancing. It was very much "done" by his ilk. But this, he felt, was a different kind of a glance. It was that kind of different which is all the world different from all things else . . . Howard had dreamed his dreams, too . . . after his fashion. And like Annie, he had kept them closely within. One does not dream within the precincts of a huge stone house on the Avenue, a huge stone house presided over by housekeepers with stiff skirts, impeccable butlers and footmen, governesses who forced one to live by the rule of nine and who never, never admitted the bombastic love of a very small boy into their category of paid duties.

Howard Jeffries, Jr., was planned along systematically from year to year, from school to school, from vacation to vacation until he was planned methodically into a pre-selected college. Upon the attainment of which Howard Jeffries, Sr., gave a huge sigh as of one who has got a colossus off his chest and prated largely of having "brought the lad up all alone, by hand as it were . . . mother dead twenty years . . . hard job . . . well done, if he did say it himself . . . etc., etc."

Everybody believed Howard Jeffries, Sr. Jeffries' millions had the most inducing effect toward belief of any sort. Everybody spoke of the devotion of Jeffries, Sr., toward Jeffries, Jr. "Beautiful," they called it. A newspaper article sobbed out the mellow fact that the "Iron Financier" had the "heart of a little che-ild." There was much pathos.

Oftentimes, in the forty-dollar-a-month apartment, there was not enough to eat

There was a wisp of hair on the revolver. "You killed Robert Underwood . . . you . . . k . . ."

In the midst of it the "Iron Financier" further disproved the metal he was accredited to be made of by wedding a young and lovely member of the "vurry' best Knickerbocker society, a Miss Alicia Addison. "Second Romance in Fifty Years," blared the discursive press. There were many pictures and many details.

In New Haven, Howard Jeffries, Jr., tossed away the accounts and the not less fatuous epistle from his honeymooning father and snorted. "No fool," he said, with some bitterness or regret, "like an old fool . . . my mother's place . . . Lord!"

Robert Underwood, his room-mate during the senior year, kicked away the account he had been reading. His bitter mouth was twisted. "Women," he said suddenly, frantically, "women . . . oh, hell . . . oh . . . hell . . . !"

He went out and got disturbingly drunk. Howard, Jr., not just as he might have been, himself, hauled him back to their rooms in the extremely early morning. He was still confusing women with hell in the most picturesque language imaginable.

Something, not the food, drew Howard Jeffries, Jr., back to the Modest Restaurant. He had the feeling that he had never been so comfortable, so at peace, as when Annie Sands, to whom Underwood had introduced him, was bending over him with a "sunny side up," or a plebeian pork chop, or some steaming coffee. It seemed so—so sort of essential, so pre-ordained.

One night he asked her to go to the movies. When he called for her in his nifty roadster Annie was troubled.

"It isn't right, maybe," she ventured. Only villains had roadsters!

Howard Jeffries, Jr., laughed boisterously. "I'll make it all right," he told her, "wherever you are!"

He went home that night and thought of eyes as steady as the twilight and as gray, lips as smooth and

Annie saw the elder Mrs. Jeffries lean forward, saw her face drain of blood

firm as living marble, hair . . . he thought of a *woman* . . . real. A mate. A comrade. Steel-true. Blade-straight. A woman . . . to love . . .

She went home that night and she didn't read. She sat on the edge of her bed and her firm mouth was curled in the softest of little smiles. She was thinking of his blue eyes . . . wide awake blue eyes . . . of the little ruffly gold of his hair . . . her lips moved and her quiet hands sought her breast . . .

A week later they were married.

"It's just *got* to be!" Howard, Jr., stormed at her, face very flushed and earnest, "dont you know it . . . *dont* you?"

"Yes," Annie had said quietly; "yes, I know. I know—of course."

"My father will probably spill about a bit," warned Howard; "he likes to sort of chart things out for me, the old boy does. The habit grew up with him. He moved me about with the most beautiful ease and confidence. He generally made pretty snappy moves, so I never bucked him. But this—this. Well, you see, Annie, this is the very first thing that has ever *mattered* to me, so of course dad can have nothing to say . . ."

"I am afraid," Annie had murmured.

"Afraid! Not of *me*, darling?"

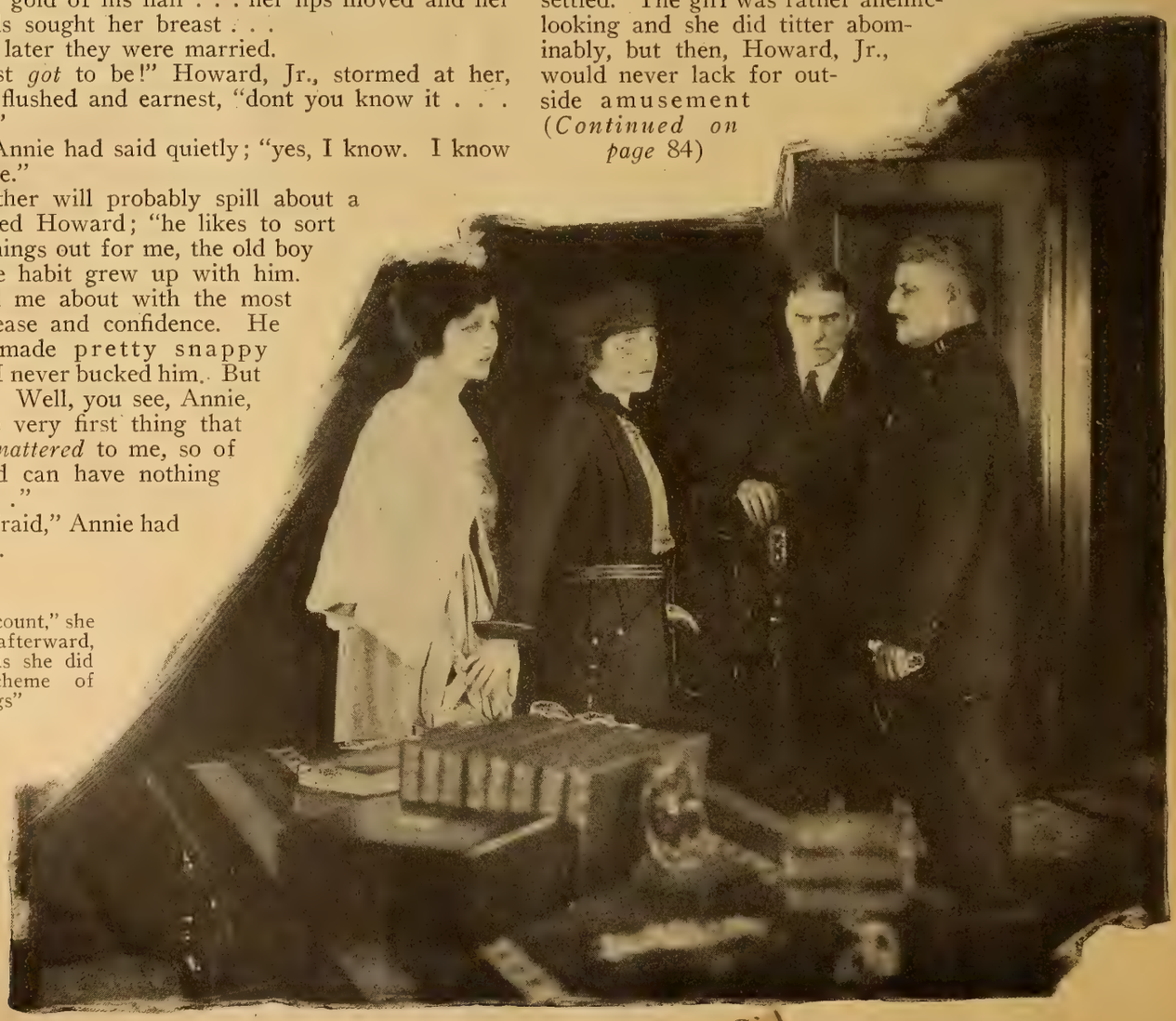
"No, silly. No, *for* you. Your father . . . he's a swell, you see. He'll . . . he'll hate me and all I stand for. *My* dad . . . he wasn't a swell, Howard dear. He was a pretty awful person. Mother was tired out, that's all there ever was to mother. I dont even know what she might have been, given a chance."

Howard checked her. "I'm not marrying your mother nor your father," he told her, "and dad's not doing any marrying of the family at all. He pleased himself and nothing said about it, so I guess I'll do the same. We'll go to see him tomorrow."

Howard Jeffries, Sr., was the type of a person to whom background mattered enormously. He had outgrown a great many weeds and cankers in the course of his struggle upward, but he had never outgrown the snobbery he had started with. A person simply *must* have a background. Individuals were not enough.

He had planned an elaborate background for his brought-up-by-hand and always amenable son. There was Faire Delafield. Faire Delafield had a great many catalogable qualifications for a potential Mrs. Jeffries, Jr. Chief among these was a father whose interests would merge with and considerably augment the holdings and the prestige of the Jeffries interests. It would be a most advantageous affair. It was as good as settled. The girl was rather anemic-looking and she did titter abominably, but then, Howard, Jr., would never lack for outside amusement

(*Continued on page* 84)



"I didn't count," she said, long afterward, "so much as she did in the scheme of things"

The Last Interview

By REX GROVER WHITE

On April 9, 1919, Sidney Drew, well-loved comedian, died. This interview was obtained on Wednesday, April 3, in Detroit. Mr. Drew's last performance was that night, this interview his last

IT had been a gusty, gray, clouded afternoon, with a hiss of rain at odd moments and a sad singing of low-pitched wind thru the wires just outside the dressing-room window. The chill of the early April mists had crept into the stage corners and even the flame of the borders and foots had failed to take away the damp insistence of an early evening. The final curtain for the matinée had slid down with its sullen thud and the stage was a flood of movement as actors scuttled to their dressing-rooms and dodged with exactness the rushing progress of wings and flats and set pieces, jerked away by an impatient stage crew to give room for the first act set of the evening performance.

Harsh, yellow and unkind, the lights of the star's dressing-room blazed into his tired eyes and etched minutely the lines that suffering had drawn. Drops of perspiration slipped down his forehead, making little streaks as they caught the beads of black grease-paint, and his hair was damp at the line of the forehead. His breath was drawn in little gasping, halting swellings of the chest, and his hand pressed hard against his side.

"Come in," he said. "Come in. I'll get my breath in a moment."

His voice was hoarse and the smile he attempted was awry with internal pain. He swept some odd bits of clothing from a chair and with fingers that shook, fumbled at his collar. His dresser had withdrawn and the only sound in the little room was the mad ticking of the actor's watch as it lay in a confusion of paint-stick ends, powder puffs, liners, ties, the hodge-podge of the craft at work. His visitor sat silent, confused and at a loss.

Here was a man that needed a doctor's questioning rather than that of an interviewer. The face in the mirror upon whose uncertain surface the light beat unshaded was gaunt, and shadows other than of the make-up rested beneath the arch of the brow. A towel swept aside the pink curtain of artificial health, leaving the skin pallid, yellowish, with two faint, red blotches, the flaunted flag of fever burning at his cheek bones.

"What can I do for you?"

The question was automatic, the functioning of a habit long in the saddle. Hundreds of interviewers had sat as this one was doing, hundreds had asked questions, inane, graphic, stupid, intelligent, hundreds had gone away to write what had or had not been said. It was a routine to the star that even illness could not—for the moment—jar from its tracks.

"I came," said his visitor, "to ask you questions whose answers would give me material for a funny story."

The star nodded, smiling faintly.

"I know," he said. "I know just what you want. I'd like to give it to you. I am afraid I cant. I dont feel funny. My God, boy, I'm a sick man."

His voice, that had been full and deep, even with its hoarseness, broke, and the last few words were shrill, high, unnatural in tone. He got up and walked to the door and peered out on the shadowed stage.

"My wife was here a moment

(*Continued on page* 101)

Sidney Drew was a brother of John Drew and an uncle of Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore. Mr. Drew and Mrs. Drew reached the pinnacle of success when they adopted the motion picture as a vehicle for their comedy. This last season they produced a successful spoken play, "Keep Her Smiling"

Across the

By HAZEL

Nazimova's "Red Lantern" (Metro) is a stupendous production

repetition. It is a straight-running tale of a cabaret girl, Gloria Swann, who, at the very moment when she could attain all the luxuries she longs for by marrying a wealthy man, falls in love with a young Canadian soldier who has been blinded. Her gentle, mothering heart senses his great need of her and she sacrifices everything to marry him and help him win success as a song-writer. Just that and nothing more. As Gloria Swann, Elsie Ferguson gives a wonderfully human and understanding performance. One can almost feel her great, enveloping, mothering love for the blind soldier, a love which neither regrets nor looks back, but goes straight ahead to its goal, the helping of the loved one. Almost overtopping the performance of the star is that of Wyndham Standing as Larry, the blind soldier. His is one of the great characterizations of the year. Emile Chautard, the director, has evolved a sensible, hopeful picture which goes straightforwardly to a logical conclusion. "Eyes of the Soul" has no forced situations, nor sensational clap-trap, no sexual appeal, nor glucose ending. It offers, however, hope to the thousands of mangled returning soldiers and an incentive to be true to one's better self.

PETTIGREW'S GIRL—PARAMOUNT

Strangely enough, the other notably fine picture of the month is similar in story, if not

William S. Hart gives a splendid, big, sweeping characterization in "The Poppy Girl's Husband" (Artcraft)

IT has long been a secret theory of mine that the producers of motion pictures underestimate their audiences. Long have I said to myself, "If only manufacturers would give the people credit for a little imagination and for a little depth." Teach people to think has been one of my cherished ambitions for pictures. I stand abashed. A terrifying doubt has entered my mind. I have seen a nearly perfect picture. A picture with a human, clean story, with a star who has generously handed several of the great scenes to another, because the plot called for it, and a picture which has been carried to a logical, human, realistic conclusion as in the original story—and—as I stuffed my dampened handkerchief into my pocket and blundered out of the theater, I heard a woman say, "I cant see any reason they couldn't have had his eyes operated on and had a happy ending." While a man muttered crossly, "The rottenest picture I ever saw." Is it then a fact, that the public wants only syrupy or sensational pictures, or are these two benighted persons the exception to the rule and will the majority of the public appreciate the consistent fineness of "Eyes of the Soul"?

"Eyes of the Soul" is an Artcraft production starring Elsie Ferguson. Undoubtedly you are all familiar with the story which appeared in fiction form in last month's MAGAZINE. However, the plain little plot will bear

"Three Men and a Girl" (Paramount) is the most charming Marguerite Clark play seen in months

Silversheet

SIMPSON NAYLOR

"The Test of Honor" (Paramount) shows the same John Barrymore as did the stage "Redemption"

in spirit to "Eyes of the Soul." This time we meet Daisy Heath, a chorus-girl, about to buy a silken existence by marrying a rich man she doesn't love. Private Pettigrew, with no sweetheart nor home to boast of, buys her photograph; a chance meeting at the theater, followed by an ice-cream treat, is the beginning of their love affair. Daisy unconsciously compares her happiness while having a plain soda with the boy she loves to a lobster dinner with the man she doesn't, and finds that the scales of enjoyment weigh heavy on love's side. So that when Private Pettigrew comes back from over there, he finds her waiting for him. Ethel Clayton plays Daisy Heath vividly. While Elsie Ferguson is subtly, finely appealing as Gloria Swann, Ethel Clayton is vividly, buoyantly, wholesomely fascinating as Daisy Heath. Miss Clayton's chorus-girl is a healthy, beautiful American girl, and will undoubtedly meet with more popularity than Miss Ferguson's sensitive, highly keyed cabaret girl. Both are great performances, and both leave poignant inspirational messages. Monte Blue plays Pettigrew with just the right gradations of sadness, awe and American pluck. Charles Gerard is also in tempo as the wealthy suitor who, thanks be, does not turn out to be a conventional villain.

May Allison is the one bright spot in "The Island of Intrigue" (Metro)

THREE MEN AND A GIRL—PARAMOUNT

We are indebted to Marshall Neilan for waving the fairy wand of his keen-sighted directorship over Marguerite Clark. In my opinion, Paramount directors have been careless of little Miss Clark. They knew she was popular, pretty and talented, consequently they allowed her to bear the whole brunt of the production. No star can swim successfully against the dragging undertow of poor photography, weak stories or mangled books. Mickey Neilan has taken hold and given Marguerite just what she needed, careful handling of the lamps and camera, with the result that she photographs with all her old-time charm, which is further aided by Mickey's keen working out of a fascinating story. The plot concerns three growly club men, who professedly hate women and hire a country house to escape seeing any of the weaker sex. To this very place comes Marguerite, having fled from her wedding to a man she hates. The charm of the story rests in the delicious humor of the three men trying to resist the little lady's charm, while each one slowly but surely falls in love with her. Richard Barthelmess and Percy Marmont put real feeling into their woman-hating rôles, while Jerome Patrick is conventionally passable as the third disgruntled male.

Mary Pickford is wholesomely pleasing in "Captain Kidd, Jr." (Artcraft)

CAPTAIN KIDD, JR.—ARTCRAFT

I always find that Mary Pickford possesses a certain healthy humanness

Ethel Clayton gives one of the most beautiful performances of the year in "Pettigrew's Girl" (Paramount)

Bessie Love's charm struggles thru "A Yankee Princess" (Vitagraph)

"Peppy Polly" (Paramount) is never dull on account of the younger Gish

which reaches right across the silversheet and puts you in a good humor with the world. In "Captain Kidd, Jr.," she has, frankly, very little to work with, the main amusement being derived from a parrot addicted to screamingly funny swearing subtitles. The plot, I believe, concerns a hunt for buried treasure, which is treated in frankly burlesque style. In fact, at certain moments I forgot whether I was viewing a Sennett comedy or the feature of the show. There was a certain, basic pollyanna sermon about the whole, however, which is not displeasing. Douglas MacLean, Spottiswoode Aitken and Robert Gordon all play an excellent accompaniment to Miss Pickford's personality solo, altho we could stand much more of the solo.

THE ISLAND OF INTRIGUE—METRO

No sooner does May Allison prove herself one of the most capital of screen comédiennes in "Peggy Does Her Darndest" than Metro claps her into a most woolly melodrama. And then they talk of abandoning their star system! In my opinion, without May Allison, "The Island of Intrigue" would be unbearable in its utter banality. The story concerns the kidnapping of an heiress. She is held prisoner on an island, meets the hero and finally escapes with him. The one and only poignant moment was when beautiful May appeared briefly in negligée. May and a few of the exterior shots were alone worth remembering.

WHAT AM I BID?—UNIVERSAL

To my mind, "What Am I Bid?" has no more connection with real life than a jack rabbit with a New Yorker. Also, there is something hauntingly imitative of Mary Pickford's "M'Liss." Nevertheless, I found a certain enjoyment in Mae Murray's pictorially pleasing interpretation of a roughly brought-up child of the wilderness. Flaws innumerable can be found in this story of the little girl who has only a lamb and a drunken father to love until a handsome young stranger enters her life. He is wounded while protecting her from a covetous bar-tender, and she nurses him back to life, only to have him taken away by his wealthy relatives, but in time for the end of the fifth reel all ends well. Accepted as fiction and not fact, "What Am I Bid?" will serve to pass an hour away. Ralph Graves is satisfactory as the hero, while the actor taking the part of the father shows moments of genuinely fine characterization.

THE ROARING ROAD—PARAMOUNT

This picture is supposed to star Wallace Reid, but according to the number of close-ups of Theodore Roberts smoking a cigar, I should say it was starring a new brand of tobacco. Altho I quarrel with the infrequency with which the handsome Wally is allowed to come within camera range, I cannot but admit that the production as a whole is a mighty interesting piece of work. This story also was recounted in last month's MAGAZINE, so you know it concerns a peppery young auto salesman, his red-peppery employer, his daughter and an auto race. The race between the machine and a train has been well handled by Director Cruze. Every ounce of suspense, interest and thrill is maintained until the very end, while all the comedy possible is extracted from the conflict of the two men's hot tempers. Some of the photography is unnecessarily harsh on Ann Little, and Wally Reid is conspicuous because of the distance they keep him from the camera, otherwise "The Roaring Road" is satisfactory.

A YANKEE PRINCESS—VITAGRAPH

Perhaps that which impressed me most about this new Bessie Love feature was the announcement at the beginning of the picture, "Revisions by Bessie Love." This at least is an innovation, which is more than can be said for the rest of the picture. Bessie takes the part of an Irish lassie whose parents suddenly become wealthy. In order to help their daughter break into "society," they purchase a coat-of-arms and some family heirlooms at an auction

(*Continued on page 97*)

From Typing to Terpsichore

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Photo © by Lumière, N. Y.

SOME thoughtful person has said that every one builds a castle in Spain, but that few of the edifices are occupied. The quotation ends there, but the T. P. might have gone on to say that most of us, having dreamed out the details of our Spanish castles, from the diamond door-knocker in front to the golden milk-bottle on the back steps, let it go at that, finding the job of moving in several sizes too large for us. So we finally settle down in a four-room-and-bath apartment in lieu of our dream mansion, and live out our lives telling the world how we would have had our castle in Castile if only——

Mme. Doraldina, film star and famous dancer, is one of the few who, having staked out a claim on a "hacienda Español," set out to occupy it, regardless of hardships and heartbreaks, refusing to be sidetracked by "just-as-good" substitutes, and who, after years of struggle, found the castle according to her dream prospectus, stocked with fame and riches and happiness ever after.

Apropos of all this, it is the proper thing, when interviewing a dancer of stage, screen or cabaret variety, to ask whence came their talent. The answers are woefully lacking in originality. Most of them hang the blame on ancestors, some going as far back as Salome to account for the tickle in their toes. Others admit being born with the hankering. Mme. Doraldina, on being approached with this

Doraldina perpetuates some of the most remarkable dancing ever screened in her second picture "The Charm of Nasoni"

trite but necessary question, had a surprise up her sleeve.

"Well, there wasn't any reason for it at all," she said. "It just sort of happened. I always liked Spanish dancing——"

"Then you aren't Spanish?" I interrupted. She is of a type strictly Castilian—or perhaps it's Oriental—anyway, something foreign and exotic, and one can imagine her as more at home in costumes of savage and barbaric beauty than in the quiet but ultra-smart street gowns she affects.

"Oh, dear, no!" she laughed in response to my question. "I was born in San Francisco and was never out of this country until I went abroad to study dancing. I was a stenographer, and I had saved up some money from several years of hard work. All of a sudden it occurred to me that I could dance. I dont know why, but the idea just came. Without telling a soul where I was going, I sailed for Spain—about three days after I had this 'hunch.'

"I went to Barcelona and found Rafael Vega, the most famous teacher in Spain, and I told him bluntly just how much money I had for lessons and asked how many he could give me for that amount. Spaniards, you know, are great on ceremony; they use it a lot even in business transactions, so when I came at him like that he was too surprised to turn me down, as I had been told he would. He consented to take me on for a while to see what I could do, and I commenced."

The next installment of Mme. Doraldina's story concerns hard work, a dwindling bank account, and success seemingly no nearer at hand than when the little typist sailed away from the Golden Gate harbor. It began to look as if the typewriter would win back from Terpsichore its lost devotee—and then the unexpected happened.

One evening Doraldina was dining with Vega and his wife at the largest café in Barcelona. The proprietor came over to the table and, in conversation, deplored the lack of "sangre" in American dancers.

Now "sangre," literally translated, means "blood," but the Spanish use it to denote temperament, abandon, fire, spirit, all the qualities so essential to the successful dancer.

"Ah, amigo mio, you are mistaken," said Vega. "Some of the Americans have el sangre. My pupil here"—and he indicated Doraldina—"has the fire of los Españoles—it is true, I assure you."

Photo © by Lumière, N. Y.

Doraldina has all the temperament, abandon, fire, and spirit characteristic of the Spanish dancer, altho she is an American

The proprietor was politely skeptical. No doubt the pupil of the illustrious Vega danced charmingly, superbly, but not like the Spanish señoritas—it was impossible, she had no "sangre."

Vega was furious. Very well, a public trial if the manager would permit; a costume borrowed from a café dancer—a word to the orchestra——

It was arranged. A few moments later the petite, dark-eyed American girl whirled out upon the floor, the orchestra struck up a wild fandango, and Doraldina danced.

When she began, she was an unknown foreigner; when she finished, she was the idol of Barcelona. She was literally buried in flowers; fans and scarfs were showered upon her, and enough money was flung at her feet to buy out the café.

She was "made," and the manager, frantic with joy, begged her to accept a contract for his café. Within a week she had been offered no less than thirty contracts, one from the director of the Imperial Ballet, offering fifty dollars a week—an unparalleled sum for a dancer to receive in that country.

Doraldina stayed in Spain long enough to take the whole country by storm and to send her fame rioting across seas to America. Then, with a trunk full of expensive costumes and just enough money to pay for transportation, she took flight to New York, leaving Spain as suddenly as she had come.

Her success in America duplicated her triumph in the Latin country. She became the sensation of Broadway, bought a restaurant of her own, where dancing was a nightly feature, and finally, lured by the silent drama, joined the film colony in Los Angeles, where she made her first picture, a film version of Kipling's "Naulakha."

Her second picture, for which she wrote the story, has been completed, and embodies in it some of the most remarkable dancing ever screened. It is called "The Charm of Nasoni," and commences with the time-worn stand-by subject of a girl wrecked on a desert island and made the ruler of the savages inhabiting the place. But the rest of the story is not trite; there is a surprise in every reel, and the end, tho departing radically from the good old clinch-and-live-happily-ever-after idea, still leaves the audience with a comfortable feeling about how it turned out.

"I loved making this picture," she said, "it was such good exercise."

"You mean the dancing?" I asked.

(*Continued on page* 100)

Alice Solves the Domestic Problem

By

SILAS SEADLER

Alice followed the directions in the cook-book. But fires burn when one forgets—"I always have a can of pears and cake on hand," says Alice, "so we wont *starve*"

ALICE JOYCE is not quite certain about a solution for the domestic problem.

"The domestic problem," said Miss Joyce to the interviewer, who had come to watch the star prepare her noonday calories, "is no problem at all."

"But—but," protested the visitor feebly, "you've just finished telling me that both cooks have declared a holiday and that you've got to do the honors in the kitchen yourself."

"True," continued Alice, smiling, "but first please consider my solution to this vexing business. You've probably noticed in all our leading moving picture publications the tales of versatile stars who pose in neat gingham aprons and tell the world how to flavor a goose, and how to string beans efficiently—and what not."

"But what bearing has that on the domestic problem?" queried the innocent interviewer.

"Ah," replied the hostess, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "with countless movie folk announcing in the public press that they like nothing better than to dabble around the kitchen, why not grant them their little whim? Cant you fancy advertisements in the paper: HAVE A MOVIE STAR COOK YOUR STEW TONIGHT AND SAVE A SOUL! Or maybe: MOVIE ACTRESS DESIRES POSITION WITH CONGENIAL FAMILY, COOKING ONLY, POSITIVELY NO WASHING! . . . Where's the domestic problem now?"

And we both had a hearty laugh.

Alice rose from her chair languidly and took a book from the table. The volume was neatly covered with a leather jacket, but even to the inexperienced eye of the male, a cook book is a cook book! Imagine this graceful woman, clad in afternoon velvet, bending over a gas range, preparing a concoction fresh from the printed page of a text on cooking.

"Today," said Miss Joyce, "we are going to have my specialty, filet de sole. Here is the recipe which I am willing to recommend to all my good friends—and you know one takes a chance by advising a doubtful recipe.

"First you boil the fish for fifteen minutes——" She stopped suddenly and looked at her wrist watch with a frown. —"The fish will be done very soon now," she added.—"Well, after that comes the sauce: a pint of milk, boiled, into which go two tablespoonsful of butter and four of flour. Boil the sauce thick, sprinkle——"

The entrance of Claire Wolf, secretary to Miss Joyce, interrupted the narrative. There was a worried expression on her face, and Alice looked up with a questioning glance.

"I really didn't mean to interrupt," said Miss Wolf apologetically, "but I thought you'd want to know about——"

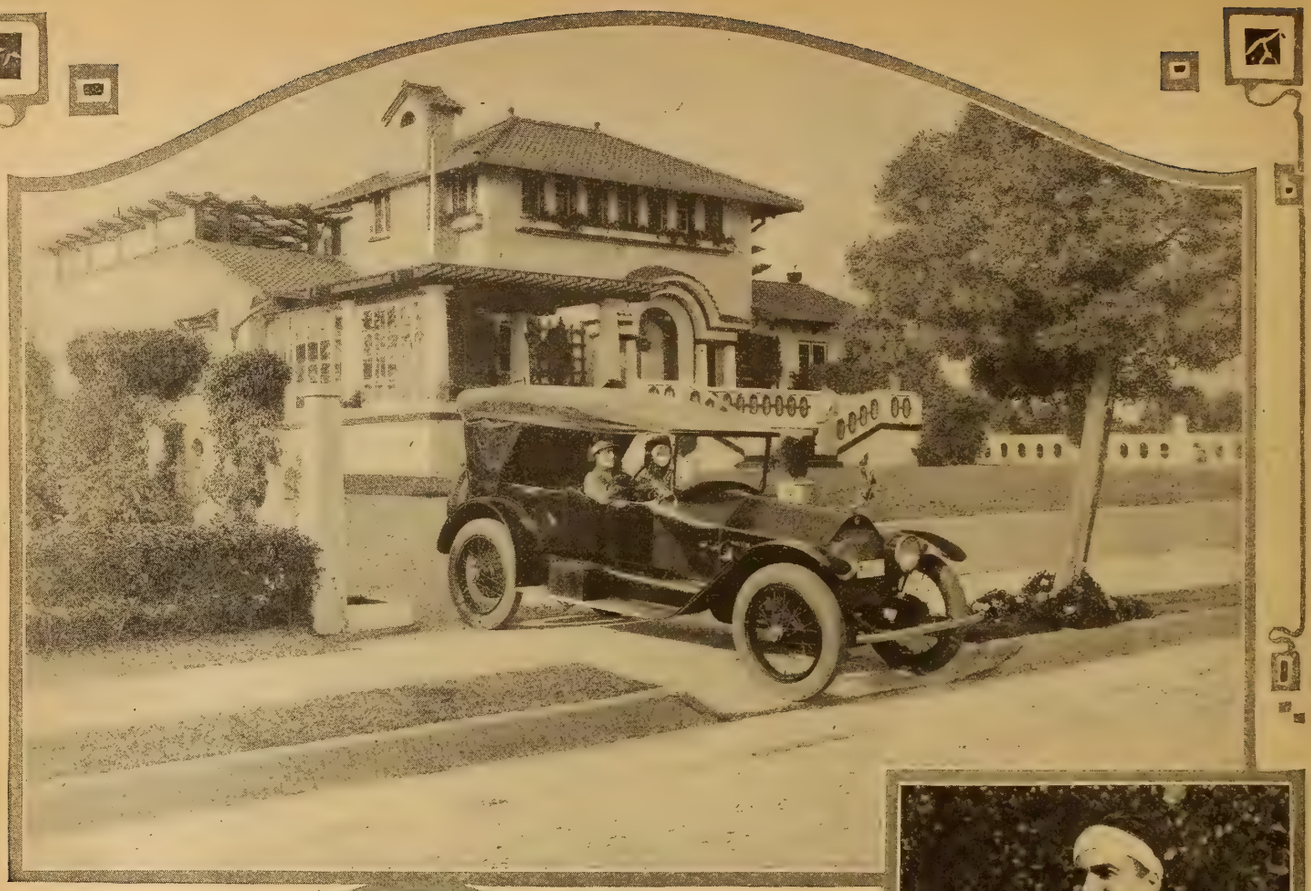
"Yes?" asked Alice, rising as tho in anticipation.

"About the fish," concluded the secretary with emphasis. Alice dropped the treatise on cooking and fled with a hasty apology.

The winsome star reappeared in a few minutes with a frilly white apron over her gown. In her hand was a bowl, the contents of which she was stirring casually with a large spoon. "Terribly sorry," began Alice, with a serious face. But she couldn't help smiling—"The sauce has turned out fine, but the filet de sole—you know, I was so interested in the discussion of the domestic problem——"

"It doesn't matter at all," spoke up the interviewer.

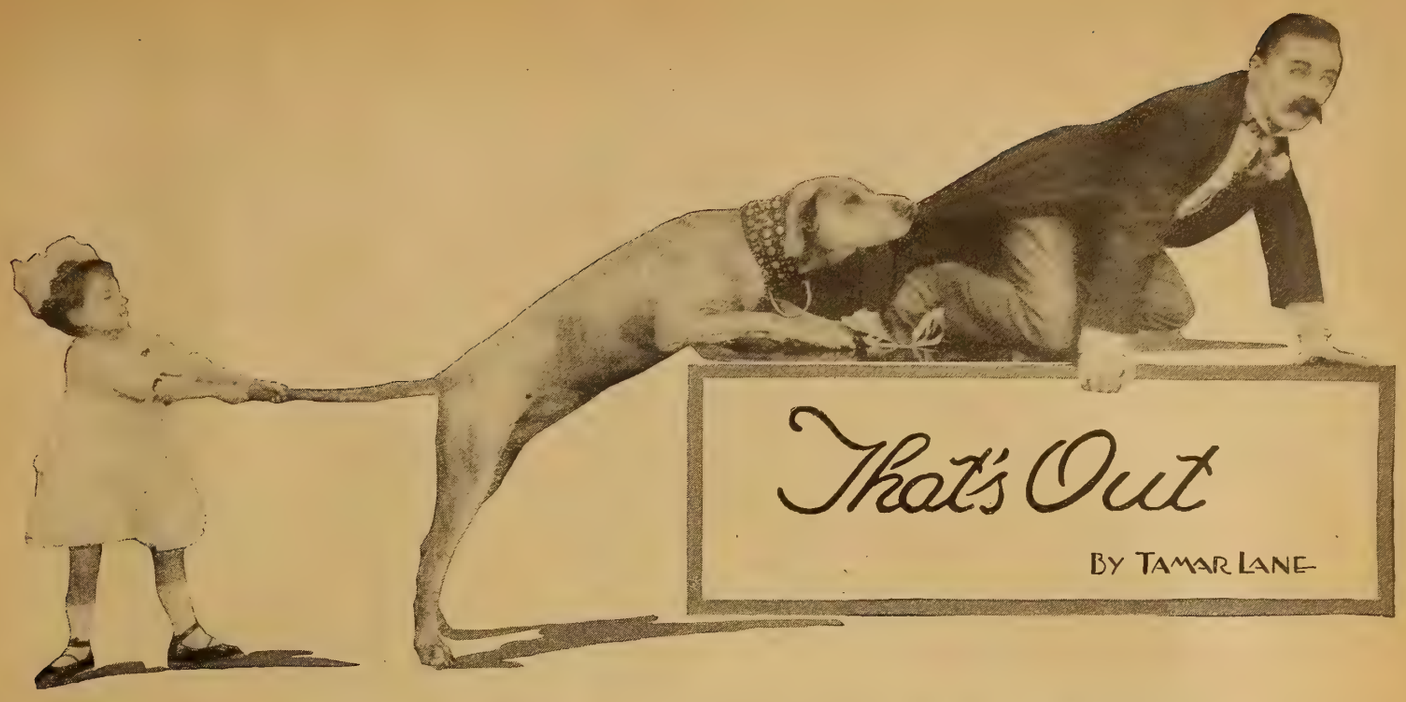
"At any rate," concluded Alice, "I'm opening up a can of pears, and we have cake, so we wont exactly starve. But—but I'm afraid I haven't come much nearer solving that vexing old domestic problem."



George Larkin is very fond of his attractive bungalow in Glendale, California; but more so of his wife, Ollie Kirkby, who makes it home

While not performing death-defying stunts for his new serial, "The Tiger's Trail," George Larkin is playing tennis and performing athletic feats for his own amusement and when George plays he gives the other fellow a good time trying to keep up with him

George at Play



That's Out

By Tamar Lane

Our Own News Monthly

SATEVEPOST fever still ravaging industry. Producers seem to believe that any story published in that periodical is sure of success on screen.

Nazimova continues to loom larger on the film horizon. The "Big Four" may have to take her in with them yet.

After several months, Goldwyn has finally decided to release "The Eternal Magdalene," but forgets to mention the fact that this was originally a Maxine Elliott vehicle.

Griffith simply cant get away from war stuff. He's back at it again with "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

King Vidor, young man hitherto unknown, breaks into the limelight with "The Turn in the Road" and makes even the big fellows take notice.

Who says there's nothing new under the sun? Go see "Daughter of Mine," a play that might have been a miniature masterpiece if the author hadn't branched off into satire.

Film world is trying to discover why Paramount signed Houdini.

Charles Ray is presented in still another "he-was-a-coward-until——" story.

Something must be vitally wrong with the motion picture industry. Only fourteen more stars formed their own producing companies this month.

In their endeavor to create something radically new and striking in the way of a title, here's three that the producers conceived last month:

"Virtuous Sinners."

"The Exquisite Thief."

"The Great White Darkness."

Following along these lines, we may soon expect a parade of plays with such titles as:

"Honest Crooks."

"The Bachelor's Wife."

"The Millionaire Pauper."

"The Orange Bluebird."

What Is Bullsheviki?

Picturizing a novel named "Comrades," which mostly concerns "free love," and then naming it "Bolshevism on Trial" so as to cash in on the notoriety that Bolshevism has had in the past few months.

Out of the Frying-Pan——

The star continues to be the thing in spite of what some producers say, and will continue to be "the thing" for some time. Film companies claim that it is the high salaries they are forced to pay stars that is ruining the picture business; that stars are of no value anyway and that what is needed is good photoplays. Then to get away from this star "evil" the producers pay $25,000 to $50,000 for a good play that wont require a star, and find that as far as expense goes the production will cost as much as ever.

——Into the Fire

"If your patrons liked 'The Love Auction,' they will like this one, too," says a trade journal in giving advice to exhibitors. There was no need for such a reserved statement. If the patrons liked "The Love Auction" they will like anything.

"The star is at his best in this production," says another item in one of the publicity sheets. Yes, at his best, and he's still hitting on about three cylinders.

Bolshevik Impressions

Gloria Swanson—"Some class." Why women should have the vote. The kind of a baby for me.

Elsie Ferguson—An aristocrat forced to work with "common" people. The art of the movies. An iceberg in the torrid zone.

George Walsh—Mercury, Hercules and Apollo rolled into one. What every woman wants. Why America won.

Mabel Normand—Sweet spirits of jazz. A melody by George M. Cohan and Irving Berlin.

Fred Stone—An old dog trying new tricks. Samson with his hair cut. A jitney trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

Suspecting that there must have been one German in the Teuton army who fought because he was forced to and not because of any desire, D. W. Griffith injected a very human touch in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." It was one of the master's typical, original ideas and gave quite a relief from the stereotyped atrocious-Hun story, but it has incensed some of the plus ultra critics who think it quite unpatriotic. These are the very critics who yell most about art, too.

Prize opiate of the month—"Your Wife and Mine." (No pun intended.)

The Great Fame

A Presentation of America's

Photo Marceaux, Boston

THE great Fame and Fortune Contest is drawing to a close, and yet thousands and tens of thousands of photographs continue to pour in. Never have we seen a more bewildering array of feminine beauty.

In spite of our warning in last month's MAGAZINE, the Eastern part of our glorious

Witzel, L. A.

country is still lagging, tho we must admit that it perked up a trifle after our timely admonition. This month the West leads with four lovely ladies, the East follows with three, and the South, anxious for a share in the final fray, sends one representative.

The men are noticeable for their absence. In fact, very few men are entering. This may be because a great part of America's finest manhood still signs Uncle Sam's payroll. Next month may bring more masculine competitors, now that the 27th and 26th Divisions have been demobilized and the men are wondering . . . wondering . . .

Who wouldn't play with Fate, if given a chance like our Fame and Fortune Contest?

And now comes an announcement that will interest you all.

THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST WILL CLOSE AT MIDNIGHT,

Above, Mary V. Corbett, of Somerville, Mass. *Right,* full figure, Louise E. Kline, of Los Angeles, Calif.

Carmelita Dazey, of Los Angeles, Calif. Miss Dazey has played extra rôles with some of the coast companies

Evans, L. A.

and Fortune Contest

Loveliest Potential Stars

JULY 1, 1919. NO PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE ACCEPTED THAT DO NOT REACH US BY THAT DATE.

The honor rolls will continue to appear until all the photographs have been carefully gone over. Then three tentative winners will be chosen from the various honors rolls that have appeared in both THE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, and from these three the winners will be selected.

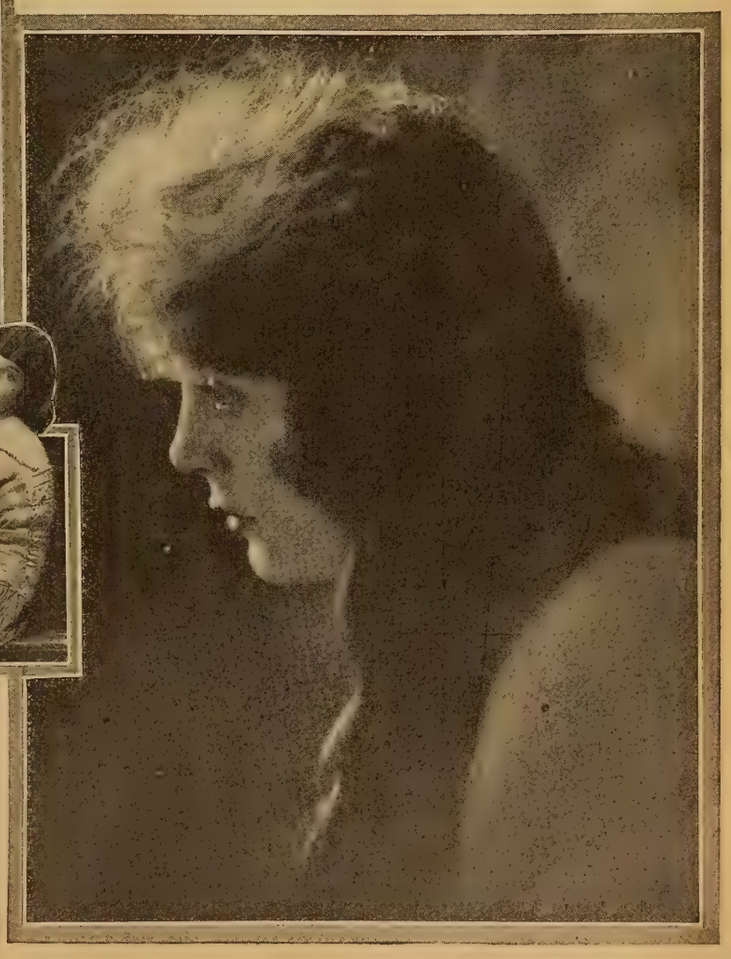


Photo Philips, N. Y.

Bessie Elaine Janover, of New York City

Left, a photograph of Marguerite Hungerford, Kansas City, Mo. *Full figure below,* "Sammy" Simpson, of San Antonio, Texas. *Profile,* Ruthe St. Earl, of Spokane, Wash.

The young ladies whose portraits we are printing this month as the eighth honor roll are to be congratulated on being chosen from countless other beauties. These entries embrace between April 1st and April 15th.

The eighth honor roll follows:

Mary V. Corbett, 35 Shammut St., Somerville, Mass. Miss Corbett has danced at cantonments and concerts. She has blue eyes, dark-brown hair and is 5 feet 4½ inches tall.

Carmelita Dazey, 618 West 4th St., Los Angeles,

(*Continued on page* 112)

Hale—and Hearty—Hamilton

By LESLIE LEWIS

Photo by Apeda, N. Y.

"SOMETIMES," he said, "I'm inclined to think my friends made me do it."

Hale Hamilton leaned back in the porch swing and watched the blue cigar smoke curl lazily up until it was lost in the California sunshine.

It was hard to believe that this alert young film star could actually be made to do anything. He looked thoughtfully out from his bungalow veranda into the distance; then his eyes betrayed a suspicion of a twinkle. He spoke again:

"One of the greatest American institutions is kidding."

These were rather cryptic remarks. The Metro star hastened to enlarge.

"You may know," he remarked, "that I was all set to be a lawyer. I used to picture myself when I was an underclassman at Michigan as a most dashing young attorney. More dashing than attorney, I'm afraid. I know that it wasn't the law I was interested in; it was myself dramatically, with a skill that should trouble the most hardened, shrewd old attorneys, putting it over in court. I saw a lawyer's life in data, marshalling all the dope, and the nights of puzzling over how to beat down the other fellow's defense."

"But that comment about your friends. How does it come in?"

Mr. Hamilton looked up quickly and smiled.

"It comes in with the kidding. Haven't you noticed that it is your best friends who keep you in line with a little healthful ridicule? They keep you from getting so insufferably serious about yourself.

"But you mustn't think too badly of me. I wasn't a solemn young man who went about heavily pondering about my career all the time. In fact, I want to give myself the credit of having had some sense of humor about it. I could talk at great length and very seriously and impressively about nonsensical things, and the boys at the fraternity-house listened delightedly and asked for more. They admitted I was one of the best actors they'd ever seen in law school."

The man who made such a striking hit in the title rôle of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," presented in New York a few seasons ago by Cohan and Harris, that he was sent around the world at the head of the company, paused a moment in hesitation, then continued:

"There was a girl in it, too. No, nothing serious. But there's always a girl somewhere. This one happened to be at a prom at Ann Arbor, where the University of Michigan is, and things happened just as they do in a book or a play. You know—one of those wonderful nights, with a moon and Japanese lanterns strung about the lawn and lots of out-of-the-way little spots to sit and look at things. Yes, I said just sit and look at things.

"I'm so glad for her sake that she was sensible. Otherwise she might have accepted me. She was very nice, and the music coming from the house just reached us, and so I thought it only decent, to be in keeping with the scene, to propose. As I look back at it, it was one of my best proposals—one of those wonderful long lines of how it's going to be off the dock at three in the morning with a cobblestone hung onto you with your necktie if the answer isn't yes. The girl hesitated after the last of my vibrant tones had died away in the soft June night, then said, 'Why dont you go on the stage?'"

"'Think of the public,' I reminded her.

"She retorted that, if she could stand it, the public might."

But it wasn't until a year later that Hale Hamilton started on the career that has made him a celebrity in so few years. Another kind of celebrity, that is. When he was in college Hamilton was considered one of the most formidable halfbacks who ever wore the maize "M" on a blue jersey.

His first experience in the wide, wide, or cold, cold world, whichever you prefer, was with Louis James and Kathryn Kidder,

While he was attending Michigan College, Hale Hamilton pictured himself a successful lawyer, but when a girl told him he was a mighty fine actor, he thought there might be something in it

From Football to Footlights and Filmdom —and Fame

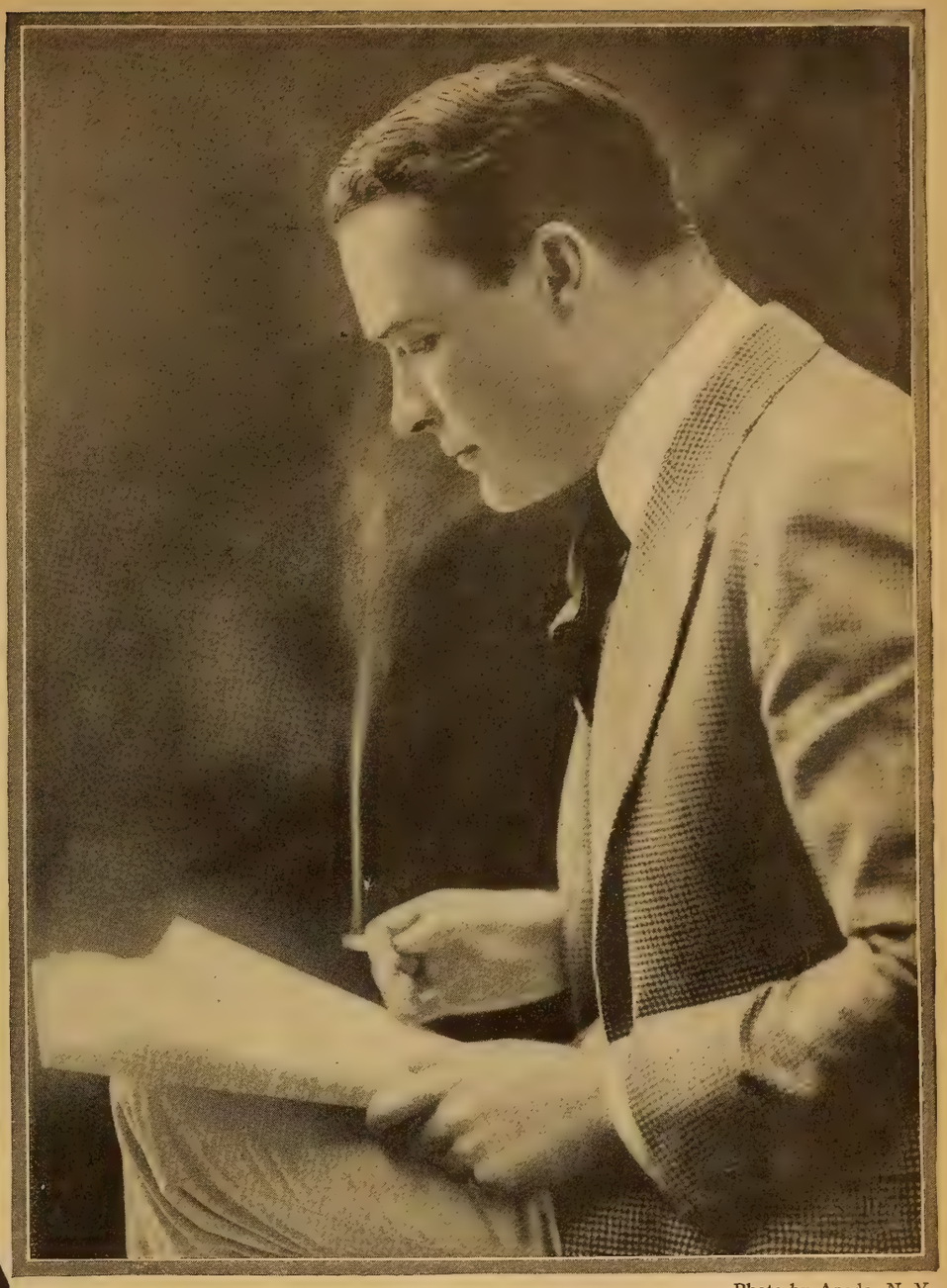


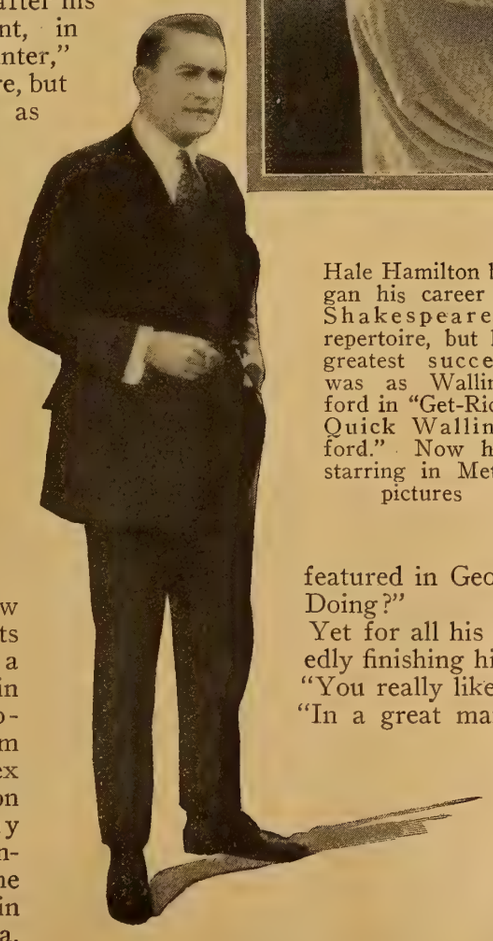
Photo by Apeda, N. Y.

then touring the country in Shakespearean repertoire. This and his appearance with the same stage stars later in popular romantic dramas laid the foundations of his histrionic technique.

But Mr. Hamilton's personality and magnetism and attractive aggressiveness could not long allow him to plot. He was not the ordinary juvenile actor. There followed a part in Wilton Lackaye's production of "The Pit," then a tour of the country with Nat Goodwin in a revival of that star's many popular successes. During the idle summer months Mr. Hamilton extended his experience by playing in stock companies of reputation.

An enthusiastic reception was given "Sealed Orders," in which Mr. Hamilton appeared at the Drury Lane Theater, London, with Fanny Brough. The opening night was so promising that dramatic critics told their friends sadly there wouldn't be any free tickets for probably a year.

Broadway liked Hale Hamilton when he appeared, after his London engagement, in "The Fortune Hunter," with Jack Barrymore, but when he came out as Wallingford in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," it accepted him immediately as an institution. He didn't play Wallingford; he *was* Wallingford.



Hale Hamilton began his career in Shakespearean repertoire, but his greatest success was as Wallingford in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Now he's starring in Metro pictures

This comedy-drama by George Randolph Chester, who has since written several photoplays for Mr. Hamilton, had a long run in New York, and after its cessation there, and a short engagement in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," a play from the novel by Rex Beach, Mr. Hamilton and his company started on their sensational tour of the world, playing in England, in Australia, in New Zealand, and even in Africa, a repertoire of pieces in which the present Metro star had made his greatest successes. This trip lasted two years.

Returning to America after his world triumph, Mr. Hamilton scored again in the stage play, "A Pair of Sixes," by Edward Peple, having the part opposite Ann Murdock. For a season after this "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" was revived on Broadway and proved as successful as ever, perhaps more so. Before going into pictures he was featured in George V. Hobart's farce-comedy, "What's Your Husband Doing?"

Yet for all his achievements upon the stage, Mr. Hamilton sat contentedly finishing his cigar on the porch of his Hollywood bungalow.

"You really like the pictures, then?" was the next question shot at him.

"In a great many ways—yes," replied Hamilton, "but chiefly because before the camera you've always something new to do. I like the outdoor work in the movies. Since I left college I've tried to keep up my physical condition, but exercise has had to be snatched at odd intervals."

Since signing a contract with the Metro company, Mr. Hamilton has completed "Five Thousand an Hour" and "Johnny-on-the-Spot."

When Love's at Home

"God Bless Our Apartment" Should Be the Modern Version of the Old Phrase, Says Bessie

Stars are supposed to go out at night, but no one ever said anything about how they get in in the mornings. Bessie Love doesn't twinkle after twilight, but once in a while she has to work late and she starts to "peel off" as soon as the chauffeur is out of sight. That explains this scene, so dont jump at conclusions after this

"One of the inconveniences of not living in one's own home," says Bessie, "is that you cant walk on the tennis court if there are heels on your shoes. So when I want to cross the forbidden path—well, it's lucky I played a circus picture once and learnt tight-rope walking"

The Crimson Iris

By H. H. VAN LOAN

Announcing the Closing of Our Great Mystery Story Contest

Winners of $300 Cash Prizes and Final Chapter to Appear Next Month

You who have been following this intensely interesting serial from month to month know that we offered $300.00 in cash prizes for the solution to this mystery, which would nearest coincide with the author's final chapter.

The conditions were that $300.00 in cash prizes should be awarded to those who sent in the best solutions, and these solutions were to be sent in monthly. The *first* guess or even the *second* you submitted might be wrong, but that would not prevent you from winning first prize. All solutions were to be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine.

Postal cards should be addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y." The prizes are to be awarded on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card had to be numbered, thus: your first card should read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1," your second card "No. 2," and so on. We expect you have been wrong in one or more of your guesses —perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions have been logical or probable, you have a chance for first prize.

Your *last* card must contain a solution. It must contain a very brief synopsis of what the last instalment will be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

Now is the time to send in your last card. **The contest closes on June 20th.** After that date no solutions will be accepted. The final chapter of the story "The Crimson Iris" will appear in the August number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. At the same time, the judges will attempt to have completed the list of winners who have most correctly solved the solution of the murder. If the time is too short, the winners may not be announced until the following month.

But dont forget, this is your *last* opportunity to solve the murder mystery and win one of our cash prizes, which will be divided as follows:

1st prize.....	$100.00	5th prize.....	$25.00
2nd "	50.00	6th "	20.00
3rd "	40.00	7th "	15.00
4th "	35.00	8th "	10.00
		9th prize.....	$5.00

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS"

Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, disappears weirdly from his London hotel. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, a man of fashion, notifies the police. It transpires that Gebhardt was not an American, but a German born in Laupheim, and that he had been travelling with a false passport.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the "Chronicle" and expert criminologist, becomes interested in the case. He goes to Scotland Yard and discloses the fact that he has found Gebhardt's opera hat and wallet containing his card on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge. Brenon Hodges is suspected of implication. At this juncture word is received that Arthur Gebhardt has been found at the Victoria Studios—*murdered!*

Letherdale and Inspector Henry of Scotland Yard go immediately to the Victoria Studios and there find the body of Gebhardt attired in conventional evening clothes, with no sign of struggle or suffering. They assemble together the people working in the studio and question them with little or no result. The coroner is summoned and is equally at a loss. As they are leaving they overhear Charles Dunn, the assistant laboratory man, questioning the camera-man about an iris he "shot" that morning. "You shot two," he tells him; "I only made one iris," declares the camera-man. "You made two," reiterates Dunn, "and I colored them both crimson."

The camera-man, Pliny, is sent to the Yard for further questioning and the police proceed to "follow up" Rita di Garma, star at the Victoria Studio and known to have been a friend of Arthur Gebhardt's.

Rita di Garma first denies all charges, then, confronted with evidence, admits her love for Gebhardt, which, she claims turned to hatred when he insulted her and proved himself to be a German spy. This supplies Letherdale with fresh impetus and he follows two suspicious looking Germans to a public house where he overhears them talking of the murder in terms of satisfaction. He seeks the London office of the Cinema Company of America and finds it obscurely located. We leave him planning a new coup.

Letherdale follows the German clue, and posing as one of them extracts considerable information from a man named Gantz—*so* considerable that he uncovers a veritable nest of spies of which Arthur Gebhardt, christened Rudolph Kleinsmidt, was one. He also locates the bullet which was supposed to have killed Gebhardt in a set at the studio and advances a further theory of poison.

CHAPTER VII

(Continued from June)

"In the Spring of 1915 Gebhardt made a trip across the Atlantic for the purpose of establishing a London branch for his company. Little did he realize that the German spy gang, then working in America, had been closely watching his movements ever since the Summer of 1914, and that he was being trailed continually. For you must take into consideration that such influential men as Gebhardt have been most valuable to Germany abroad. It is the men in high walks of life; men who move among the kings of Wall Street and are social peers, who are able to render the Fatherland great service.

"Therefore it is not strange that Gebhardt was followed by an emissary of Von Cleft, the chief of the German agents in the United States, when he sailed for London in the Spring of 1915. When he left New York he was a German-American, who could be counted on to remain loyal to the land of his adoption, in case of a split between these two countries. This would be inspired by a sense of loyalty, and the knowledge that he had extensive business interests in the United States.

"But something happened before the boat arrived in the English Channel, and when he descended the gangway at Plymouth he had made a sacred vow to stand by the Fatherland, regardless of what might transpire in the future!"

"What had prompted this complete change—blackmail?" inquired Letherdale, who had listened with great interest to the superintendent's story.

"Exactly," replied Frost. "You understand what it would mean to a man in his position to be threatened with an exposé of his past life. He couldn't permit it, at any cost, for it would ruin him financially and socially. A passenger on that boat had sailed for the sole purpose of 'getting' Arthur Gebhardt! And before the boat reached England he had promised that he would faithfully carry out any orders he might receive from Von Cleft in the future. From that

moment his soul belonged to Germany and her agents. And not only his soul, but his life; for the penalty for disobedience would be death! Therefore, you can readily see that Arthur Gebhardt was forced, like many others, into becoming a German spy!"

"And you gathered this information from Mayer?" asked the reporter, who had been surprised at this revelation.

"Portions of it," remarked the superintendent. "Most of it was told me by Brenon Hodges."

"Then you finally located him."

"Tracked him to Dover, where we found him in the King's Hotel," explained Frost. "We brought him here, and it didn't require much of an effort to get his story. He was scared speechless, until I explained to him that he was not under suspicion and that all we wanted from him was the true story about his friend. I never suspected him, from the first, but I felt certain he could enlighten us, regarding the past of the murdered man. He did. We let him go, and tho he is still under observation, I dont think we'll need him further."

"And Gantz and Mayer: have you learnt what rôles they were playing in this international drama?" asked Letherdale.

"They were appointed to destroy 'The Earth' film production."

"Pretty little assignment, eh?" mused the reporter with a smile. Then he added: "What inspired them to seek its destruction?"

"Because there were many scenes in it which were displeasing to the German agents," explained Frost. "This film production was supposed to be a story revealing the barbarous acts of the nations of the world since the beginning of time. It is needless to say that a great many of the German atrocities in Belgium and France were reproduced in this picture."

"With the knowledge of Gebhardt?"

"Absolutely."

"Strange that he would permit such a picture to be released over his trade mark, when he, himself, was a German sympathizer. He must have realized the flavor of Allied propaganda it contained."

"He was powerless. Had he objected, he would have aroused suspicion and probably would have been interned. He could do nothing. The picture enjoyed a tremendous success in the United States, and in addition to stirring up a lot of patriotic enthusiasm in general, it stimulated recruiting. Von Cleft was an observer of all this, but he did not express his displeasure to Gebhardt; for Gebhardt was proving very useful to him in other ways.

"However, when he learnt that Gebhardt intended exhibiting 'The Earth' in England, Von Cleft decided it was time to act. In addition to this, he had received orders from the Wilhelmstrasse to act, at all costs. He therefore instructed Gantz and Mayer to steal it."

"And that is the reason Gebhardt suddenly booked out of the Berkeley," interrupted Letherdale.

"No-o," disagreed the superintendent. "He left because he believed the British Intelligence Office was shadowing his movements. He would have gladly turned traitor, but he was too much of a coward; for he realized he had been too valuable to Germany. His reward, he believed, would have been the Tower, if he had switched to the side of the Allies. Fearing one of our men might make a raid on his quarters most any time, he decided to move and keep his whereabouts a secret. That is the reason he checked his luggage to Euston and then intercepted it. He wanted to cover his tracks. But the Germans were too shrewd for him. Gantz and Mayer followed his car, in a taxi, and when it reached the Lambeth side of the Thames, they overtook it by shooting one of the rear tires. The film was in a large portmanteau in the car with Gebhardt. They knocked Gebhardt insensible and gagged his chauffeur, after which they tied him to one of the wheels of the car. Then they took the film and relieved Gebhardt of his hat and wallet. Both men were heavily masked, and the hold-up took place in one of the deserted districts of Lambeth, near the edge of the Thames. The hat and wallet were taken in order to make Gebhardt believe he had been robbed by a couple of thugs.

"When they had finished their work, Gantz and Mayer returned to this side of the river, via Hungerford Bridge, and threw 'The Earth' into the Thames. Then in order to establish a clue that would point to an ordinary hold-up, they wrapped his hat and wallet in a newspaper one of them happened to have with him, and dropped it on the parapet."

"And fear prevented Gebhardt from reporting the robbery," added the reporter. "But did he go direct from the Berkeley to Lambeth?"

"No, he kept an appointment with Rita di Garma at the Ritz. He left there about 11:15 and started for the apartment he had taken in Lambeth."

"In other words, Gebhardt did not disappear on Monday as reported by Brenon Hodges, but on Tuesday," reflected the reporter.

"Apparently."

"Very well. Now then, where was he between Tuesday midnight and Wednesday afternoon?"

"He probably spent the morning recovering from the effects of his experience of the night before."

"I disagree with you here."

"However, that will be straightened out presently; for the one who killed Arthur Gebhardt is——"

The superintendent was interrupted by Inspector Henry, who at that moment entered the room. As Letherdale looked up, his gaze rested on the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, who hesitated a moment on the threshold, and then followed the Inspector. She was dressed in a very attractive gown, of dark grey, and a sash of the same material, gathered rather tightly about the waist, had the effect of emphasizing her fine figure. A smart hat, of grey straw, almost hid her deep brown hair, and its rim was just wide enough to form a charming background to her wonderful features. She moved with the grace and poise becoming one of her profession, and as Letherdale studied her, he knew she was making a brave effort to control her nervousness.

Both the superintendent and Letherdale arose as Inspector Henry introduced them. She seemed to be placed more at ease immediately. The head of Scotland Yard, who she had always imagined was a terrible character, who ruled with a tyrannical irony, proved to be quite otherwise. He greeted her with a gentle grasp of the hand and a very courteous bow, which calmed her fears.

Of the two, tho, the reporter was the more interesting. As he pressed her hand, there was a look of sympathy in his eyes which seemed to assure her of his confidence, and she believed she could count on his being her friend.

"After hearing Inspector Henry's story, I decided to send for you," began the superintendent, who chose this method of informing the famous screen actress that she was under arrest.

"I presume I am being apprehended," she said in faltering tones.

"Well, not exactly that, but I find it necessary to detain you until I have received the report of the coroner's physician," replied Frost. "And while we are waiting, I would like to ask you one or two questions. You dont have to answer them unless you feel so inclined, and I promise you, on the other hand, that whatever is said in this room, from now on, until the interview is closed, will remain a secret with the four of us."

"Thank you," she said, as she smiled faintly.

"In the first place: previous to Wednesday evening, when was the last time you saw Arthur Gebhardt?"

"On Tuesday evening." The inspector had placed a chair for her at the left of Frost, who had swung around, and was now facing her.

"That occasion was at the Ritz, was it not?"

"Yes."

"What time did you see him on Wednesday?"

She did not answer immediately. Her gaze shifted from the Superintendent to Letherdale and the latter saw the sorrow in her eyes as she recalled the last

(*Continued on page* 80)

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

OP of the morning to you all! Here's to the friends I class as old; here's to those I class as new. May the new soon grow to me old, and the old ne'er grow to me new. If you like to write letters, or think I know something you would like to know, or have something on your chest you want to unload—well, you have my address.

SUNSHINE SHIRLEY.—You want a chat with Wallace MacDonald now that he is playing regularly. Wallace, Wallace, please stand up and be chatted. Baby Marie Osborne is appearing in vaudeville now. You suggest taxing bachelors. Certainly! Tax all luxuries!

OLGA, 17.—Oh, hello! Back again? So you think Robert Harron is improving wonderfully, and you liked "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." You must not neglect your poor old Answer Man. Neglected duties never bring happiness.

BEB.—Write the Metro Co., 1476 Broadway, N. Y. City.

FLUFF.—Thanks for the gum. You say you know I'm a man. Well, I'm glad some one is convinced of that. I've been trying to tell you all so for ten years, and at last somebody believes. I thank you. Jack Holt was the sweetheart in "The Road Thru the Dark." Edmund Lowe in "Vive la France." William Stowell in "Hearts of Humanity." Yes, Robert Anderson. Lloyd Hughes, Frank Braidwood and George Hackathorn were the three brothers, and Margaret Mann was their mother. No, the cat has no name. You're welcome.

WHIPPET.—Constance Binney is with Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

ELIZABETH A. J.—So you think I would look handsome in a 1913 Ford. Righto! I would look handsome in anything. Johnny Hines was Mick and Robert Fischer was Jack in "The Heart of Gold." You failed to enclose the envelope.

LONESOME LASS.—Whow! You say old age is the devil who terrorizes beautiful women. Why so? I know lots of beautiful old women. There is something divine about growing old. You say your heart missed five beats when you saw Harrison Ford in "You Never Saw Such a Girl." Is he married? I should say not. I'd enjoy corresponding with you, but—the sight of this desk! My work increases, and everything has gone up except the days—they still have only 24 hours in them.

MARY M., ST. PAUL.—You say you admired Olga Petrova much more off the screen. And you think she has a wonderful shape. You're very quick at figures, I reckon. No, indeed, our magazines are not trade journals; they are regular, general, class magazines—and high-class, too. You say you were born on October 9th and you want to know your fate. Great guns! I'm no prophet, futurist, astrologer, or seer, and nobody else is enough of a one to tell you that correctly.

BROWNIE.—You've got it right when you say there is nothing like an empty stomach to quicken the desire to earn your own bread. But beware the Bolshevik and Jabberwocksy. Yes, Bill Hart has a sister. Winnifred Kingston was the lead in "The Virginian." Jane Novak with Paramount.

SENGA.—You wrote to Marguerite Clark over six weeks ago and she hasn't answered yet—and you want me to tell you what to do. That's easy—write her again. So am I fond of ice-cream. It seems that the first ice-cream served in America was served in the White House at a reception during President Madison's administration.

DUSTY RHODES OF SAN DIEGO.—Why didn't you make it a little longer? No, my dear, that isn't sarcasm. You have my O. K. Yes, "The Sea Master." Last picture of Herbert Rawlinson we published in December Magazine, 1918 issue. You ask, "What is the wicked city of New York like?" Run in for five minutes and I'll tell you. You say you would rather be a live nut than a planted one. What's the difference?

ELFRIEDA P.—Thanks for the picture you drew of me, but I want you to know that I do not chew the end of my pen, nor do I carry a wrist-watch. I have no time—except an alarm clock, and I dont carry that. John Bowers was the prince in "Day Dreams." Jack Pickford, Los Angeles, Cal.

IMA NUT.—Better decide for yourself who is king of the movies. Of course, I know, but it wouldn't be diplomatic for me to say. You ask for a lock of my hair. My child, not for a million! It couldn't be done, because I have none of my hair to spare. 'Tis sad but true, I have no queue. True 'tis 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

MARY MILES MINTER ADMIRER.—Yes, I see the women are now wearing vests, but I hope they have come as near as they ever will to wearing pants. Their present skirts are little more than one-legged trousers. Virginia Pearson's films will be released thru Pathé. Alice Lake is with Metro. Yes, write to the players—I think most of them will send their photos.

THU JAY.—Thanks for the lucky charm, and I hope, as you say, it will bring me luck, altho I am not quite so confident as you are. Yes, I still live in the hall-room, and I hope soon to be making enough money to warrant my taking an alcove. Thanks for yours.

BILLY, NEWBURG.—Now that the war is over, it is probable that the old order of appointment to West Point, thru Congressmen and U. S. Senators, will be resumed. Young men who have been graduated from the high schools are qualified to compete. William Sherwood was Duncan in "The Jury of Fate."

BARA FAN.—Oh, my word! You say love like ours can never die (because it never existed!). Will nobody ever learn to love me? Helen Lackaye was Louise in "The Knife." Eugene Ormonde was Chabin in "The Light," (Fox).

MIRIAM F. H. O.—Surely I remember you. Tell me more about Romaine Fielding. Yes, he was once one of our popular stars. And do you remember Curly?

The Answer Man

LOTTIE D. T.—And you, too, where have you been? As per the above, Olga is still 17. It gives me a thrill of joy to hear from my old friends like you and Olga. Lois Wilson was Warren Kerrigan's leading woman in "Come Again, Smith." Marjorie Daw in "Arizona." Pray let me hear from you again.

WANDERING GLOOGOOS.—Rejected, and wondering! Pretty tough. You remember the old saying, hasty marriages usually begin with a march and end with the divorce courts. *Prenez garde!* Wonder what has become of Mary Fuller? Give it up, but I hear she got rich in Wall Street and retired. John Bowers opposite Mabel Normand in "Sis Hopkins." Clifford Bruce in "Woman, Woman." Crawford Kent in "Inn of the Blue Moon." Cant give you the cast for "Undine" here. Curtain, please.

THE KEY.—I'm sorry and all that, but you no doubt refer to Winnifred Allen in "Sapho." She also played in "The Long Trail." The Fame and Fortune Contest will close July 1, and the winner will be announced some time later.

SIS P.—Well, perhaps he pulls with the press—that's fame. Shame on you! Dont you know that Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world? I knew that 70 years ago. Lila is no relation to Jane.

LANGHALOT.—Send 25c here for that picture. Address all the players in care of their company. Always at your service. Our office-boy says service means doing what the boss wants before he has time to ask why you haven't.

ALIAS NORMA.—Nazimova's latest is "The Red Lantern," (Metro). Blanche Bates in "The Border Legion," released thru Metro; Hobart Bosworth opposite her. Write our Circulation Department here.

IKE N. FIXIT.—Who said I was broke? You say you have just been told that I am 79, wear a long beard and drink buttermilk. Your informant was an unusually intelligent and well-informed man. Fritz Leiber was Cæsar, Albert Roscoe was Pharon, Thurston Hall was Anthony and Art Acord was Kephren in "Cleopatra." Go ahead, and let me see it.

BLUEBIRD.—But when a wish has been gratified, other wishes crowd in to take its place. We are never done wishing and hoping. Ethel Clayton was married to the late Joseph Kaufman. So you think I am an everlasting flower. Oou la, la! Like a flower, I'm always in bed early and close my petals about 10 P. M.

LE MARCHANT ROAD.—Bolsheviki in Russian means majority. It was first used in Russian in 1903. Thanks for the compliment. Shirley Mason and Robert Warwick in "Secret Service." No, no, my dear; you have it all wrong. It's not the man, but the "Girl Who Stayed at Home," (Griffith). Men never stay home.

IRISH.—Why dont you get THE CLASSIC? Deliver me, I do not wear tortoise-shell glasses, said he, peevishly. You think I "pull down thirty bones a week." I dont get you, nor do I get the thirty. Juanita Hansen is to play opposite Tom Mix for Fox. Harold Lockwood's last picture was "A Man of Honor," (Metro). Poor, dear Harold.

IRENE E. D.—Again thanks. Yes, but men flatter because they know women are strong believers in reciprocity. Stuart Holmes was the captain in "East Lynne." Hazel Daly in "Brown of Harvard." Ormi Hawley is playing.

D. I. T.—Yes, indeed, I remember Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush. Them was the good old days! Bertram Grassby in "Hoop-La." Mignon Anderson was with Metro last and Marguerite Courtot is still playing.

I. NO U.—I really cant say whether Walter Edwards ever was in a Pittsburgh stock company. The Lubin plant is closed.

JOSEPHINE D.—Glad you liked the pictures.

LOTUS DIETED.—The growing evil has not caused me to philosophize on drinks for women. Wonder what the temperance lecturers will lecture about after the first? And how about all the drink plays? You write a clever letter, and I really dont know what to prescribe for laziness.

HELEN M. P.—Thanks for the thrift stamp. But a woman is not necessarily in love with a man because she is jealous of him. "Love levels all ranks," sings the poet—same way with a slippery sidewalk or a banana peel.

C. RAY.—Yes, William Desmond is married to Mary McIvor, his former leading woman. Well, you see it's this way: just before pay-day, when the ghost walks, I usually lose about 10 pounds, so my weight fluctuates. John Collins was Viola Dana's husband. Write again, Ray.

KUTE KEWPIE KID.—Thanks for sending me the pressed flowers from New Zealand. Nice bit of sentiment which I much appreciate. Reminds me of sweetheart days. No, I use a typewriter. Touch system, too. Some system! And that's the only kind of touching I do. You see, it's this way: calves' brains one day and ox-tail soup the next, and I usually make both ends meet.

MRS. F. G. L.—Guess you are right. Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence were a splendid team. The former is dead and the latter retired.

NAZIMOVA FAN.—Well, when I went thru Vassar College—one afternoon with a friend of mine—I learnt that peroxide of hydrogen was first discovered by a chemist, (Thenard), in the year 1818. It is chiefly used as an antiseptic and germicide, and helpful for artists to renovate old paintings. (Now, dont imagine from this that I am a woman!) Natalie Talmadge isn't in pictures. Thank you.

ANNABELLA.—Full name hereafter, please. Send for a list of manufacturers. The players usually stop at the various hotels when they come to New York—the Astor, Knickerbocker, Claridge, Plaza, Commodore, Biltmore, Pennsylvania, Waldorf, etc. The Commodore is the last word in hotels, but the Pennsylvania is the largest in the world, I am told.

MISS CHU CHIN CHOW.—Glad to hear from you, and thanks for the snap. Your looks belie your name. June Caprice and Creighton Hale are playing in "Oh, Boy," produced by Capellani, released thru Pathé. Kitty Gordon can be reached at the United Pictures, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

MOVIE FAN.—Owen Moore is back in pictures. Naomi Childers is playing opposite Hale Hamilton in "After His Own Heart." Billie Rhodes in "The Lamb and the Lion," (National). Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard. No joshing. She expects to go on the stage. Makes no difference whether you're married or not, write to me.

K. H. L.—Yours in defense of Alice Brady was good and wish we could publish it. But she needs no defense. Neither of the Gish girls are married, and I dont know why. The pictures will stay forever. Why not?

THE PARSON'S SON.—May Allison was born in the South. So you have to pay 36c for our magazines in New Zealand. But aren't they worth it? Better move to New York.

MAUDE 180.—Belle Bennett in "A Soul in Trust." Surely you dont expect me to send you one of my photos. Begone!

KANGAROO.—Oh my, yes; we have about 15,000 readers in Australia.

MOVIE LOVER.—Daniel DeFoe, the great English writer, died a poor man at 70. That's something I wont do, die at 70, but I'm sure of the other. Theda Bara did not play in "Cabiria." Anita Stewart in "A Million Bid." Yes, write Harry Morey. He's very nice that way, likes all his friends.

LONELY YANKEE GIRL.—Famous Players-Lasky have formed an arrangement with the International Film Service to release all Cosmopolitan productions. Yes, Hearst. Dustin Farnum is with United. Oh yes, I am sympathetic. June is the month of matrimony, also bugs.

MARY L.—Sorry, but I dont know the name of the cemetery that Harold Lockwood was buried in.

EDDIE.—Two dimes and a nickel make 25 cents, and that is equal to a shilling, or in East Side slang, two bits.

(*Continued on page* 92)

If you haven't yet tried Cutex, make up your mind to send for the trial set today. See how noticeably better your nails look after their first Cutex manicure!

Stains and discolorations disappear as if by magic the moment you apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails

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Once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, dip the end of an orange stick, wrapped with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pressing back the cuticle as you dry your hands.

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The set contains everything necessary for several complete manicures!

Send only 20c for it today! Northam Warren, Dept. 807, 114 W. 17th St., New York City.

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

OUT in Los Angeles many of the film people entertain at the famous Alexandria Hotel. Recently Gloria Swanson gave a party, chaperoned by her mother and escorted by Ralph Graves. Gloria is always up-to-date, so she had bought one of the French-blue dolmans, lined with ivory satin.

Lloyd Hughes is coming to the fore in giving chic entertainments since he's signed a fine new contract with Ince, of Culver City fame. Gloria Hope was the guest of honor there, so it was a sort of *optimistic* party.

If you want to know who's particularly popular in movie society, we'll let you in on a secret. There's hardly a party given but what the name of Anna Q. Nilsson is included in the list of guests. The Howard Hickmans gave a dinner at Maison Marcell which featured Anna for one. The main reason for her social success is her utter candor, good wit, tireless spirits, and willingness to go anywhere, play any sort of game, and never spoil the sport by being cross.

Those of us who witnessed the Bryant Washburn production of "Venus in the East" at Grauman's Million-Dollar Theater wondered how on earth so choppy a tale could be placed before the public. Comes now Bryant Washburn in a public note to one of the Los Angeles newspaper critics and ably defends his position. This critic said boldly, "Something is *lacking.*" Mr. Washburn admits humorously that many a true word is said in jest and proceeds to put in the joker. He says that just twenty-four scenes, which he'd taken the trouble to film at great expense in the East, were boldly amputated from his play by the Gruman Amusement Company in order that they might have more time for amusement features on the big bill. The studio sent an expert to check up the film, and it was found that three episodes and part of the fourth shot in New York had been left out. It's no wonder there was a lack of continuity. This sort of thing has gone on frequently in various theaters, but nobody has had the courage to publicly vindicate a play, save Mr. Washburn.

(*Continued on page* 83)

Since she became a J. Stuart Blackton star, Sylvia Breamer has lived in New York. Here she is shown in her apartment, which she shares with a girl friend

For the first time in more than a year Marshall Neilan, director; Mary Pickford, star, and Frances Marion, scenario writer, got together in Los Angeles, their old stamping-ground. They assembled at Miss Pickford's studio and discussed the propaganda picture which Miss Marion is making for the government

Marguerite Marsh

In "The Eternal Magdalene"

Isn't Marguerite a picture in her present plight? Vainly she clutches the death designing hand and with pleading eyes implores the irate leading man to abandon his ruthless rashness.

Goldwyn Picture

New York City, N. Y.
Nov. 1, 1918

F. F. INGRAM CO.

I have found Ingram's Milkweed Cream distinctly superior to the ordinary "face cream." It has, of course, the softening and cleansing features common to many but what has won my appreciation is its ability to tone up the skin.

Marguerite Marsh

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

It may be your problem to preserve the color and softness of your complexion. Or, perhaps you wish to improve your appearance. In either case you ought to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream daily, in the morning and just before retiring.

It clears clogged pores, banishes slight imperfections, soothes away redness and roughness, and keeps the delicate texture of the skin soft and smooth. And, best of all, its exclusive therapeutic property keeps the complexion toned-up and healthy all the time. Get a jar at your druggist's today.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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(*Continued from page 74*)

scene in the life of Arthur Gebhardt and the tragic rôle she had played therein. Finally she raised her eyes and replied softly: "It was after luncheon."

"As I understand it, he followed you to the studio. Is that true?"

"He called at my home in Golder's Green, and learning from my maid I had left for South Hackney, he followed me."

"You will pardon this next question," continued Frost politely. "Were you very fond of this man?"

It was evident she was embarrassed by this query, and she hesitated a moment, as she toyed nervously with the silken strings of her bag.

"I was at one time," she admitted.

"But when you learnt of the contemptible rôle he was playing, and of his disloyalty to his country, you discontinued this friendship. That is so, isn't it?"

"This is a time when a woman puts the love of her country above all things," she said slowly, with a great deal of emphasis.

"How did you come to learn of the dual rôle Gebhardt was playing?"

She dropped her head and her gaze rested on the floor. Presently she lifted her eyes, and the superintendent noted a slight frown as she replied:

"I—I promised I would never tell."

The superintendent was silent for a moment. Then he said in kindly tones: "I explained at the outset that you could use your own discretion in replying to my questions. I will not press you, but I might say it would assist us a great deal to learn the source of this information," he explained. "In fact, I will admit it would be to your advantage. However, you may not answer, unless you see fit."

Rita then glanced at Letherdale, and she seemed to read a prompting in his eyes which told her she would be doing the right thing if she trusted the superintendent. Then she met the gaze of the Scotland Yard official.

"It was Brenon Hodges," she volunteered.

The superintendent started slightly as he heard this, and as he looked at the inspector and then at Letherdale, he noted the surprise her words had awakened.

"Rather intricate, isn't it?" remarked the Inspector.

"His has been a strange rôle," mused Frost. "He has tried hard to be fair and honorable."

"But he found it damnably hard," added Letherdale.

"What do you suppose prompted him to betray his best friend?" inquired Inspector Henry, thoughtfully.

"His patriotism: his love for his country," replied Rita, with emotion.

"I would correct your former statement," suggested Letherdale, as he met her gaze with a tender smile. "This is a time when every real man, and every real woman, put the love for their country above all things."

"Hodges has played a noble part, and I'm inclined to believe it is the only real thing he has done thus far in his life," said the superintendent. "In order to protect the honor of a lady, he betrayed his best friend."

For a moment none of them spoke.

"May I ask Miss di Garma a question?" inquired Letherdale of Frost.

"Why certainly," replied the official.

"Was Mr. Gebhardt wearing a hat, when you saw him Wednesday?" asked the reporter.

She stared at him in surprise for an instant, and then replied: "Why certainly."

"Did you see the hat while he was in the studio?" he continued.

"Yes," she returned. "It was lying on the sofa."

"Thank you."

The superintendent was puzzled. "What are you trying to prove?" he asked Letherdale.

"I'm trying to show that someone in the studio took Gebhardt's hat, immediately after his death."

"And——"

"The one who took it, had a definite object for taking it!"

"By jove! I recall now...His hat was missing," said the inspector.

"And so far as I know, it has never been found," added Letherdale.

"What do you make of this?" inquired the superintendent, who was growing interested.

Letherdale could refrain from speaking the truth no longer. The sorrowful look in the eyes of Rita di Garma seemed to challenge him, and he decided he would drop the curtain of this farce and put an end to her mental suffering. With the light of admiration beaming in his eyes, he met her look for an instant. Then he turned to the superintendent, who was waiting for his reply.

"The one who took that hat is the one that killed Arthur Gebhardt!" he remarked.

(*To be concluded*)

I'm For the Old Location

By Corporal W. E. Mair, U. S. Infantry

I'm for the old location; I haven't much to say
About going back on the wreck-strewn track while the battle-clouds loomed gray;
But Time has directed the picture, the plot has come to its turn,
And I yearn to rove toward the land I love, where the welcoming home fires burn.

You sing of the charms of gay Paree,
Of the ruby "vin" and the mademoiselles;
You vision the soldier fancy-free,
You tell of the spell of cathedral bells.

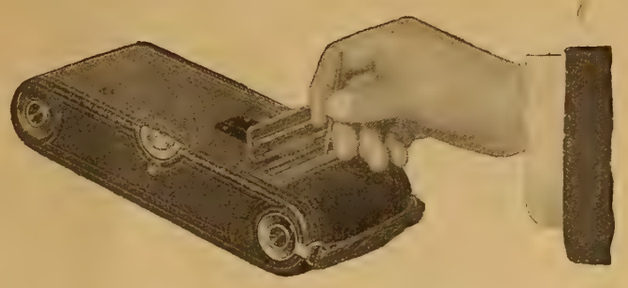
I only remember the western sun
As it used to stream down the dear old lanes;
Of the friendly doors by the paths that run
From the steepled town to the dotted plains.

You're all for the charms of the old chateaux,
You prate like a poet of "purpling vines,"
Of the peasant folk and their burning rows
Of crimson flowers 'neath the Norman pines.

Perhaps 'tis the mist—for it couldn't be tears—
That curtains this strange, fair land from me.
For sweet as first love thru its vistaed years
Glows a harbor light by a far home sea.

From your nook you may worship this high romance
Of the soldier's hour, but the end draws nigh,
And I'd pawn you all of glorious France
For one sunlit hour 'neath the homeland sky.

I'm for the old location, for the story has run its thrill,
And the beacon fire that summons me is a light on a western hill.
Time has directed the picture, and the actors wend them home—
Home is the goal, tho the farthest pole should find me afield in the gloam.



The date on the Film

In just a few years you will ask:

This picture of John, was it made before or after the war? And this of little Mary taking her first toddling steps—how old was she then?

How those snap-shots, made on our trip to the Yellowstone bring it all back to us, except the date,—when *did* we go?

Grandmother before the fireplace with her knitting, growing old gently and gracefully—how old was she? It is so annoying not to remember.

Time plays the mischief with memory—but with the *date on the film* you may laugh at his tricks. All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies are now *autographic* and, with autographic film, provide the means for dating and titling each negative as you make it. It is all done in a few seconds, is as simple as "pressing the button" and though it may not seem so at the moment, *a date is always worth while.*

And there is no extra charge for autographic film.

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News of the latest styles.

News of comforts unknown when father was a boy.

News that is handy to your eye.

News that you can't afford to hurry by.

News that will save you money.

Don't miss the advertisements.

No. 1

The Fox corporation has kept George Walsh commuting to Florida off and on all winter. Consequently George appreciates home when he sees it. He is shown here with his nephew, young Jack Walsh, son of R. A. Walsh, the director, and his niece, Alice Hoppé, the daughter of his sister

(*Continued from page* 78)

Did you know that the King Vidor baby is now three months old? They gave a seven-course dinner in honor of the event, and Florence in the rôle of mother was prettier than she's been on the screen, which is going some. Florence Vidor just adores housekeeping, kids and hostessing.

Mary Pickford has got back at Micky Neilan, her present director. Four years ago Mr. Neilan played Lieut. Pinkerton to Mary's Madame Butterfly, and there were so many rehearsals that Little Mary fain would have died earlier in the play than the suicide called for. Well, she's had it in for Micky ever since, for they used to arise at 4 A. M. and work all day on the Japanese tragedy.

Now Marshall Neilan is again directing Mary in "Daddy Long Legs" and plays an important rôle besides. Mary directs while Micky acts, so one evening recently she gave Mr. Neilan special directions to be at a certain spot at 4 A. M. next day. With the hour of daylight conserving now in vogue, this meant dark rising time. Mr. Neilan tried to find the spot she'd designated as a "location" and wandered from the Santa Monica foothills to some Hollywood canyons—that is, wandered in his machine. Finally he landed at the studio at 7 A. M., sore and hungry. Miss Pickford said, "Why, you're just on time this morning, Mr. Neilan; congratulations." Her director has not gotten over this "stall" yet. Meantime, Mary is making him roll over, climb, and do all sorts of stunts when it comes her turn to direct rehearsals. She says that rehearsals, like curses, come home to *roost,* and she thoroly enjoys *her* chance to *crow.*

James Cruze celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday by a family dinner including his wife, Marguerite Snow, Wallace Reid, Dorothy Reid, the Reid infant, and Julie Cruze, now aged five. The pink and white cake bore tell-tale candles, and there were lots of gifts in white paper with pink ribbons.

We saw Peggy Hyland on Hollywood Boulevard in her car—a very attentive young gentleman steering the wheel, and a fierce-looking pup occupying the lone rear seat. Miss Hyland gave a dinner at her home, followed by a motor party to the Ship Café, Venice, where the guests danced until midnight. One of the most

(*Continued on page* 103)

Robert Warwick's first photograph since he donned civilians. For the first time in eighteen months Captain Warwick is out of uniform—altho he goes back and dons a Civil War uniform for his new photoplay, "Secret Service"

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The Third Degree

(*Continued from page* 58)

with his money and his friends. Besides, what can a man expect. . . . When one is fifty-five—he thought, softly, of the new Mrs. Jeffries, Sr.—one has earned a sort of a right to delve into romance as a promised aftermath, but at twenty or so one has the making of one's life to consider, one's prestige, one's interests . . . romance . . . bah!

When Howard, Jr., burst upon him one spring day a week or so after his graduation and announced his "wife" Howard, Sr., all but terminated his own midsummer night's honeymoon by an apoplectic stroke.

The young couple were installed in the suite formerly occupied by Howard, Jr., until such time as proper investigation could be made.

"They dont like me, Howard," miserably said Annie, the night of their arrival.

"They're queer," dismissed Howard; "but they will, sweetheart, they'll never be able to help it."

Howard, Sr., "helped" it quite remarkably when, as a result of his investigating, he was apprised of the fact that Sands père had died, consumptively, in jail, and Sands mère in a hovel which suffered by comparison with said jail, of the same complaint. The girl, Annie, had been brought up in an asylum of charity, had worked for a while in a factory, and had then been a waitress in the Modest Restaurant, where Howard, Jr., had wooed her over the soapsuds and trays.

Howard, Jr., was sent for and ejected. "I'll allow you five thousand a year to keep you from starvation," bellowed Jeffries, Sr., who could not put utterly from him the small pathetic picture of his infant son blubbering over bread and milk.

"Put it in the collection plate and be d—— to you" bellowed back Jeffries, Jr. "I'll tell you where to send our things."

It was hard sledding for the Jeffries, Jr. Howard was inadequate when it came to that astounding thing, "a job." He had been educated—super-educated—to what end? He was a misfit. He was a super-product. The world where dollars were sweated for had no use for him. Oftentimes, in the forty-dollar-a-month apartment, there was not enough to eat. Howard, Jr., would not hear of Annie going back to work. "Let me prove that I'm no good first," he begged of her; "let me prove it tho it kills me."

Annie smiled at him. She never did anything else. Annie was the sort of woman to whom love is a cross—a cross whereon to stretch herself and be pierced thru and thru—a cross whereupon she was scourged perpetually—a Gethsemane spent alone. . . .

"Robert Underwood" Howard proclaimed abruptly one day, after an hour or more of the sullen brooding that had become habitual with him; "Robert Underwood owes me exactly two hundred dollars. I never thought of asking him back for it—then. It didn't mean enough for the asking. But now . . . I loaned it to him the day that chap hypnotized me, Annie. D'ye remember? He bet the chap he couldn't hypnotize anybody, and the chap bet he could—and he did—I was 'it.' I'm going to ask him for it. I've his address somewhere around."

Robert Underwood admitted Howard, Jr., himself. He did not exclaim so much at the reduced state of Howard, Jr., as Howard, Jr., exclaimed at the abnormal state of Underwood.

"Gad, Bob," he said, with a return of the affection he had felt for the man back in the ingenuous freshie days; "what's up—or down?"

Underwood waved him to a seat. The studio was dimly lit by a sky-light from above. Its corners were indefinite with wine-color velours. There were bronzes about, an oil or two. A censer swung from an old-gold cord, and the fragrant smoke blew up against the gray ending of the day.

And yet it was bitter. It was sharp with the intolerable bitterness of the man whose twisted spirit, somehow, permeated it. There were memories about it as acid as gall. There were hopes as decaying as wormwood.

"Everything's down, Howard," the host said, drearily; "I've had my death-blow, old man."

"Death-blow? Nonsense, what are you talking about? In the midst of all this affluence . . ."

"Affluence? Oh, this . . . yes. But that isn't what I mean. It isn't exactly affluence, however, being gorgeously unpaid for. But that's the smallest part of it. One can always be a soldier of fortune if one's spirit isn't broken. Mine is. Broken clean in half. A woman. I'm that sort, Howard. A woman can break me. One did. I'm dying of a hideous starvation. It's true. I'm famishing for her as truly as tho she were bread and meat and wine. I'm starving . . . to . . . death . . ."

Howard, Jr., tried to force a natural laugh. "You're morbid, old man," he ventured, "you need a drink."

Underwood smiled. "I *am* drunk," he said solemnly; "I'm soaked thru and thru with the stuff. It cant touch me anywhere. It cant reach the famine. It's too deep."

Howard, Jr., braced himself. He felt that he might better ask a corpse for money. Then he thought of Annie and the hollows under her eyes and the bareness of the cupboard at home. . . . He helped himself to a drink. Then he took another. Underwood was still talking, drearily, still coupling women with hell, hell with women, still with that fearful note of longing punctuating his scorn.

"That two hundred you owe me," Jeffries, Jr., finally managed to articulate; "what of that?"

He heard Underwood give a short laugh. . . . An hour or so later, on Underwood's divan-bed, he heard another short laugh . . . a woman's. . . . "My new stepmother," his brain registered dimly, then he slept again.

He woke to a blare of lights, to sharp discursive voices, to the feeling of something metallic about his wrists, to a voice saying gruffly, "dont sham drink. Come to!"

On the way down-stairs he elicited the information that Underwood had been found dead in the apartment, shot thru the temple. He deduced from this, with a spasm of horror, that however death had overtaken Underwood, it had done so in the five hours during which he, Howard, had been sleeping there. Death . . . why, it had been pursuing Underwood when they had talked together in the fore part of the evening . . . it had been in the lurking shadows . . . at his very heels . . . poor Underwood . . . so bitter . . .

(*Continued on page* 90)

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Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey is again at work under the Cooper-Hewitts. This time he is starred by Select in a feature called "Hell on Earth." In the cast also appear such well-known names as Evelyn Martin, Marguerite Courtot, Betty Blythe, Sally Crute and Arthur Donaldson. Wilfred North is the director.

Robert Gordon, who made such a hit as Huckleberry Finn, has signed two new contracts. One is for life, (he married Alma Francis last month), the other to appear in **J. Stuart Blackton** Productions.

Constance Talmadge has come East to produce pictures. Her first will be from Jane Cowl's stage success, "Information, Please." Natalie Talmadge will play the part of the younger sister.

According to a recent announcement, **Nell Shipman** is now the richest motion picture actress in the world. Upon the death of her father, Arnold Foster Shipman, she became heiress to half of an estate valued at $5,000,000. The other half goes to her brother, Maurice Shipman, who is at present still in a hospital with a wound obtained in France.

William Desmond is again at work at the Hampton studios in "Two-Fisted Gallagher."

R. A. Walsh has arrived in California with Mrs. Walsh, professionally known as **Miriam Cooper,** and is hard at work upon his spectacular film version of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

Eileen Percy is playing opposite E. K. Lincoln in Zane Grey's story, "Desert Gold."

Naomi Childers supports Tom Moore in his latest production.

Victor Potel is with Metro now. Remember him as Slippery Slim in the old Essanay days.

Shirley Mason has asked for her release from Paramount.

Tom Moore will soon start work on "Lord and Lady Algy," the comedy by R. C. Carton, which William Faversham played on Broadway.

World Film Company will star **Zena Keefe** in a picture temporarily called "The Amateur Widow." Hugh Dillman, who recently married Marjorie Rambeau, will play opposite her.

PEGGY HYLAND

The report is **Charles Ray** has been signed by First National.

King Vidor, who made such an excellent impression with his "Turn of the Road" production, is completing a new one called "Better Times."

People living in small towns away from the Gay White Way will soon have that wonderland brought to them. A galaxy of former Winter Garden stars will be seen in the forthcoming production of "That's Good" with **Hale Hamilton.** Many scenes are laid atop the roof of a prominent hotel, where the dancers disport themselves 'mid the clinking glasses.

May Allison, charming star of "Peggy Does Her Darndest," has set aside and planted a goodly portion of her ranch with wheat in order that America may keep her 20-million-ton pledge to starving Europe.

Viola Dana has at last found a name for her Pom. "Satan" it is, and for the life of us we cant see why. That moniker would better fit one of Simon Legree's bloodhounds.

Milton Sills has returned to the Goldwyn fold and will appear with Pauline Frederick in her next picture.

Kitty Gordon is planning to build a new home in the suburbs of San Francisco, California.

Henry Kolker, who is popular in Metro pictures, appeared most recently in "Blackie's Redemption" with Bert Lytell.

Nazimova has chosen the famous Morosco stage success, "The Brat," for her next super-feature.

Evelyn Greeley's untiring efforts have at last been rewarded and she is now a star in her own right. Her first venture will be "Relations" and Hugh Dillman will be her leading man.

To be really loved, one must have a nickname. Just glance over this list that the Japanese have given a few of our stars. They call Eddie Polo "Samurai," which means "superman"; Mary MacLaren, "Nakume," which means "sad eyes"; Dorothy Phillips, "Kire-onna," which means "lovely lady"; and Harry Carey, "Watashi-otoko," which means the "gunman."

Dorothy Phillips has joined the ranks of the "Dual-Rôle Stars." In her new picture, "Ambition," which Allan Holubar is directing at Universal City, Miss Phillips will have two distinct characterizations. Mr. Holubar wrote the story.

Pauline Frederick has also decided it is time for another dual-rôle picture. Upon taking the matter up with the scenario department, she was promptly furnished with "One Week of Life." Her two characters are women with entirely different outlooks on life.

"Smiling Bill" Parsons has signed up Flora Parker and Carter DeHaven, the vaudeville favorites and musical comedy team, to appear in his Capitol Comedies.

After making final arrangements with the above team, "Smiling Bill" will start on a world picture-making tour. 'Tis said his little wife, **Billie Rhodes,** will be in his party.

Johnny Dooley, of "Listen, Lester" fame, has joined the band of filmites, and his films will be known as the Johnny Dooley Comedy Films, Inc.

Aha! Here's another. Seems to be in the air. **Bert Lytell** has been playing a dual rôle. But not in the same picture. He has been making scenes for "Blackie's Redemption" and "The Lion's Den" on alternating days.

Dorothy Dalton has been sent to New York to produce her next picture. Just what it is we have not been told—we merely know that it is known as "the most sensational picture of her screen career."

Enid Bennett has moved into her new home in Beverly Hills and promptly decided to take a two weeks' vacation in order to decorate and furnish the place she bought and which she expects to make her permanent home. Husband-director Fred Niblo was woefully acquiescent to her demand-request.

Charlie Chaplin recently entertained Peter B. Kyne, the writer, and Kyne's adopted French son, Marcel Dupuis, at his studio.

Mary Miles Minter, under the guardianship of her mother, has filed a suit against the American Film Company to recover $4,125 back salary alleged to be due the star.

Of all the nutty news of the month, the prize goes to the announcement that **Mabel Normand** has installed a peanut-roaster in her dressing-room.

Harry Hilliard is Gladys Brockwell's new leading man.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Eugene Pallette, now out of the army, is an important character in "Words and Music," a new Al Ray and Elinor Fair production.

Francelia Billington has been selected as leading woman for "The Pinnacle," with Eric von Stroheim and Sam de Grasse, for Universal.

Owing to illness which overtook him while on location in Truckee, Cal., **Monte Blue,** cast for the leading rôle in Lila Lee's new picture, "The Daughter of the Wolf," was obliged to withdraw from the cast and Elliott Dexter will play the character.

Kay Laurel, of Ziegfeld Follies fame, has an important rôle in Wallace Reid's new picture, "The Valley of the Giants."

During the Salvation Army drive, **Mary Pickford** dressed up as a Salvation Army lassie and sold newspapers. The Los Angeles *Express* got out a special "Mary Pickford Edition," the first time such a thing has happened in the history of journalism in the West, so far as can be discovered.

Viola Dana is finishing work on "Madelon," from the novel by Mary E. Wilkins, which will be released under the title of "False Evidence."

While **Marie Walcamp** is at home recovering from injuries received during the filming of the seventeenth episode of the Universal serial, "The Red Glove," her director, J. P. MacGowan, is working on a special two-reel Western production to be released as one of the "Cyclone Smith" series and bearing the temporary title of "In the Balance."

Mary MacLaren's new picture is called "The Weaker Vessel." Thurston Hall will be her leading man and Margaret Loomis will also be in the cast.

Alice Lake has been retained as Bert Lytell's leading woman in "The Lion's Den." This will be the first time he has had the same leading woman in two consecutive pictures.

Theda Bara is at work on "La Belle Russe," which has been adapted from one of David Belasco's celebrated plays and is said to mark a radical departure from the type of plays Miss Bara has been enacting.

Nazimova is scheduled to pay New York City a brief visit.

Molly Malone is "Fatty" Arbuckle's leading lady in his new picture, which is as yet untitled, but has to do with a mining camp in the days of gold and wild adventure.

After completing "Help! Help! Police!" at Palm Beach, **George Walsh** is back in New York and has begun work on a new comedy-drama, "The Seventh Person," a story written by Benjamin F. McCutcheon.

Fay Tincher has returned to comedy again under the Christie banner

Peggy Hyland has completed "Miss Adventure" for Fox and has as her guest at her charming California home Miss Adele Fletcher, who puts pretty things in the papers.

Beatriz Michelena has returned to pictures after a year's absence. Her first picture, "Just Squaw," will be released thru Exhibitors' Mutual.

Eugene O'Brien has been promoted to stardom by Lewis J. Selznick, who has bought out all the Zukor interests in Select Pictures Corporation.

Marguerite Clark has departed westward.

Paul Swan, the famous dancer, has taken a dip into films and will make a feature for the Post Pictures Corporation.

Harry Houdini, the handcuff artist of the vaudeville stage who was recently converted to pictures via "The Master Mystery," a serial, has departed for California, where he will make pictures for Famous Players-Lasky, with whom he has signed a new contract.

It has been announced that a photograph of **Lillian Gish** won first prize in the annual exhibition of photography in the Royal Salon in London. Hendrik Sardov, of the Hoover studios in Hollywood, California, is the artist.

Gale Henry is again making screamingly funny comedies. Her latest is called "A Wild Woman."

William Fox is planning to send several companies to Verdun, the Marne, Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood to stage photoplays of modern after-the-war stories.

HENRY KOLKER

Helen Jerome Eddy, Anna Q. Nilsson and Helene Chadwick constitute the roster of beauties who help **Bryant Washburn** portray "A Very Good Young Man."

William Farnum has recovered from the loss of his tonsils and is at work on "The Lone Star Ranger," the story of which was written by Zane Grey.

Marion Davies is the most ultra-feminine star we know, and yet the report is that she has purchased an aeroplane for practical use. What are the men coming to?

Norma Talmadge is now studying classic dancing and Russian ballet. Constance Talmadge, who has arrived in New York from the coast, will join in the class, as will Anita Loos. Dame Rumor has it also that Constance is leaving Select and tripping the light fantastic over to First National Exhibitors' Circuit.

The First United Artists Film will be a Fairbanks production, to be released September 7th.

James Young and **Clara Whipple** were married on April 10th. Mr. Young is directing Earle Williams, while the new Mrs. Young will continue her work of photoplay writing.

It is understood that **Frances Burnham,** who has played leads opposite George Walsh, will organize her own company to produce pictures.

Not content with supervising the disappearance of Charlie Murray's beautiful jazz shirts a few weeks ago, his special hoodoo saw to it that his favorite bracelet—not worn by Charlie, but a gift from him to Mrs. Murray—disappeared from his wife's arm at a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Oldfield. Murray has detectives on the trail.

The **Kathrine MacDonald** Pictures Corporation has been formed, and her first picture, "The Thunderbolt," has been completed and is expected to live up to its name in film circles.

Isabelle Rea has returned to the screen to co-star with Templar Saxe.

Virginia Valli, formerly a star in Essanay pictures, is now a member of the North Shore Players at the Wilson Avenue Theater. The notice does not say what town of the big U. S. A. Wilson Avenue is in, but we hazard a vote for Chicago.

Oliver Morosco has signed a contract to star **Francis X. Bushman** on the speaking stage. The only important thing left for him to do now is find a suitable play for the gentleman.

Montagu Love is taking a dip into vaudeville in a one-act play called "Gentlemen of the Street."

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Investing Wisely

By J. Frank Howell
President Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York.

In the transition from war activities to peace conditions, the progress already made greatly surpasses original expectations.

About five months have elapsed since the armistice was signed, and while the march of events in our industrial affairs during the interval has been uninterruptedly towards betterment, the results accomplished in the last few weeks have been especially pronounced.

The chaos in our affairs, which many believed was inevitable, failed to materialize—chiefly because our great industrial concerns were too efficiently organized to admit of any serious or prolonged derangement of the mechanism of business.

In the shifting of operations from high pressure war activities to the more orderly conduct of business under the new order of things, various disruptions of routine were quite noticeable.

These drawbacks disappeared to a great extent, and the onward movement is now of great force and promise.

Investors should understand that price fluctuations are a part of all markets and of all periods. Should the trend of the price movement seem at times to be unfavorable to one's holdings, it would be most unwise to act hastily and perhaps make unnecessary sacrifices through fear of still further depressing features arising. Often such a situation presages advancing prices and better security market. It will be found advantageous at all times, but especially when in doubt, for investors to seek dependable advice and not attempt to decide for themselves what to do.

The importance of the part that this country is to take in the rehabilitation of devastated Europe is clearly recognized. Furthermore, in the future loom possibilities of a vast domestic and foreign trade.

All this means prosperity on a large scale, the benefits of which will be widely distributed among our greatly diversified industries.

It is well understood that periods of reconstruction are especially good times to invest. The present is no exception to that rule, for, it is believed that many of our high-grade investment stocks are selling on a very attractive basis.

Out of our experiences during the war has come a better understanding of many business problems than was theretofore had.

From the very nature of our education in this respect, practically all lines of industry and commerce are certain to benefit—and this is especially probable because leading corporations in all branches of production and manufacture are stronger financially, sounder, and in every way equipped, as never before, to meet the changed conditions.

We may also see how our great transportation systems have been obliged to abandon old theories and set ideas formerly thought indispensable.

Although these changes were not made without causing some jar and friction, the net result of the "shaking up" will compensate for the temporary discomfiture.

(*Continued on page* 91)

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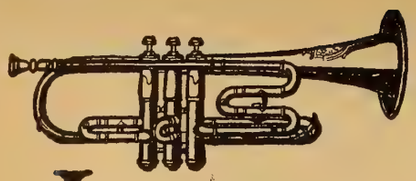

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The Third Degree

(*Continued from page* 84)

"He wont talk," Police Captain Clinton was tersely informed. "He shammed that he'd been drinking and was fuddled up. Clever—but not clever enough."

"The third degree," ordered Captain Clinton; "bring along the revolver."

Howard tried to think consecutively. He hadn't been brought up to think. Paid dependents had done that for him. He hadn't been trained to meet emergencies. There had never been any. And he was fagged to death. Tired . . . oh, Lord. . . .

"You killed Robert Underwood," a voice kept saying, over and over, so insistently. . . . "You killed Robert Underwood. . . . You . . . killed . . ."

There was no argument. Howard, Jr., kept staring at the revolver. Why didn't the man shut up, damn him! There was no argument. . . . There was a wisp of hair on the revolver . . . Underwood's sleek black hair . . . poor Underwood . . . poor Bob . . . hell . . . and women . . . Howard smiled, secretively, *heaven* and women, too, he thought. . .

"You killed Robert Underwood . . . you . . . k . . ."

Jeffries, Jr., slumped. His mouth began to move. He felt sleepy, but impelled. "I killed — Robert — Underwood," he agreed, and felt an immense relief that the voice at his side had stopped.

Undeniably, it was gorgeous for the press. The Jeffries had always been so meticulous. They had never murdered (before), never committed adultery, never forged, never been implicated personally, nationally nor internationally. This generation was certainly looking up—for the press.

The best story was the fact of Howard, Sr., refusing to take a step in the defense of his son. Jeffries, Sr., whose very best friend and personal counsel was the omnipotent Richard Brewster, the man who could have saved young Jeffries if there was salvation to be had within the law. . . . "I have disowned him," Jeffries, Sr., maintained, "that is final."

There was no disowning in the love Annie bore young Jeffries.

She besought Howard, Sr., after a stormy fight for admission. "He is your son," she begged, "blood tells."

"He is my son no longer," the Iron Financier made answer, "blood *lies*."

She sought out Richard Brewster. She was refused admittance. She sought him again. Daily. Hourly. The belief grew in her, hardened, crystallized, that he was the man who could save her love. When she saw him at last, having battered down even his resistance, she told him her belief that Howard, Jr., had been hypnotized during the third degree. Richard Brewster was interested. He called in Dr. Thompson, who made an examination of young Jeffries and listened gravely to the story of the hypnotic performances at college. "It is entirely probable," was his verdict.

Richard Brewster undertook the defense of young Jeffries. Jeffries, Sr., severed their relationship, grimly.

The case narrowed down to the fact that there had been a woman in Underwood's apartment. "If we could find this woman," the defense said, "and some data concerning her we could probably prove a suicide."

Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., heard this while she was calling upon Mr. Brewster one day. Annie was also there. She saw the elder Mrs. Jeffries lean forward, saw her face drain of blood, felt the knotting of her clenched hands.

They were alone. Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., looked at her slowly. "Somehow, I want to talk to you," she said, "but I know that you must hate me. My snobbery. . . I have learnt a lot lately. Suffering—death—this hour—Mr. Jeffries' hardness that is killing no one so surely as himself. . . . You have shown me what steadfastness can be, what love . . . will you let me tell you?"

Annie took the twisting hands in hers. "Of course," she said, "we all of us learn. . . ."

Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., spoke jerkily, her voice broke here and there. "Ages ago," she said, "in his sophomore year Robert Underwood fell in love with me. It was a mutual infatuation. On my part, after several silly episodes, it died away. Bob took it—tragically. He had that sinister tragical streak in him. He . . . it sort of grew in with him. When I married Mr. Jeffries he—he threatened me, not for myself, but that, if I didn't come to him he would kill himself."

Annie gave a little cry. "Go on," she said, hoarsely, "oh, do go on!"

"One day—I went to him. I told him that I was utterly done with him. That he must cease his threats. That it was over. He said that he would kill himself. I laughed at him. That night—that night—I thought Howard, Jr., *had* done it. I believed he had. I never really . . ."

"Is—there any letter—anything?"

"There was. I might find it. I . . ."

"You must. You *must*. It will save Howard . . . it will save my love . . .

Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., rose. Her face was white and broken. "I love Howard, Sr., too," she said, quietly, "he—he will hate me for—for this. Oh, my dear . . ."

Breathless Gotham knows the rest. The lurid tale of the threatening letter to "Mrs. Jeffries"—the belief that the Mrs. Jeffries referred to was Annie, young Mrs. Jeffries. The way in which young Mrs. Jeffries permitted this belief to rest.

Gotham knew, too, that Howard, Sr., became reconciled to his son, but that the woman who had been the cause of all this crass publicity was beyond the pale. Howard, Jr., forgave her, but his forgiveness was bitterer than even his denunciation might have been.

Only one man knew the truth—had sensed the truth during the very inception of the error. Richard Brewster. He urged Annie to tell the truth. "It is an eye for an eye," he persisted; "you—or she."

"She is more important," Annie persisted, "to all of them."

"Then I shall tell," said Richard Brewster, on the eve of Howard, Jr., going abroad with his father. He studied the pale, still face of the girl who loved young Howard and repeated, grimly, "then *I* shall tell."

He did. He told young Howard. He told him many other things beside. "The kingdom of heaven is within your reach," he said, "will you pass it by?"

When young Howard went abroad he took the girl with him. "You have been a martyr," he told her, in agony of himself, "you have been a martyr—and a saint——"

"Only a woman," insisted Annie, "who loves you—*truly*, dear."

(*Continued from page* 89)

A case in point is the railroad situation, considered from a purely investment standpoint. While the duration of Government operation of railroads is still undetermined, it is obvious that the rights and equities of the security holders will be equitably preserved thereunder and probably actually improved as an ultimate outcome of the lessons learned during the war period.

In fact, so far as can now be foreseen, there is nothing in the railroad situation, present or prospective, that makes these securities less desirable investments than heretofore.

In the industrial field the uncertainties growing out of the labor question or associated with high material prices, are gradually becoming less distinct.

Matters of such paramount importance do not adjust themselves overnight, so we must look at same in a common sense way.

Obviously we are making good progress in the right direction, and this fact itself is basis enough to justify full confidence in the ultimate outcome.

Patience is needed while this transition is in progress, but, fortunately the period of waiting is rendered less onerous than would be true if the outlook was not so encouraging.

Frank Howell

Financial Items

Rudolph Guenther and Russell Law, both well known in the financial advertising field, have consolidated under the firm name of Rudolph Guenther-Russell Law, Inc., with offices at 25 Broad Street, New York.

Schmidt & Deery's Reference Manual contains much information to those interested in market values.

E. M. Fuller & Co. issue a booklet on the "Ten Payment Plan," which contains a lot of valuable information on the subject.

The "Investor's Book of Booklets," formerly published by Russell Law, will be continued by the new firm, Rudolph Guenther-Russell Law, Inc.

J. Frank Lilly & Co. publish weekly news and views of stock and bonds interest.

"What Bankers, Brokers and Corporations Can Do to Create New Business" is the title of an interesting booklet by Rudolph Guenther.

Harvey Willis & Co. issue a weekly market letter together with bids and offers for a large list of outside securities arranged in alphabetical order for easy reference.

Durnell, Gregory & Co. have recently acquired membership on the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York for their rapidly expanding business.

J. Frank Lilly & Co. have just issued a booklet, "The Railroads and Their Securities," being a complete résumé of the railroad history of the country and outlook for the future with definite suggestions for group investments.

Booklets mentioned above will be sent free upon request to Financial Department, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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During two years so many changes have taken place among the players that this set had become old and out of date.

Accordingly, we have **discontinued** our offer of eighty portraits, and have substituted a new, larger, finer and more attractive set of portraits of the twenty-four leading players.

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Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

E. J. C.—Say, I believe there were about 800 marines wrote in about the picture of the gob kissing the girl. Some mistake, all right. Well, your letter was clear as mud. Bessie Love in "The Enchanted Barn" (Vitagraph).

Bingville Belle.—Beauty is often but a splendid cloak which conceals the imperfections of the soul. I didn't say you were beautiful. Charlotte Walker played in "Every Mother's Son." Directed by Raoul A. Walsh.

Mrs. Rejected Gloogoos.—"I'm sorry, dear; so sorry, dear." Now you've got me singing it. But silence in love betrays more woe than words, tho ne'er so witty. Margarita Fisher was Ann in "Fair Enough."

Thu Jays.—Ye gods and little fishes! Honestly, without any exaggeration, I have twelve of your letters before me, and have read them all without finding a single question. How do you expect me to make an honest living if you dont give me something to do?

Samuel S. S.—You have the right idea, Sam; politeness costs nothing and may do much good. That's why I'm so courteous. Thanks. William Farnum was Robert, Ruby De Remer was Mary and Anna Lehr was Edith in "For Freedom."

Beulah E. B.—You say next to the first kiss the next most delightful thing is the second. Also that the reason times are so hard is because people are so soft. Wonderful! Your letter truly was very bright. I would like to write to you personally, but time and duty forbid.

Jessie.—Yes, but the wise young man knows a lot of things that aren't so. Beware of him. He will know less as he grows older. Viola Dana was Annice and Elsie MacLeod was Edna in "The Gold Cure." Happy maiden, fare thee well.

Don S. Mc.—Thanks for the picture. Will place it on my dresser.

Peggy Pepper.—*Chapeaux bas* to you. Your letter rang true.

Miss Inquisitive.—Had to pay 6 cents due on yours. Send an international coupon and an addressed envelope for a list of studio addresses.

Bill Ridley.—Surely I read your clever letter before it went to the waste-basket. Was telling the editor today I had to have bigger waste-baskets. True, but sad. Dont menshun it.

Happy Joe.—So you have always longed to be a friend of the Answer Man. Well, I'm glad you had courage to write; here, shake!

Elmore, Alabama; Arabella; Irish; Curtis Sherman; J. W. Tatman; Esmeralda Loise; Valida Perron; Eugene O'Brien Fan; Violet Clark; J. B. Smith; Poppy; Mary Natalie; Florence Gross; Julius Starks; Nigo; Maude Eagle; Alice Martin; Dixie Flynn; L. N.; Newoheer; Bella Donna; Lockwood Forever; Dot and Dell; Russell Admirer; Marge; Dorothy S.; Winifred Titone; Sparks; Andrew Bonas.—You are hereby elected members of the Academy of the Immortals. See elsewhere for your answers.

Wanderer.—Glad to hear from you again. You ask me for a cure for freckles. The best cure I know of is buttermilk; catch the freckle just before going to bed and wrap the buttermilk around it.

Chum.—I receive you *à bras ouverts*. Sarah Bernhardt has played in pictures. I'd like to see Mary Pickford as "Pollyanna" too.

Bashful Babe.—Sweet Papa! The players you mention are related. You must sign your full name. Why, Yale Boss was hurt in an accident some time ago when playing in an Edison picture, and was operated upon. He has fully recovered.

E. M. Goldie.—Eugene Strong is with Metro. Send 25 cents when sending for a picture. Some players dont ask it, but I would offer it just the same.

Lorna Doone.—No, no, Julian Eltinge isn't dead. You refer to Julian L'Estrange. Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway in "The Iron Test." Sorry to hear the sad news.

Veteran.—At present Shirley Mason is in Los Angeles, Cal., and I am sure she will send you her picture. Mary Miles Minter is her real name, that is, her grandmother's name is Minter; her mother married a Mr. Shelby. Send along the picture—do.

Parallellopipedonically.—Where do you think you are going? That's it, keep on sawing wood and you will have a pile. No success ever came without a good foundation. They dig deep for the forty-story buildings. Gladden James was last with Vitagraph. Simplify that name of yours, please. While we are all conserving things, here you are using up letters like an alphabetical millionaire.

The Movie Kid.—Thanks for the music you composed. I sang it to our office crew, and they think it is beautiful. So do I. (However, it might have been my voice rather than the music that got them). Much success to our young Macdowell.

Amo.—Yes, I suppose there are gossipers in heaven, but they gossip only about the good things. The photographers better get after Warren Kerrigan, says I, for he's a mighty good looking chap. No, I have never had on a pair of snow shoes. Thanks for the invitation, but my number tens are big enough for me.

Louise.—Mary Pickford has signed up with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit for one year. She will receive $1,500,000 for six pictures, "Daddy Long Legs" and "Pollyanna" being two of them. That's $4,100 a day—think of it, $4,098.46 more than I get a day. Eugene O'Brien was Captain Merryon in "The Safety Curtain." Anders Randolph was the other man and Gladden James was the husband.

Thu Jays.—Big Chief of the tribe Withoutacent, ask me not where you may find the almighty shekel. I have not the key, not even the lock. As adviser of the alwayspoor, 'tis beyond me. I admire you because you have the three r's plus the three h's—heart, head and hand.

Verne C.—Beg pardon! Mary Thurman in Paramount Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Dairyman.—So you are down on the farm—better join one of the correspondence clubs. Send a stamped envelope for the cast of "The Birth of a Nation." It's too long to give here.

English Girl.—Francis Ford, Mae Gaston and Rosemary Theby are playing in "The Silent Mystery." Texas Guinan is with the Frohman Amusement Corp. Charles Ra[illegible] and Frank Keenan in "The Coward."

Wild Rose.—But the scenario writer is like the orator—sublime if his public is sublime, and commonplace if his public is commonplace. Edith Storey and Earle Williams in "Two Women and Two Men."

Miss Muskogee.—Ethel Grandin isn't playing now. Harry Thaw is—out of my line.

I. A. M.—You refer to Martha Mansfield.

Monte Cristo.—I thank you *ab ino pectore*. Nazimova is still playing.

The Gothamite.—Well, Ann Little isn't married, neither is Katherine MacDonald. You're wrong about that nationality. Yes, he is great. A man always makes himself greater as he increases his knowledge.

Charlotte J. B.—Yes, patience is a virtue, and we dont go to Sunday school every Sunday. Haven't that old Pathé. And Owen Moore is playing now in a Rex Beach picture. So you think "De Luxe Annie" was one of the best things you have seen. Come in again—why not.

Edgewood E.—Bill Hart will not be married. At least that's what he said. I think you are wrong on that. According to my statistics, St. Augustine introduced Christianity into England by converting King Ethelbert towards the end of the sixth century.

E. M. M.—No, siree, 16 isn't too young to write to me. I've got them younger. Pretty soft pencil you use. They do say a pencil is marked for life. June Elvidge was Naida and Frank Mayo was Louis in "The Appearance of Evil."

A Little Bit of Love.—Send it along, I need all I can get. Ella Hall is in Los Angeles. Most of the New York studios are closed, and the players have gone West. What do I eat for breakfast?—well, not much, usually ham, eggs and a couple of shredded bath brushes. I very seldom spend week-ends away from home, thanks. The first day a man is a guest, the second a burden and the third a pest. Home, James!

Ride R.—Hello, Old Top! Olga 17 is doing war work, I understand.

Motion Picture Fiend.—Gail Kane and Norman Trevor in "The Dare Devil". Pauline Frederick in "A Daughter of the Old South." No, I never did see a man stand on his dignity; or a woman stirring her tea with a sigh, or shutting the door with a moan.

Red Goose Cook.—Good thing I'm not in Italy, if as you say, the Italian Government has placed a ban on whiskers, because it is claimed they are subject to maladies, and has ordered all its soldiers to be clean shaven. I know of no book on motion picture acting. See above.

Kangaroo.—Hello, there, Leap Frog. "The Once Over" is American slang meaning to look at you from head to foot. "Fifty-fifty" means half yours and half mine. Kitty Galanta in "Empty Pockets." Bessie Love in "The Dawn of Understanding."

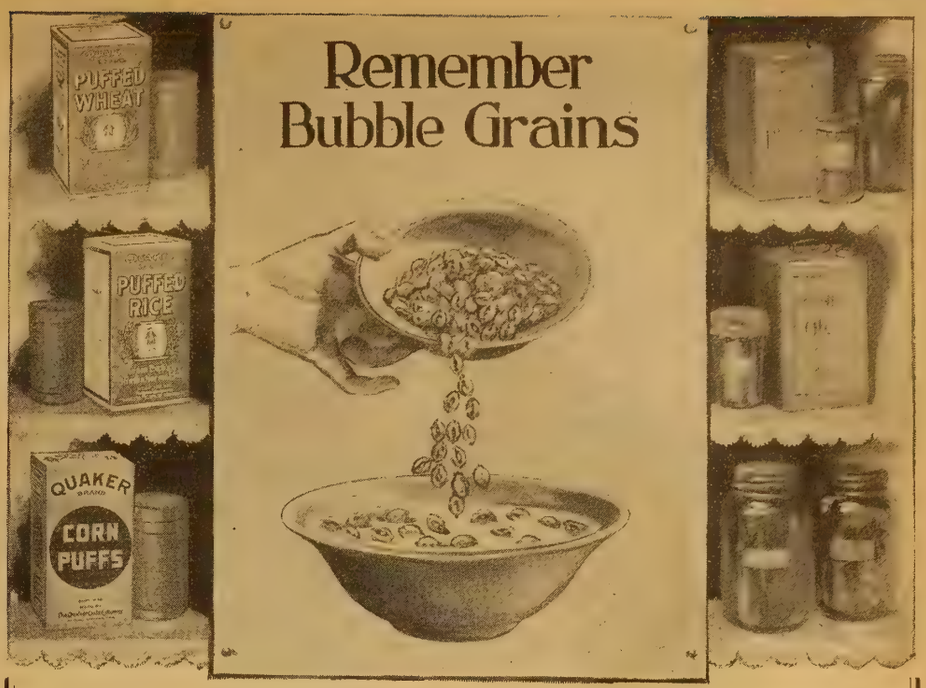
R. G. Y.—Eileen Sedgwick was the girl in "The Eagle's Nest." That was made before the war, too.

Tommy 17 and Gretty.—Had to pay extra postage on your letters. You know the postage rates to America are 2½d. for ½ oz. We will be having new pictures in the gallery from now on.

Laural, Australia.—Edison is not producing. No it was in the sixth century that the religion of Buddha spread into Japan by way of China and Korea. Alice Joyce and Walter McGrail in "Everybody's Girl." Tom Terriss.

Chaminade. — Hale Hamilton and Johnny Gamble in "Five Thousand an Hour." Oh for that hour. Clair MacDowell was with Triangle last. That dancer isn't cast.

Mariane S. de M., Spain.—Are you the guilty one who sent us your influenza? You say serials are appreciated in Spain, and Creighton Hale is your favorite. Seventeen, and never shaken hands with the lips—I'll bear that in mind.



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THE COTTER.—Yes, I am getting $9.50 a week now. I do hope that when the train called Prosperity stops, it will let me off midway between the two stations Poverty and Riches. I do not want to retire rich nor poor. Wealth has rendered more men worthless than has poverty. And you dont fancy Mary Pickford's wardrobe. Thanks for the nice things you say about me, and I shall try hard to deserve them.

HILDA; HARWOOD H.; J. W. U.; SHIRLEY; N. T.; ADMIRER; SOME GIRL; DESSIE; FORD; HELEN; JOE; KALIFORNIA KID; BILLIE; A 22; NARCISSUS.—Sorry, see above for yours.

HELEN J.—Did I forget a kindness? Then I am a thief. Violet Palmer in "Rough and Ready." "For the Freedom of the East" was taken in Philadelphia.

FREDDIE.—Chatty letters yours were. Thanks. Just a little busy today. May look it up again later.

MARJORIE 15.—Enid Bennett in "Fuss and Feathers." Thurston Hall. Norman Kerry played in "Up the Road." Also in "Amarilly."

JACKSON L.—Iron out the disfiguring wrinkles of petulancy off your disposition and watch the sun rise. No, I never done you wrong—it ain't in me.

I. SAWYER LEGS.—Louise Glaum was Mary, Frank Lanning was the Indian, and Hayward Mack was Chester in "The Goddess of Lost Lake." Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex played in "Gosh Darn the Kaiser."

WINNIPEG KIDDIE.—I dont know what your writing indicates, but your letter indicates lots of spare time. Lenora Morgan was Jane in that Bab picture. But the only way a woman can really manage a man is by obeying him.

THOUGHTS.—Well what do you think is the greatest thing in life? Tell me. Robert Harron and Lillian Gish in "The Greatest Thing in Life."

THELMA.—Betty Nansen was last. Helen Balemar was Consula. Gertrude Maloney in your last. Well, women and music should never be dated.

BROOKLYNITE; NAOMI; and SYLVIA.—Yours were all clever letters.

MARIE A. C.—Kenneth Harlan in "The Marriage Life." My mistake. Florence Turner is going to have her own company and Tyrone Power is on the stage. Rhea Mitchell in "The Ghost of the Rancho." Yes, Jules Raucourt.

BABE.—Quite liked your letter. Your philosophy is good. But in the life of an individual, one of the surest ear marks of honor is fixedness of principles. The man who is tossed about with every shifting wind of opinions or doctrine is not apt to be either contented with his lot or successful in any great undertaking. Try Richard Barthelmess. Write me again. Thanks.

BILLY BOONES.—Louise Fazenda was the hired girl in "Her First Mistake." Dont remember my first. Wallace MacDonald is not married. Alice Brady in "Her Great Chance." She is appearing on Broadway in "Forever After." Evelyn Nesbit was Rose in "Her Mistake." Say, what is this all about? "Her First Mistake;" "Her Great Chance" and "Her Mistake."

SUNSET.—Your letter was a Jewel—14-karat.

DORIS D.; FREDERICK M. and CHARLES B.—A little later, folks.

MISS U. S. A.—My version is that life is only a series of dreams that play in apparently untruthful comedy. That reminds me that the horseshoe is always lucky when the horse wins. Never gamble. Get in touch with our sales manager. Yes to your last.

OLETTE.—I dont care what you call me. Daniel Webster was called the God-like Daniel; Lincoln, Honest Abe; and Grant, the Silent Man. Reginald Barker directed "The Hell Cat."

ANTOINETTE G.—Yes, it does take a long time to get an answer in the Magazine—I get so many letters, and have less and less space, and time. But I hope to catch up soon. Earle Williams is in Hollywood with his bride. American at Santa Barbara.

HILDA W.—Do not say that you are an old maid, but rather say that you are a bachelor maid. Old maids are embers whence the sparks have fled. Douglas McLean and Eugene Forde in "The Upper Crust."

G. M. F.—You say my August issue was the best. Thanks, how can you tell? Pauline Frederick in "A Man's World." George Walsh did play in "Intolerance." Harry Morey was Jerry and Betty Blythe was Claire in "Hoarded Assets." Henry King directed William Russell in "Hobbs in a Hurry."

CAVALRY JACK.—You say in "The Soul of Buddha" the officer was introduced as Major Dare, and all thru the picture he wears a captain's uniform. No, there sure is no excuse for such carelessness. Do write me some more.

HECTOR C.; BRITANNIA; TONY; GOLDEN LOCKS; CASMIR; CORDOVA; MARTHA M.; HARRIS L.; WOOD N. HEAD; LILLIE.—Sorry, my children, but I have nothing special to say to you except thanks. Your letters were all clever, but they did not arouse my inspirational muses—whatever they are.

EVERYBODY.—I take pleasure in nominating for President of the United Republics of the World, Hon. Woodrow Wilson. May he bring about the organization of a league of nations, and may he be its George Washington! And while he is disarming the world may he proceed with other international reforms to perpetuate the peace of the world. I suggest a universal tongue, a universal coin, the metric system and universal free trade.

ALLAN W.—Just like a man, when a man's wrong and wont admit it he gets angry. Clara Horton was the blonde in "The Yellow Dog."

DOT FOR SHORT.—In what period did you reign? Bob Vignola is directing for Paramount. He directed Ethel Clayton in "Woman's Weapons." Thanks for the advice, but all angels may be blondes, as artists paint them, but all blondes are not angels.

TORCHY, N. Z.—Judging from your letter you are as contented as a mouse in a mouse trap. Dont you realize that contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity? So get contented. Vera Lewis in "The Weaver of Dreams." You pay me a high compliment, and I thank you.

NORMA'S SLAVE.—That's it, I shall have to get a slave. You say I answer questions from history to the internal structure of an ant, but I assure you I know very little of either, and not much else. However, I have a way of finding out almost anything, even to a woman's age. You ask me to do away with my mask. If every man discarded his mask the jails would soon fill. Our big picture theaters start about 11 A. M. and run until 11 P. M.

JUNE MARY.—Great guns, what's it all about? Henry Walthall is married to Mary Charleson. So you think Enid Bennett has a sweet flower-like face, and the most kissable rosebud mouth. No, indeed, I am not married, and never was, and never expect to be.

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M. H., Mt. Morgan.—You never fail me, and I'm glad to hear from you. William Lawrence was Ali Baba in "Little Princess." And you are now enjoying the summer breezes while I am dodging the winter freezes.

Eva L. Tasmania.—Thanks for your entertaining letter.

Norman U. S.—Evelyn Nesbit and Irving Cummings in "The Woman Who Gave." Who knows, perhaps I'll be getting $10 a week by June. But getting money is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindliness is a valuable part of the business of life, and I am keeping a little garden and trying hard to raise a goodly crop of it. You think we criticise June Caprice too much, and that George Walsh uses too much make-up. June, be patient, and George, be conserving.

R. U. A. Mason.—John Adolfi directed "The Woman the Germans Shot." The Vatican is the palace of the Pope at Rome, in which he holds his court and it is his "prison," so-called because he rarely leaves it. It is an enormous cluster of connected buildings like a very closely built town, comprising 22 court yards and 11,000 apartments. See above about Mary Pickford.

Blue Gun Billy.—Thanks for your charming note. Write Paramount.

Mrs. Chas. W.—You can reach E. K. Lincoln, 110 West 40th Street, New York City.

Agnes E. T.—Take first prize for letter writing, Agnes. Florence Reed and Duncan McRae in "The Woman's Law." Thanks for the program.

Nellie M.—Certainly I sing. I sing like a tea-kettle filled with water. Stop in and I will sing for you sometime. I try all my music on my dog first. Sometimes he joins me, but whether from joy or pain I am not sure. "Wives of Men" was that other Florence Reed picture.

Wally Hubby.—Well, life at best is full of dangers, and but few of us ever get out of it alive. Bessie Barriscale you refer to. So you would like to see Marion Leonard, Del Henderson, Maurice Costello and a few of the old-timers back again. Gone, but not forgotten.

Phyllis.—Well, it was this way: I came to Brooklyn when I was a young man to earn an honest living and found no competition, so I prospered. Dorothy Davenport is not playing now. Wallace Reid and Dorothy Gish in "Old Heidelberg." Thanks for the good wishes.

Ethel G.—So Edwin Carewe is your favorite. He directs now, you know. Excuse me, but did I understand you to ask, which comes up first if all planted at the same time, carrots, onions, radishes and cabbage? and you answer cabbage, because it always comes up ahead. Wonderful!

Jack.—Fire away. Most of the companies get their antiques from the various antique shops. Brooklyn is great on antiques. I am from Brooklyn. Al Ray and not Charles Ray in "When Do We Eat?" However, that's a favorite expression of Charles.

A. B. C. D.—You neglected to enclose the envelope.

Thelma.—*A votre sante.* I'll have buttermilk. Oh no, I never drink bevo. It is more for retired beer drinkers. I agree with you that whiskey is our worst enemy, yet lots of people take to it very kindly. I suppose it is because the Good Book says that we should love our enemies. Send the letter here and I will forward it.

Braids.—Yes, Bert Lytell in "The Lone Wolf." We have no photoplay study book for sale, except "Here Lies" and "Primer," both selling for 75 cents all told, postage stamp, licking, wrapping and twine included.

Bonnie W.—That cast is too long to give here. James Gerard did not play in that play himself, but he appeared personally in his own play. Your verses were mighty clever. Try some more.

Kaiti.—Anita King was Jess and Corenne Grant was Belle in "Whatever the Cost." Bessie Eyton of Selig fame was Gladys and Wanda Hawley was the stenographer in "The Way of a Man With a Maid." Julia S. Gordon is not Anita Stewart's mother. Why not send in a subscription? It's cheaper.

Silver Spurs.—Your letters are always cheery. I much prefer a Bonaparte to a Beau Brummell, but both vinegar and molasses are necessary to catch flies. I'm sorry to hear of so many of my readers having the flu. It flew around everywhere, but I thank the stars I didn't get it. Who knows where I would have been by now! (Please dont all start guessing).

Count of Monte Cristo.—Ouida wrote "Under Two Flags." Marguerite Snow is a little peach from Georgia. Alan Dale's right name is Alfred J. Cohen.

Some Caddy; Bricky; R. G. Y.; Hazel H.; Billy the Boy; N. B.; A. U. G.; June Virginia; Eva U.; M. L. Canada; C. M.; Alaska; Bertie, Albertine.—You're all charming fellows, and I want to hear from you again.

Edna—No fresh news on that scandal. Watch the bulletin.

Ilmarette.—At present a platoon consists of about 80 men, a company of United States infantry of 250 men, a battalion of 1,000 men, a regiment is composed of three battalions, or 3,700 men. Mary MacLaren was Mary Royal, and Thomas Holding was Gerald. Did you see all the other celebrities—Anna Nilsson, Franklyn Farnum, Marin Sais, Virginia Chester, and some more?

Naida.—Funny thing, as I sit here reading these letters one is in praise of a certain player, the next one is against her, and so on, but in the end they all balance pretty much. As I understand it, Shakespeare intended the rôle of "Hamlet" to be taken from the life of Claudius, fourth of the Roman Emperors, a great coward and half mad. Warren Kerrigan in "The Unfinished Story."

Bugler Frank R.—You can reach Olive Thomas at Selznick Pictures, 729 7th Avenue, New York.

Harry A. S.—Dorothy Bernard is about 28, Ethel Clayton about 28, Grace Cunard 28, Theda Bara 28, but I am not sure of the year they were born—I'm glad your father is proud of you. Every man who has a clever son believes in heredity. I know my father did.

A. E. F.—Alice Brady and Mahlon Hamilton in "The Death Dance." Earle Fox and Constance Talmadge in "Studio Girl." William Davidson in "Persuasive Peggy." Fred Church was Billy in "Clever Mrs. Carfax."

Mrs. E. T. C., Boston. — You ask "When will young men and women, after their education and between the ages of 25 and 35, learn to save and carefully invest sufficient money to enable them to live in comfort on its income if anything should occur that would prevent them from earning money after the age of 35?" Alas, some will never learn it. True tis, tis pity, and pity tis, tis true.

Hollis V. S.—Cant tell whether I snore in my sleep or not—never stayed awake long enough to find out. W. J. Wright and Nina Blake in "The Primrose Path." The picture was of Carrol Holloway. Violet Mersereau played three rôles in "Together."

(*Continued on page* 111)

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 62*)

sale. The false heir and the real heir to these antiques appear in regulation story-book fashion; we are treated once more to the old situation of the exchanged babies. Bessie is threatened with exposure by the false heir, but the real Lord proves his identity in time to make the title and coat-of-arms Bessie's own, via the gold band route. There are flashes of the young Bessie Love charm, but on the whole it seemed to us as if the little girl were somewhat stifled with too much background. Robert Gordon is the other notable present.

THE RED LANTERN—METRO

This is a film replete with remarkable atmosphere. Neither time nor money has been spared in the effort to make this spectacular bit of screen work an imposing panorama of China. In the midst of Oriental splendor Nazimova does some of the most excellent work of her shadow career. Her art, however, is somewhat lost sight of in the grandeur of the appointments. While Nazimova is translating pathos to the screen, one's mind is apt to wander to a gorgeous door, or consider the vivid costuming; at least I found it that way. The story concerns a half-breed Chinese girl's hopeless love for the son of the missionary who has educated her. Nazimova plays two parts, that of the Chinese girl and the American girl whom the boy turns to. The Chinese girl, bitterly resenting the unfairness of a people who educate yet never accept socially one of the yellow race, joins in a Boxer uprising, portraying the part of the Goddess of the Red Lantern. Her prophecies prove false, the white people win the war, and rather than be killed she swallows poison. In a Chinese play, we know there can be only two conclusions, either the Chinese turns out to be wholly white or —death. East will always be East, as the poet says. All in all "The Red Lantern" would be a stupendous accomplishment, even if it didn't contain the added attraction of the superb Nazimova.

THE STRONGER VOW—GOLDWYN

There might have been an interesting element of suspense in this picture, in fact we might have derived considerable enjoyment out of Sherlocking the motives as we went along, were it not for the fact that Goldwyn has carefully eliminated any need of our using our brains at all, by minutely describing each character, what he does and why, in lengthy subtitles. As a book, "The Stronger Vow" is rather well illustrated with pictures of Geraldine Farrar.

THE MONEY CORRAL—ARTCRAFT

We liked this William S. Hart picture, which is a pretty tame statement to apply to anything so well done. Briefly, it is a consistently told melodrama about a Westerner who comes East to protect a millionaire's bank. The whole is excellently directed, with Hart at his best.

THE TEST OF HONOR—PARAMOUNT

John Barrymore, who has hitherto confined his screenic efforts to farcical work, here demonstrates that he can be as serious on the screen as on the stage. "The Test of Honor" shows the same John Barrymore as did the stage "Redemption" and "The Jest." The story concerns a man who is falsely sent to prison by the woman he thinks he loves. Upon his discharge he seeks, plans, lives for

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revenge. In a long subtly cruel manner he obtains his longed-for vengeance, but finds his joy not in his triumph, but in the love of a little girl whom he has befriended. Constance Binney shows great promise as the girl, while Marcia Manon alternates between moments of rare and wonderful artistry and utterly drab dullness. In my opinion "The Test of Honor," altho a sordid play, is an impressive one.

THE POPPY GIRL'S HUSBAND—ARTCRAFT

Altho everyone considers William S. Hart the greatest exponent of Western rôles, there have been numerous demands for him in different plays. For these complainants, "The Poppy Girl's Husband" will be a welcome surprise. Bill Hart takes the part of a burglar who is sent to prison. All his faith and hope in the future is pinned to his belief in his beautiful young wife's faithfulness. Thruout the long drab shut-in years he pictures her as waiting and longing for him to come back to her and their boy. He forms good resolutions and makes beautiful golden plans for the future. He is released. An old pal comes to meet him and take him home. Warm, expectant words leave his lips: "The wife? His boy?" It falls to his pal's lot to crush all the joy and expectancy out of his friend's life. Haltingly he breaks the news. The wife has divorced him, has married again, the very policeman that sent him up. This scene on the train between Hart and Walter Long is the most poignant bit of screen acting seen in months. Here no subtitles are necessary. One can sense their whole meaning, feeling almost the very words they speak. The ex-convict plots a diabolical revenge, but his heart is not proof against his son's tears and so he leaves his poppy-girl to her policeman husband and taking his boy seeks a new life. It is a splendidly done picture. Hart, Walter Long, Juanita Hansen give splendid, big, sweeping characterizations. One does not enjoy seeing the unfaithful "Poppy Girl" type of woman, but perhaps this one will teach other real-life poppy girls a lesson.

PEPPY POLLY—PARAMOUNT

Dorothy Gish's most recent picture is perhaps a trifle depressing, a bit unplausible, but still likeable. I am not especially fond of seeing badly-run institutions picturized, particularly when my logic tells me that in real life it would have been a hundred to one chance, with the odds all the wrong way, that the peppy Dorothy would have escaped from the reformatory. Nevertheless, the young Gish injects so much of her own spirit into the part of the young reformer who nearly gets caught in her own trap that the picture is never dull, and there are quite a few heart twangs. Richard Barthelmess is again pleasantly present.

THE FIRE FLINGERS—UNIVERSAL

Rupert Julian directed this picture and plays not one, but two parts in it. His dominant personality envelops the whole company. To my mind there are here some excellent things, such as Mr. Julian's portrayal of Richard Hatton, and some equally atrocious portrayals, such as Fritzie Ridgeway's uncouth presentation of the maid Ellen. The plot concerns a bad-rich man and a good-poor man. The first is killed and the second takes his place. Discovery is always imminent and his love for the other man's wife makes him seek it. But she returns his love. The world is never told of the exchange of identities and all ends happily. At no moment is "The Fire Flingers" mediocre.

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Edward Burns a Trail to Fame

(*Continued from page* 50)

Blue Streak," he said to Nigh, "I liked your makeup in that picture. Will you show me how you did it"?

"Oh, say! If I had known as much then as I do now about makeup I'd have been afraid to take the chance," laughed Eddie as he related this story, "but my downfall came at the end of my first day when they caught me trying to remove cold cream and grease paint makeup with soap and water. I tried to tell them I was used to liquid makeup, which washes off, but the explanation failed to convince."

In "The Slave" with Valeska Suratt, Edward Burns had his initiation into all the mysteries of the studio. So remarkable has been his success that Sam Kingston and Bill Nigh have often been heard arguing as to who discovered him.

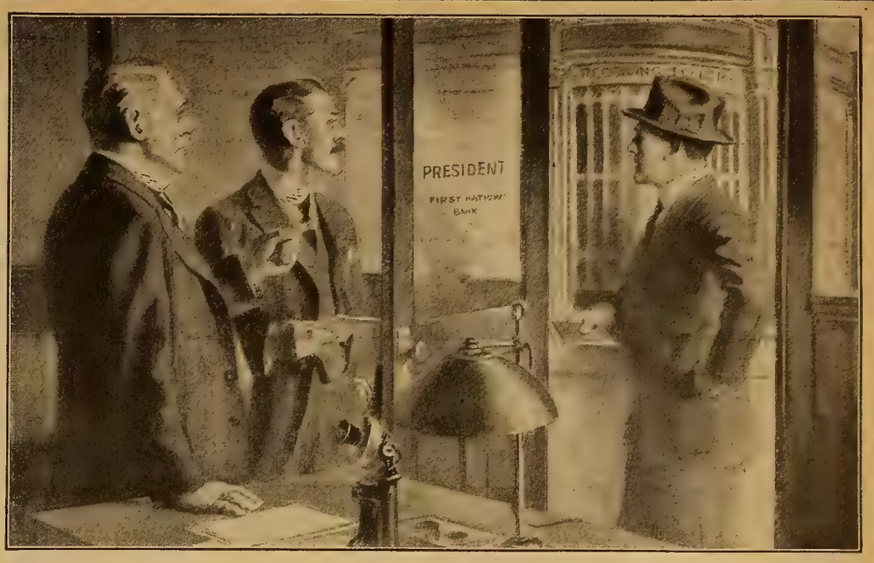
After "The Slave," Mr. Burns played opposite June Caprice in "The Unknown 274;" with Virginia Pearson in "The Queen of Hearts;" then to World, where, as a member of their stock company he supported Kitty Gordon in "Her Hour," "Diamonds and Pearls" and "The Wasp." For Universal he played in "The Morgan Raiders" starring Violet Mersereau, and with Olga Petrova in "The Life Mask" for Famous Players-Lasky. He was featured with Miriam Miles in an O. Henry story, "The Nemesis of the Candy Man," with Gladys Leslie in "The Soap Girl" and with Corinne Griffith in "Love Watches," all three for Vitagraph. With Alice Brady he played in "The Ordeal of Rosetta" for Select. Two Famous Players-Lasky pictures starring Elsie Ferguson in which he appeared were "The Danger Mark" and "Under the Greenwood Tree." Then followed "A Marriage for Convenience" with Catherine Calvert for Keeney and "Made in America," a series produced by Ashley Miller with the co-operation of the Government.

Tall and broad-shouldered, ruddy cheeks, black hair and merry blue eyes, Eddie Burns has the physique, the personality and the talent that will quickly carry him to the big success predicted for him. His favorite sports are riding and swimming, and his favorite hobby is his bachelor apartment on Riverside Drive where, when the spirit moves, he practices the culinary art in his kitchenette to the extent of coffee, bacon and eggs. And he plays the ukelele and phonograph.

Elsie Ferguson and Douglas Fairbanks are young Burns' favorite screen stars—subject to change without notice. His favorite rôle was the husband in "Love Watches" opposite beautiful Corinne Griffith until he played the rôle of Jimmy Evers in "Made in America." Five weeks were spent at Camp Meade, near Baltimore, during the making of this picture, which goes into the details of the training of the American soldier.

Perhaps no one got more fun out of his military "social errors" than Eddie himself. "I've got a soldier nephew in France," he said, "and when he hears what a bum soldier I was he sure will be ashamed of me."

He isn't married, but some day he will no doubt find the right girl, tho if she isn't blonde he may be slow to recognize her. In the meantime, his mother occupies "best girl" position. And here's a funny thing about Eddie—he cares more about being famous in Philadelphia than all the rest of this little old world put together!



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"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to be a $15 clerk all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you like best and want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started a course in Salesmanship. It had a fascination for him and in a little while he got his chance on the city sales force. Why, in three months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of a branch office up state.

"Then he took the I. C. S. Advertising course. Well, he made such a record up there that a few months ago they brought him back and made him Sales Manager—on salary and commission. He's making real money now. Owns his own home, has bought some good securities, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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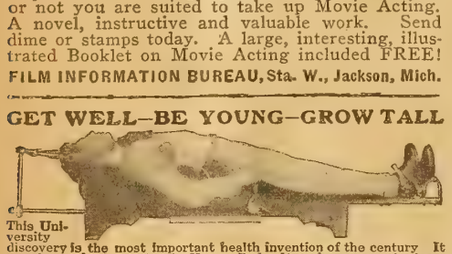

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The Hour Is at Hand—

(*Continued from page* 53)

arms . . . a way she has which seems to signify the embracing of the world she is so eager of . . .

"I feel that I am ready," she went on, in her voice which has a deep, peculiar, and very rich resonance; "I've had the long experience in western stock, in vaudeville, in the pictures. I've had the hard knocks, the disappointments, the waitings. It isn't just a question of working now. If it were only that, I might be working all the time—but now I want the Big Thing—the One Thing. I feel that the time has come for me to choose.

"It is an odd thing, but before I was born my mother wanted me, if I were a girl, to be an actress. She held that thought. She spent a great deal of her time reading the lives of great actresses, the careers of Duse, of Bernhardt, the annals of histrionic art of every country. It was her wish for me. It is in my very veins. It is the thing I was born for. The thing that has grown with my growth. It is essentially *me.* There is no other possibility for me, no other aim. It isn't, it couldn't be called what I live for, it's just a part of my life." A little wistfulness tempered the glow of her faith; "oh, I hope it *comes!*" she said, more softly. . . .

"By my own efforts," is her slogan, "I'm going to *get* there—by my own efforts!" And, "The thing I am proudest of," she affirms, "is my character. I've been able to keep that, to make it, I've been able to hold my head high."

When will this young star rise? What is holding her back? She has gifts in her hands, in her heart. She has been compared, favorably, to the tragedy of Nazimova. Gifts to give . . . *where are the given-to?* When will her hour strike?

From Typing to Terpsichore

(*Continued from page* 64)

"Yes, of course the dancing," she responded, "but I wasn't thinking of that. The four dances in it are all symbolical and all original, and they are very difficult, but I was thinking of the strenuous part of the picture—where I had to fight the strange white man who came upon the island. It was a real fight, too!" she assured me, and pushed back her sleeve to show a jagged scar running from wrist to elbow.

"That was made with a stone knife," she went on, calmly. "There are other scars that—well, that—I cant show you—and they were all made in that one scene. We didn't have any rehearsal, the director gave us our business and the camera-man our footage, and we went to it. I told my leading man, Jay Morley, he'd have to use all his strength to defend himself when I rushed at him—and he sure had to!"

"And the other exercise?" I asked.

"Cooking," she replied, promptly. "We made the most of the picture on 'location,' and we were miles from anywhere, so we had a cook along to get the meals But he wasn't a success, so I said I'd cook for the bunch—and I did."

"And do you ever intend to go back to dancing?" I inquired.

"Certainly," she smiled back. "I went into it on an impulse and into pictures the same way, but there's one thing I am *very* positive about, and that is, I'll never go back——"

"To Spain?" I put in.

"No—to typing," answered Doraldina.

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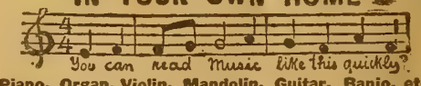

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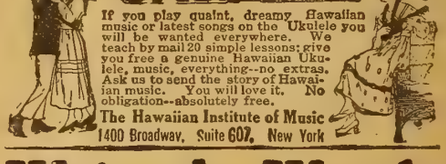

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The Last Interview

(*Continued from page 59*)

ago," he said. "I wouldn't want her to hear. She is nervous about me. I've been ill for some time. It is my stomach. Cold, I think. Wait. Dont go. I want to talk to someone. I am nervous. No one can know."

He sat and stared at nothing, his hands pulling at the buttons of the dress shirt he had worn in the last act. The wind had risen outside the theater and the wires were singing high and mournfully. There was a faint pattering of rain and from the open door of the alley stage entrance a breath of chill air swept into the room. He coughed and the pain of it twisted his features.

"The actor of today is not the actor of yesterday," he said. "We are not the sports the public think us. We dont drink and change wives and go to the devil generally. I lived with my first wife until she died, and I'll live with my present wife until——"

He halted abruptly and thrust out his hand.

"Is there fever there?" he asked. "Is there? I feel on fire."

His hand was hot and dry.

"I am afraid," he whispered. "Not for myself. We've all got to go. But for her. It will hurt her. Boy, it will hurt her terribly. I haven't said anything to anyone. Except one man in St. Paul. He was a friend, and I told him something was creeping in on me. He laughed."

His teeth caught his lip and the lip showed white at the grip. The eyes of the man were bright and glittering and the damp of the sweat had been absorbed in the hot flesh.

"It's bad business. It's the shadow across every actor's life, this being sick on the road. I've been keeping up as best I could. Stimulants. The excitement of the acting. I dont collapse often. I am all in now. In ten minutes I will be better. Wait. Dont go."

He was silent again, and from the fast emptying stage came the calls of stage hands, one to another, the soft thud of scenery dropping against the wall and the swish of a back drop rushing down into place. A violin ran a trill of notes as some musician tried a new string before putting away his instrument, and the echo of a woman's laugh came chiming with the deeper note of a man's gay humor.

"It's at night that I know the thing is coming," he said.

"What thing?" asked the interviewer, wonderingly.

"You know. The thing that comes to us all. And in the dawn. In the morning when I first wake up. No one knows about that. I wake up and the light is just coming in the windows, gray and awful, and the pain is there, too. I haven't told anyone much about it. I wonder if I will get back east, and what will happen to——"

As he talked he had drawn off his stage things in part and his hair had become mussed and fallen across his forehead. His hand shook, and he tried to throw back his shoulders as if fighting some unseen foe. He was ill, oh so ill, and the road before him seemed so long.

"I sometimes wonder what death is?"

The words came unexpectedly. It had not been mentioned before, that grim word that spells the finis of all things.

"Have you forgotten 'The Bluebird'? 'There is no death,' the boy says, in that field of lilies."

"Perhaps. I hope so. But the curtain that separates us from those we love. What is that? Why is it? Is our time set before we are born? It sometimes makes me feel that I am not giving the world what I owe it, giving humanity what each of us owes it. I dont forget any more even when I'm on the stage. I am remembering things like that even while I am saying my lines.

"This pain that is tearing my heart out. Why is it? Could I not pay my debt, say my last line and exit without this pain? No one knows what I suffer. No one knows how long the hours are, how far every foot grows when a path is before me. I am sick, sick, sick."

His hand swept up to his face and covered it and his voice came muffled from this covering.

"This is a sorry interview. You caught me in a mood and I am not a man of moods. I have said more to you of my ills than I have to anyone. It is too bad. I am sorry. I do not like to disappoint anyone. That is why I am trying to give every performance that it is possible to give before I go under. I know. I know. I am growing worse, not better."

A half hour before hundreds had rocked in their seats with laughter and sent back to him their happiness. They had loved him for his magic that had wiped away their cares and discomforts, they remembered him in pictures and in stage life as one who had brought them smiles, and laughter without a blush.

"Is it all worth while?" he asked. "What have I done?"

"You have given a million people a few moments of happiness," his visitor suggested.

"Others will give them more," he whispered. "I have given the best I had."

"Good-by," said the interviewer. "You need care, not questioning."

"Good-by. I am feeling better now. Perhaps a year from now I'll see you again. Perhaps . . ."

The big stage door swung wide as the visitor left the dressing-room and roaring up the alley came a drive of rain and storm. A mutter of thunder was in the air and shadows were falling fast. The interviewer looked back and the star was standing, his head bowed, thinking —thinking.

MARY PICKFORD'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

By Martha Groves McKelvie

1—Never to make a poor picture, so help me Mr. Camera.

2—To walk a half-hour each day.

3—To take better care of my health.

4—Not to hoard my happiness, but to live in the today and not tomorrow.

5—To acknowledge my mistakes, to resolve not to repeat them, and, above all, not waste time in vain regrets.

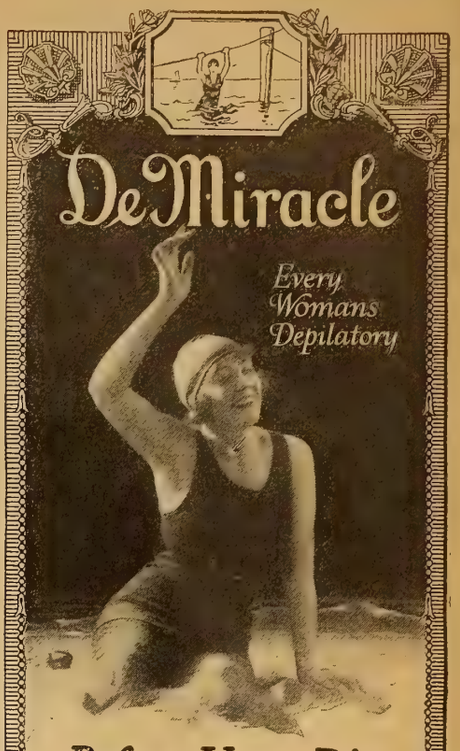
6—Never to be late.

7—To read a few lines of good philosophy in the morning and start the day with a song.

8—To learn to speak French fluently before the beginning of next year.

9—To do a thing when I think of it; it is a waste of mental energy to have to think twice to do a thing.

10—Never to say or think unkind things of anyone. Just thank God for the good and forget the bad.



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The Real Pearl White

(*Continued from page 34*)

the Liberty Loan Drives and the War Work Campaign, Miss White risked her life many times to do stunts to help out the cause. She rode down Fifth Avenue on an elephant in several parades and even invaded the sacred precincts of the Union League Club during this drive. It is a tradition of this historical organization that no woman shall ever enter their club house. Pearl climbed in thru a window one day and shocked all of the oldest members, while the younger members, and finally the old-timers, too, pinned five and ten dollar bills on her uniform to the amount of $500. Then, literally clothed in money, she was taken back to the Lambs by the members of this organization whom she was assisting, and altho this is another "No Women" Club, the members were compelled to take the star inside to remove the bills from her clothing.

Her personal popularity often brings requests which many stars would either ignore or gracefully sidestep. Recently the American Cadets, an organization of boys similar to the Boy Scouts, elected her their honorary president. They ask Miss White frequently to address one of their meetings in some out-of-the-way spot in Brooklyn or the Bronx, and she always cancels any social engagement she may have to oblige the boys. I do not know of any other Queen of the Screen who would do this.

There is one sure-fire method of ascertaining the sort of person a star is. I have always found that the real acid test is the opinion of the roughnecks around the studio, the mechanics and stage hands. So one day I sought out the toughest-looking bird I could find in the gang at the Pathé Studio where Miss White makes her serials.

"Joe," I said, "what kind of a girl is Miss White, anyway? Is she regular?" Joe shifted his wad of Battle Axe and looked pugnacious.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Has anybody been knockin' Pearl round here? Because if they have, there's a gang of guys in this studio would take pleasure in knockin' his block off. All of us here are strong for Pearl. She's the best little girl in pictures, and we would all go to hell for her."

I hastened to agree.

Such is the real Pearl White, and I wish to assure her, as well as the readers of this article, that this is the truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me George Washington.

Earle Williams enjoys telling this story. It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes; so when the latter got to Heaven, he called Rastus on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here am some place," replied Rastus. "All we has ter do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebery now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We dont work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But tell me, Sam, how is it with you up yander?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' in de marnin' an' gathar in de stars; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But Sam, how come it y' has to work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short on help up here."

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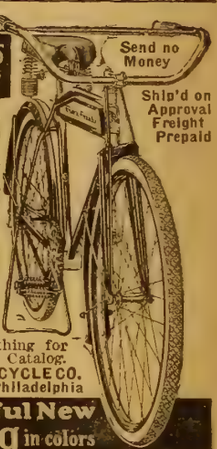
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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 83)

attractive things about Peggy in real life is her very winning smile, present on all occasions.

William Farnum stayed three days at the Clara Barton Hospital under strict censorship—that is, his tonsils were deleted. The operation was perfectly successful, and Mr. Farnum was glad to get out and join his company at Palm Springs, where they will stay some weeks on location.

Thank goodness! Here's another actor who is insistent on the fact that he will not take "types," but wants actors who can do any type. That's Mitch Lewis, now stationed for one picture on the Universal City lot, supported by Fritzi Brunette.

It surely does look queer to see the Balboa Studio, Long Beach, once more on the map. The reason is just a mere infant. Marie Osborne has leased studio space there and, when she's not working, is having the time of her young life doing sand-cakes on the beach. She will do only two-reelers for a time, with Jack Connelly playing leads.

Eric von Stroheim, whose mother, in her day, was a lady in waiting at the Court of Queen Elizabeth of Austria, is directing "The Pinnacle" at Universal City. Mr. von Stroheim appeared in person during the run of "The Heart of Humanity," and was wildly applauded for his work as the hated Hun. Von Stroheim directed with John Emerson formerly, and has worked much with Mr. Griffith also, as well as written several successful screen dramas. Just before the close of the war, our Government invited him to enter the Intelligence Department because his knowledge of foreign affairs was of great value to this country, and the fact that he speaks a number of languages would make him a good interpreter.

The Marc of Steadfastness

(*Continued from page* 41)

no love can last, is planning a new home.

Their ambition is to buy a country place in England.

"I can see the very spot now," says Mr. MacDermott. "It is beautiful country—just twenty miles from London—but you would think it a hundred. There we will have time to live, to think and read—perchance to farm, certainly to have flowers. When it is necessary, I can run up to London to take part in English films, which, by the way, will take a decided jump in production during the next few years. We can attend all the concerts, plays or lectures in London and yet not be of the whirly-burly life It will be *home.*"

His voice was low, happy, understanding.

With a far-away look in his live eyes, he clasped a heavy tome of Dostoevsky under one arm, while he bent his straight, tall, somewhat gaunt frame over my hand in courteous farewell.

"I have to meet Mrs. Mac," he said, "she has been away visiting for a week—and I wouldn't keep her waiting for the world."

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A California Scandinavian

(*Continued from page* 31)

black hat there curved a red feather fancy, thin and long, that brushed her shoulder. She was the most stared-at person in the place, but you would not have guessed the fact from her bearing. That was one of the signs by which you would have known her for an actress and a good one. But to return to my interview. (I left it, you remember, just as we were entering Juanita Hansen's home.)

The house is a model of luxury set on the top of a high hill from which you can see for miles around. It is within ten minutes of Broadway, but you get the effect of isolation. Looking directly west, the vista is one of mountains, foothills and, on clear days, the ocean twenty miles away. Here, Juanita lives with her mother and their pets: a beautiful yellow cat named "Pinky" and a bowl of goldfish.

"Thanks to my mother," said Juanita, "I have been left free to work out my life as I wish, and so, I have learnt to rely upon myself—" which brings us around to the way in which Juanita happened to get back into comedy under Mack Sennett and then out of it again.

Juanita Hansen started in dramatic work without any thought of ever entering comedy at all. This was when Oliver Morosco and L. Frank Baum advertised for small girls for the Oz Moving Picture Company. Her first part was that of a page. She was a little girl then, and when she had to appear in tights she thought it was perfectly shocking.

"I consoled myself by thinking that perhaps all actresses had to do such things," she said, "so I decided to wear them and be a martyr to my art."

Her next director was Lois Weber.

And then came a time when she was offered two contracts at once.

"Everything would have gone well," she said, "if it hadn't been that a man, high in the film world, decided to give me a demonstration of his power. I decided that my career in dramatic work ended right there. The only thing left for me was comedy. I had been with Mack Sennett in a couple of pictures, and he was very good to me, but I didn't see any future in 'just standing around and looking pretty,' and so had left the company. At the time, Mr. Sennett had said that if I ever needed work I could come back, and I did need work. I called Mr. Sennett up and told him that I wanted to come home; that studio always seemed like home to me.

"'I dont believe you want to come home,' he answered with uncanny perception; 'you'll come and stay just long enough to tide yourself over, and then you will flit.' So I gave him my word that I'd stay for a year, and he took me in. Nine months of the year was up and I had a good chance to return to dramatic work. Mr. Sennett was in New York. I wired him about it, and he released me from my promise rather than stand in the way of my splendid opportunity. You can see from this what a wonderful man he is."

Now, Juanita Hansen has left comedies. Forever, she says. She has just finished a picture with Fox called "The Romance of Cow Hollow," in which Tom Mix was the star, and before that she was W. S. Hart's leading lady in "The Poppy Girl's Husband." Her next picture will be a serial made for Colonel Selig; she has made several serials, "The Secret of the Submarine" being the one that comes most readily to mind.

Tea for Two

(*Continued from page 47*)

of the work her friends had been doing over here and over there, she talked of everything, she talked of *every one*, she would not talk of herself.

I finally descended the scale of being original and resorted to nude queries. I elicited that she does *not* like the movies for the sane and reasonable reason that she had to work too, *too* hard and does not feel that she ever "got anywhere." She blames, I believe, the scenarists, largely. She thought she had never been with the right companies. She felt she had never been "pushed." All in all, when some manager 'phoned her and asked her to be in "The Woman in Room Thirteen," she accepted without so much as ascertaining whether she was to be a maid or a mistress. At the time of this writing she is playing her ambiguous rôle in New York.

We drank tea and I glanced about me. I liked what I saw. There was more reticence—gray rugs, long, vague gray velours at the wide windows facing the park, a small organ, (which she plays), deep chairs, two quaint, old-gold tables, one on either side of the fireplace, tall candlesticks, a daguerrotype of Kanes past and gone on the walls. Opening off was her boudoir, a tiny miracle of ivory and blue, with dull rose lights and a delicate spindle dressing-table.

We talked about men, of course. Gail admitted to being fickle. Says she cant seem to help it. There was a man . . . he went overseas . . . for a while . . . well, *you* know . . . and then . . . it's always just that way. "Men and work dont go very well together," mused Gail over the tea-things. "One has to take them separately, I think. One is jealous of the other, and, of course, jealousy is a form of destruction. I dont believe they are ever reconcilable—a man and a woman's work. I get fits of gaiety . . . I suppose I'm an extremist. I go out madly for a fortnight, every night, to theaters and restaurants, dance my head off, flirt prodigiously; then I have a change of heart and go to bed every night at nine o'clock for another fortnight. During this one I darn all my stockings and am frightfully virtuous and domestic. I love this location . . . I've lived here almost all my life, it seems. I like to watch the kiddies skating in the park, and the lights winking out and all that. Mother has sort of a separate little apartment in the back and this is mine."

As I was leaving Miss Kane put her finger to her lip and laughed. "I dont want mother to hear," she said, "but the frivolous fortnight is coming on . . . I've got to run and *prink*."

Gail Kane is the American girl. She is the sort who drives an ambulance in a spiffy uniform. She is the girl to whom the nice young man sends beribboned Page and Shaws, orchids and new books. She is the jolly American girl noted for her athleticism of body and mind, with the backbone of the hereditary Puritan and the spice of the modern dilettante. She is a four-squarer.

A certain player, whose name we will not mention, has a wife who plays the guitar. One evening recently while in a poetic mood, she took up her instrument and, strumming a few chords, began to sing, "I'll Strike Again My Tuneful Lyre." Her husband made a dive for the door, saying, "Not if I know it, you wont!"

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Thru the Looking-Glass of Films

(*Continued from page* 51)

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The French accuse us for one thing of being intellectual cowards. Of not daring, or caring, perhaps to face the truth. In our books and on our stage we insist on the "happy ending," while our reticence about facing the basic facts of life verges on the absurd.

William Dean Howells once said—in reply to someone who remarked that Americans like happy endings—"Yes, but they like also to be harrowed and even slightly shocked *before* the ending. In other words, what the American public wants is a tragedy with a happy ending. It is like a child going to sleep in his cosy nursery after a day of bumps and tumbles. It wants to be assured that all's well with the world first. It is a good thing to reassure the child—it insures his sleeping well—but as long as he needs the reassurance, he will be only a baby."

Practically the same thing applies to nations. We Americans, in spite of our resentment when anyone *else* says it, *know* that we are not quite "grown up" among the nations. We are still in a formative period, altho in some ways we are far ahead of our older brothers and sisters. It is in the fields of Art—drama, the cinema, music, literature, painting and sculpture—that we are furthest behind the others. And since the cinema is the hugest medium of art expression of a people, it is to the cinema that we must look for the greatest development. Those who have followed the advancement of the films during the last few years will not laugh at that statement. They will realize the progress already made and some of the possibilities. Men like Griffith, DeMille and Ince have already realized them, and are giving the best years of their brilliant lives to screen development. The discouraging part of it is that for one Griffith, there are a hundred directors who *follow* instead of *lead,* public taste. I ran across an article the other day in one of the French cinema magazines about the difference between American and French films, and it seemed to me that these contrasts as the author sketchily outlined them, might be made to apply to the real life of the two peoples—for it has become known that a nation is mirrored far more accurately in its films than in books—since most films are more modern than most books, hence more indicative of character.

"We French treat situations with a smiling indulgence," says the author, "which, for Americans, would amount to a veritable scandal. For us, a criminal or a sinner is a man like other men and the evil sentiments which impel him find their origin and explanation in the simple play of events. For the Americans, there is not a fault without sin; temptation comes from Satan; evil is an entity; it ought always to meet with complete punishment or be effaced by an atonement of complete humiliation. Americans have a disproportion between the fault and its con-

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sequences, or, on the contrary, a mad exaggeration of useless crime. Evil is all evil when they use it at all—they cant put in too much of it when it is a question of moral demonstration.

"If the guilty one mends his ways, it is all at once, by a brusque decision of heaven, towards the end of the last reel. The villain is—in a manner of speaking—touched by grace. Or else, if that is not the case, he perishes in torments. The American villains are not men, but fanatics or prodigies.

"Our villains are poor persons like ourselves who repair the evil they do the best they can and whose remorse is purely human. The criminal who commits crime for the pleasure of it is not among our personal conceptions. The flesh is weak with everybody; we judge crime only by its intention."

They go on to say, "What would the French think, for instance, if they knew that the Americans, to make 'Sappho' possible, had made her enter a Red Cross hospital at the end of the film?"

Now "Sappho" as everyone knew, while an extremely fascinating character, was a most reprehensible person. She probably would not have reformed, even in the picture, however, if the average American had not wanted her to.

The next part of the French article of which I'm speaking, is a lot more flattering and gives still further light on what they think of us "over there." "Besides, there is a trait of the American character which goes well with this rigorous morality and that is a sort of idealism, a search for philosophy, a generosity which translates itself often in a dazzling fashion. It is a trait which was little understood until the end of the war put it in the light of the national American politics. Idealism, mixed with religion—a religion more humanitarian than human, which made the success of 'Chanticleer' more considerable than that of 'Cyrano,' an idealism always nearer than it would seem to be lending itself to the symbolical, the paraphrase—and quite evidently, to the moral digression. The American will always allow very willingly films that study under a general and polite form, any great social or moral problem, but it must always be in story form with plenty of action."

Further on in the magazine from which I have been quoting was a criticism of a certain American-made film, "Little Women." This, they remarked, was a most commendable film. It had excellency of photography, direction and all else. But it was absolutely devoid of interest to the French. "It is one of those films," the writer said, "which is strictly national in character, and should not be exported."

This is not surprising, however, when one remembers the book. It is a happy little story of intimate family life, with some three or four love romances woven into it. The diversion of interest was made up for, to the American, by the marvelous characterization of the principal persons and the truly unique picture of American home life. The French could not, of course, appreciate what all this meant.

If more films like this had been shown in France, there would have been not only an appreciative audience for this particular one, but there would be a much closer understanding between the two nations. If the members of the League of Nations will try to learn each other thoroly, as one learns to know an intimate friend, the League will not fail. And they can best of all do this thru films—the mirror of the nations.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND DON'T KNOW IT

This is the startling assertion recently made by one of the most famous writers of to-day, E. B. Davison of New York, said to be the highest paid man in his line in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible? Are there countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really **can** and simply **haven't found it out?** Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can **tell** a story. Why can't most people **write** a story? Why is writing supposed to be such a rare gift? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms below! So Yesterday's Skepticism doesn't count any more.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when hundreds of thousands of people will be able to write—there will be countless playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching school in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. **The Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer!** Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child, playing on the floor, sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they must have a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they **Really Learn to Write** from the great, wide, open boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" **Who Says You Can't?**

Listen! A wonderful 300-page book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that reveals a startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. It explains all this so simply and clearly that anybody can understand it. It was written by a man who has criticised thousands of stories and plays. This amazing book is called, **"How To Be a Successful Writer."** The author is James Irving, who for years was Editor-in-Chief of one of the largest literary institutions in America. We cannot begin to describe this book, but will make it so easy for you to get and examine it, that you will send for it at once. You may have it **Absolutely Free For Five Days' Examination.** The book has over 300 pages, is elegantly cloth bound in royal green, and stamped in gold. You don't obligate yourself and you don't send a penny. After you get the book, look it over for five days to your heart's content, then return it or simply send us $3 for it.

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"I sold my first play in less than three weeks after getting your book."--Thelma Almer, Helena, Mont.

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"Received the book. I could give myself a shaking, if possible, for not sending long ago. Why, everything is so plain a blind person could see."--Rosa Beard, Nelsonville, O.

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Exhibitors vs. Producers

(*Continued from page 39*)

audience would be interested, is considered an impossible feat.

The established producers can govern their own wares but they cannot prevent other producers making sensational or immoral photoplays and selling them to the ignorant exhibitor to catch the particular element of the public that enjoys that type of entertainment.

Unfortunately by these motion pictures is the whole photoplay field judged. Pictures of this ilk are generally handled by what is known as "state rights." Some concern operating in a certain territory will buy a certain number of prints from the producer and then send them to the exhibitors in his district to exploit in his own fashion. A story is told of a certain producer for the "state rights" market, directing a scene in which a lightly clad star is discovered reclining in her boudoir. Noticing her position the producer called, "Show a little more leg, Gertrude, this is a 'state rights' picture."

This statement is by no means intended to condemn the state rights method of marketing, as a number of excellent pictures are handled that way—but to show that the state rights method is now the only available way for unclean pictures to be offered to the public.

With the ending of the war, the activities of a number of industrious persons who must force their ideas and opinions on others have been transferred from trying to keep the soldiers from smoking cigarets and staying out nights, to picking on the motion picture and the triumph of prohibition has left scores of other reformers casting about for new pastures. The motion picture is their shining target.

The producers know that for the want of other activities on the part of the professional reformers, the motion picture is in for its attack, and already whispers of censorship are heard over the land. The public generally is too interested in their own private affairs to make any effort to protest against a few people deciding the likes and dislikes of the balance of the population, but the reported action of the distributors in refusing to ship film into the states or communities which have a censorship board over and above the National Board of Review is a long step toward confining the film censorship to one national committee. For when the cities and property owners are confronted by dark, unoccupied theaters, and when it is discovered that a few people have by their actions denied them their national evening amusement, the longsuffering public is going to rise in its wrath and decide to select its own line of thought and choose what it shall see and enjoy.

Several exhibitors, who could better devote their time to trying to present entertainments that would attract people to their theaters, have admitted to the industry that they know more about producing a picture than anyone yet living. They demand that they should have a committee present in the different studios to tell the director just how the picture should be done. A short walk around a studio with one of these worthies shows that they are entirely devoid of any knowledge of the limitations of a camera, the essential points of dramatic construction, or even the details necessary to make a story comprehensive to an audience.

An inspired orchestra leader came out with the scheme that a musician should stand by the side of a director and tell

him how scenes should be played in order that the theater orchestra could finish a "Hearts and Flowers" death scene accompaniment before having to break into some lighter selection for a different scene. Music plays a vital part in the presentation of a picture, but it is up to the orchestra to fit his music in with the story, and not the director to fit his story to the music.

Thru all the barrage of bickering can be seen the objective of those who have the future of the industry, or art—as you choose to call it—at heart. It means the elimination of the careless or sensational producer, the gradual decline of the star system, the presentation of photoplays by capable, well-balanced and carefully directed casts, the better story, the establishment of well recognized trademarks, the demise of the ignorant and money-grabbing exhibitor, the offering of well-balanced, tastefully constructed programs, with good musical accompaniment, the continual growth of the big carefully run theaters, and the policy of one week's running of a picture changed to two, four, or even six weeks, depending upon the size of the city and the worth of the attraction.

At present there are too many pictures being produced. The market is oversupplied, which naturally tends to force the rental of pictures down. This does not leave the producer margin enough of profit to gamble on big or unusual productions, and hold up the whole game. A few well produced stories, rented for a substantial sum, would be better for both parties than a supply of cheap, poorly done plays.

Now the producer, in order to follow the one week's policy and keep his theaters supplied with plays, has to produce from fifty-two to one hundred and four stories a year, or more. When the unit of running is increased it means that the producer will not have to make as many pictures, can pick and choose his stories and spend more time in making his productions and make probably just as much money, which when all is said and done, is what he is in the business for.

The big companies are in the hands of responsible business men, the weeding out of directors has left the big organizations with intelligent, artistic directors who select players for their ability and fitness, have a deep knowledge of dramatic and camera values, and who love to do things right.

If left alone, the pictures will work out their own salvation, the fittest will survive, and the public will be enabled to enjoy the best stories of the best authors, intelligently presented by capable, carefully directed artists in beautiful, clean, well ventilated theaters, accompanied by a program that will be a delight to the eyes and ears, as well as having an educational and recreational value to the mind.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why do they call a vampire a siren? She never sounds a warning.

How is it that anyone can become a forger in the movies as long as he has the pen and ink?

Why dont they call them emotion pictures?

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Men of America, what are you going to do about it? How are you going to protect your sisters and your daughters? How are YOU, who read this, going to protect your future wife and *do your part* to breed a race of strong, sturdy children that will be a credit to America, instead of poor, sickly, watery-blooded little creatures who have no chance in life, and who, when they grow up, will inevitably help to fill our insane asylums and our jails?

Men of America, Wake Up!

It's up to YOU, to every individual one of you, to make YOURSELF fit, first of all. It's a living condition that confronts you, not an academic theory. It's a condition based on the immutable laws of heredity, which have operated ever since the world began. It's a condition recognized by every breeder of live stock, and taken advantage of to improve the qualities of the cattle, horses or dogs he raises. It's the great, inexorable Law of Nature that Like Breeds Like; that the progeny will inherit the qualities of the sire in an *intensified degree.*

Read those two last words again, and think—think *hard.* What will YOUR children be? If YOU are weak and sickly; poisoned by constipation, green with biliousness, tortured by indigestion, wrecked by nervous headaches, with vitality barely sufficient to carry you through your daily work—*what kind of children can you beget?*

Fit Yourself to Be a Father

You don't want to deceive the girl who loves and trusts you and wreck her life by making her the mother of children who will cause her to curse the day she married you. You want her to bear happy, healthy, laughing children, who will grow up into strong, virile men and women, a source of joy and comfort to you both in your old age.

FIT YOURSELF to beget such little ones, and at the same time to take the place among men in the world to which you are rightfully entitled. YOU CAN DO IT—there isn't any question about it—IF YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO DO IT. You can get rid of the hampering ailments that are preventing you from being quick, alert, efficient in your work and keeping you from getting a better job or higher position at bigger pay; you can break off any evil habits that are giving you a hang-dog feeling and making you ashamed to look your fellow men and women in the face; you can build up your flabby muscles, strengthen all your vital organs, make your blood rich and red and fill yourself with the punch and power of a REAL MAN, if you will stop "putting it off until tomorrow," *take hold of yourself and go about it the right way.*

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..Thinness	..Constipation	..Skin Disorders
..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Despondency
..Lumbago	..Torpid Liver	..Round Shoulders
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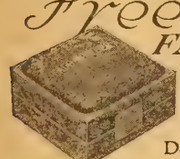

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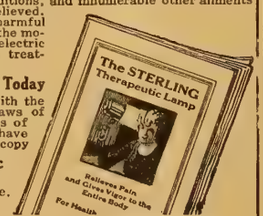

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The New Moon

(*Continued from page* 46)

When we were alone Michail Koloyar did not offer to draw me to him.

"I have searched thru many depths for you, Marie Pavlovna," he said to me, "and when I came to the village of Saratof I joined the anarchists because I heard that Kamenoff had knowledge of you. Then I heard what that knowledge was—that you had become his mistress. I could not believe it. Knowing you, I could not believe that. Tell me, darling, you would have died rather than . . ."

"I would not be alive, Michail Koloyar," I muttered next his ear, "if that which you have heard—were true."

This is all for the present. I salute you.

MARIE PAVLOVNA.

Across the Boundary.

LITTLE DOVE:

It is all over, Little Sister, for the present, for your poor, harried Marie Pavlovna and for Michail Koloyar. It was so nearly all over forever, darkly all over, with no longer any glory of the sun, any promise of the leafing in the spring.

The day after Michail Koloyar found me I was arrested and taken to Kamenoff's headquarters.

"You are to remain here," he told me, "until you register."

"That will be forever," I replied.

"The pleasure will be mine, Marie Pavlovna," he replied and clicked his heels.

I stayed a fortnight. In that time I had no glimpse of Michail Koloyar. Every day Kamenoff came to my room with the blank for me to sign. Every day I refused.

Then came a morning when he showed me fifty women or so herded in the courtyard below. "They are like yourself," he said, smiling and showing his teeth, "rebels from the decree."

"They are martyrs," I said.

"If martyrs die for the stubbornness of a mule," he answered me, "then they are martyrs.

"The rebels are to be herded here daily," he went on, watching me narrowly; "I am to raise my arm, give the signal, they will be shot. On the other hand . . . you sign the decree. The chances are you go to your homes, to your husbands, to your families—unmolested."

"Or?" I suggested.

"Or—to the arms of a lover," he smiled. "Which is better, Marie Pavlovna?"

"Death," I said promptly, "oblivion, sleep . . . peace . . ."

Kamenoff turned darkly red. He strode over to the window and flung up his arms. There was the shattering sound of shots, then a voice crying, "Nadia Kamenoff was in the crowd. Theo Kamenoff, you have killed your little sister. Pig, you have slaughtered your own!"

Michail Koloyar's voice called loudest of all. The mob tasted the unlawful blood and ran riot. There were more shots. Kamenoff swayed where he stood, and as I fled from the room I saw him fall with the dark blood rushing from his twisted mouth.

Michail Koloyar and I are across the border. Tonight we go to a little wayside chapel and a priest will make us one. I am very tired. Love is a calming, a content . . . a balm like your balm of Gilead . . .

Some day, Little White Dove, we shall come to your country, where peace and plenty smile like little new moons on the milk-full breast of an abundant sky.

Your weary MARIE PAVLOVNA.

The Answer Man—(*Continued from page 96*)

Mary Anna D.—Write to our circulation manager, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lizabeth C.—New lists of manufacturers are now out. Send a stamped envelope for them. Send for a list of the correspondence clubs. You define vacuum as the top story of a snob. Quite right. Elsie Ferguson and Eugene O'Brien in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Yes, Winifred Greenwood was the waitress in "Too Many Millions."

Arthur N.—I have no use for barbers. I soured on them years ago when I jokingly remarked to one as I entered his shop, "Did you ever shave a monkey?" whereupon he replied, "No, but if you will please sit down I'll try." In "The Whip" Irving Cummings and Alma Hanlon had the leads. A great meller-drammer, but "Sporting Life" is even better. Joseph Singleton played in "Brewster's Millions."

Bluebird.—Hope you are recovered. Ralph Kellard is playing on the stage. Your letter was a corker, and I hope you write soon again.

Pollyanna.—Harry Carey was Cheyenne and Neva Gerber was Lola in "Three Mounted Men." Marshall Neilan directed "Three Men and a Girl" with Marguerite Clark and Richard Barthelmess. Monroe Salisbury was the lead. That's right, the wise traveler stops occasionally to see where he is going. Most of us dont know where we are going, and only know that we are on the way.

H. L. S.—You say it was love at first sight when you saw me. You had better take another look. Is your eyesight good? I fear you need specs. Love me little, but love me long. No, he is not engaged. No, I dont think it worth your while to try to get your four-year old cousin in the pictures. I advise that you wait about twelve years.

Pauline Frederick Forever; Eric O.; Toodles; Virginia B.; George Walsh Admirer; Violet S.; Avis B.; Velma R. P.—Enid Bennett Forever. See above for your answers, and excuse me from further comments than—thank you!

Maxine.—Thanks for the book. You sure must have lots of time on your hands. Ormi Hawley is no relation to Wanda. Maxine Elliott Hicks is no relation to Maxine Elliott. Neither is George Washington Jones any relation to George Washington. Marguerite and Mae's sister. Little Mary was not cast. Billie Jacobs isn't playing now. No to your 6th. Edna May is not the same as Edna Mayo; what do you suppose that "o" is for? Didn't know Katherine Williams had a son. Eight, nine, ten, you're out. Next bout in fifteen minutes.

Herbert D. T.—Vera Lewis in "The Weaver of Dreams." Well, Jean Valjean is a beautiful character, anyway.

Theodore E. O.—You say you are 84 and have just finished your first photoplay. Never too old. You've got me beaten by a few years. I haven't Mrs. McDonald's present address. Wish you could stop in and we would talk over olden times when you and I were young, Maggie.

Cecilia.—Well, if this is your first time, oh, there's a first time for everything, so I'll try to be painless. Yes, Syd Chaplin is Charlie's brother and Charlie is Syd's brother also. Oh, the reason I am so good is because it is too expensive to be otherwise. Surprise me some more.

Barry, Phila.—So you have started a club for boys. Something new. The Douglas Fairbanks Club. Have you any members? Good idea. Lila Lee in "The Secret Garden." Wallace Reid in "The Dub" with Ann Little.

J. C. H.—From cowboy to matinée idol! It's beyond me, Jack.

Me, 18.—Well, you came very near getting in the alsorans. Theda Bara in "The Light." It was taken in New Orleans and the character is supposed to portray the wickedest woman in Paris. And such a past as Theda had even before she saw "The Light."

Frankie.—Goldwyn are taking in Los Angeles, and Pauline Frederick is there now. Willard Mack is in New York. Well, Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal, says that the most interesting plots are still to be written. Let 'em come, says I.

Niles Welch Forever.—Niles Welch is with Paramount. You say it isn't the man who takes things as they come who succeeds, but the man who snatches them as they go. Some philosophy for a child. Wakayama is a city in Japan, and in 1900 its population was given as 63,667—rather a sizable place, eh, wot?

Zlata.—To begin with, dont think Kitty Gordon has a child of 15; Theda Bara is 29 years old; Lila Lee is her correct name; Marion Davies is not married; I dont know what kind of perfume she uses; and the Dolly Sisters are dancing in New York. You're welcome.

Hollie V. S.—Yes, but I dont remember what you said in your last letter. You ask, "What effect would honey have on ants?" Wait a minute until I get an ant and try it. Write to Edison.

B. C., U. S. A.—No, Bill Hart is not married. Likewise May Allison. Why not enter our Fame and Fortune Contest? No, you dont talk too much. I know what you mean. People with narrow souls are like narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

J. Lisbeth G.—Stay at school a little longer. You wont regret it later on.

I. N. A.—J. W. Johnston; he was with Paramount. No, indeed, I am not married, only wedded to my art.

Herbert H. D.—Greetings! Send me a wire, why not? The Morse system of telegraphy invented by S. B. Morse, an American artist, was adopted in almost every part of the world. The first message, "What hath God wrought?" was sent from Washington to Baltimore, in 1844. I dont think Gladys Brockwell ever played with Bill Hart. So you would really die of grief or something if you thought I wasn't a man. Well, I assure you you are going to live.

S. R. P. L. M.—American stamps are not used in Naples, neither did Cleopatra speak English. Why not join one of the correspondence clubs? But Hymen comes when he is called, and Love when he pleases.

George C. T.—The way you Australians appreciate the Americans is beautiful. You say we are a cheery, whole-hearted nation. We're always full of cheers, even if we're not always cheery.

Harry B.—Leah Baird is with Pathé. I dont know whether you will see "Thais" in New Zealand or not. It ought to. Mary Miles Minter in "Wives and Other Wives." She is quite grown up in that.

English Maid.—No cast for that play. Rosemary Theby is with Metro. You should always read the preface to a book. Romaine Fielding was in Chicago for a time, but he got the flu and left the city.

Rachel V.—You ask a good way to keep flies off gilt picture frames. I would suggest framing the pictures in oak or keeping them in the ice-box. Cleo Ridgely isn't playing in pictures. Yes, I love the sea. I dote upon it—from the beach.

Ida Neil, Montevideo, Uruguay.—Well, how do you do? Hands across the equator! Earle Foxe played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Panthea."

Austral, Melbourne.—How is it down there? Well, I'm kinda glad you dont want to know what kind of boot-polish Wallace Reid uses, or how many times a week Mary Pickford manicures her nails, or whether I leave my whiskers on at night, but your letter was just full of pep, and I enjoyed every word of it. Write me again.

Curiosity.—Julian Eltinge was born in Boston in 1883. *Ennui* is a French word for an English malady and means white glooms.

O. Frenchy; Mrs. E. de B.; Me; Miss Liberty; Flo, Chicago; Marguerite B.; Inquirer; Lewis R.; G. Whizz (that's what I say); E. M. G.; and Admirer:—Sorry I cant answer you this time.

Robert Gordon Fan.—Beg your pardon. Robert Gordon is married. He is about as old as Jack Pickford. Yes, I like him, dont you? But a woman loves a man for what he is, and a man loves a woman for what he thinks she is, and they both usually get fooled.

Bessie H.—None of the players you mention are married. All right, here's three of each off-hand: three great dramatists, Molière, Shaw and Ibsen; three English writers, Bacon, Tennyson and Chaucer; three historians, Plutarch, Herodotus and Macaulay; three inventors, Edison, Marconi and Fulton; three journalists, Franklin, Greeley and Dana; three musicians, Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn; three novelists, Balzac, Cooper and Eliot; three orators, Demosthenes, Cicero and Webster; three painters, Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Sargent, not forgetting our own Editor. How do they compare with yours?

Handus Coldfacts.—Some of them have been warmed over. Nance O'Neil is Mrs. Alfred Hickman.

Henrietta D.—The Anita Stewart mentioned is not the famous Vitagraph beauty.

Aussie.—Please dont call me ancient, I am quite modern. Constance Talmadge is not engaged to Norman Kerry. Charles Chaplin did marry Mildred Harris, hence the latter is now billed as "Mrs. Charlie Chaplin," and therefore worth a bigger salary.

Brownie.—Enjoyed yours very much. That's right, speak but little and well if you would be esteemed as a man of merit, and when you write be doubly careful. George Beban in "Hearts of Men"—State Right picture.

Brunnette.—Yes, indeed. Lewis Cody will be interviewed soon. Lillian Gish is not married. Bah! Dorothy Gish is not married to Robert Harron. That's just movie talk, and it moves fast when it starts. You say Lewis Cody's acting in "Borrowed Clothes" was unaffected and sincere.

Kismet 16.—Enjoyed listening to your household duties. Let me hear from you when you vacuum the place again. Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, Gladys Leslie and Harry Morey will be in Los Angeles next winter.

Essex.—Suff'ren slippers! There are fifteen or twenty of the same film made, and Boston should get some of the big pictures. Speak to the manager.

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"Certainly not!
I want the wire netting
Put in the windows,
And you are plenty big enough
To do it.
So you may have the privilege
Of staying at home
And making your own
Screen début!"

HARVEY PEAKE

The Great Fame and Fortune Contest

(*Continued from page 69*)

Calif. Miss Dazey has played extra rôles with various film companies on the coast. She has dark-brown eyes, light-brown hair, and is 4 ft. 11 in. tall.

Louise E. Kline, 620 Heliotrope Drive, Los Angeles, Calif. Miss Kline has been a member of Theodore Kosloff's school of dancing, and has taken part in amateur theatricals. She also is a violinist. She has greenish-brown eyes, black curly hair, and is 5 ft. 4 in. tall.

"Sammy" Simpson, 211 Oakland St., San Antonio, Texas. Miss Simpson has had no stage experience. She has dark-brown eyes, light-brown hair, and is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall.

Marguerite Hungerford, 4002 Charlotte St., Kansas City, Mo. Like Miss Simpson, Miss Hungerford has had no stage experience. She has dark-brown eyes, dark-brown hair, and is 5 ft. 4½ in. tall.

Bessie Elaine Janover, 55 East 100th St., New York City. Miss Janover also has had no stage experience. She has bluish-green eyes, reddish-brown hair, and is 5 ft. 6 in. tall.

Ruthe St. Earl, 2403 Cataldo St., Spokane, Wash. Miss St. Earl has had both a little stage and screen experience. She has hazel eyes, brown hair, and is 5 ft. 4½ in. tall.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the rules of the Fame and Fortune Contest, we repeat:

1—Open to any young woman, or man, in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

2—Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, or a similar coupon of their own making.

3—Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

4—Contestants desiring photographs returned must attach sufficient postage to their photographs. Do not send it in a separate envelope.

The Fame and Fortune Jury is as follows:

Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.....
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....

Address.....(street)

.....(city).....(state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

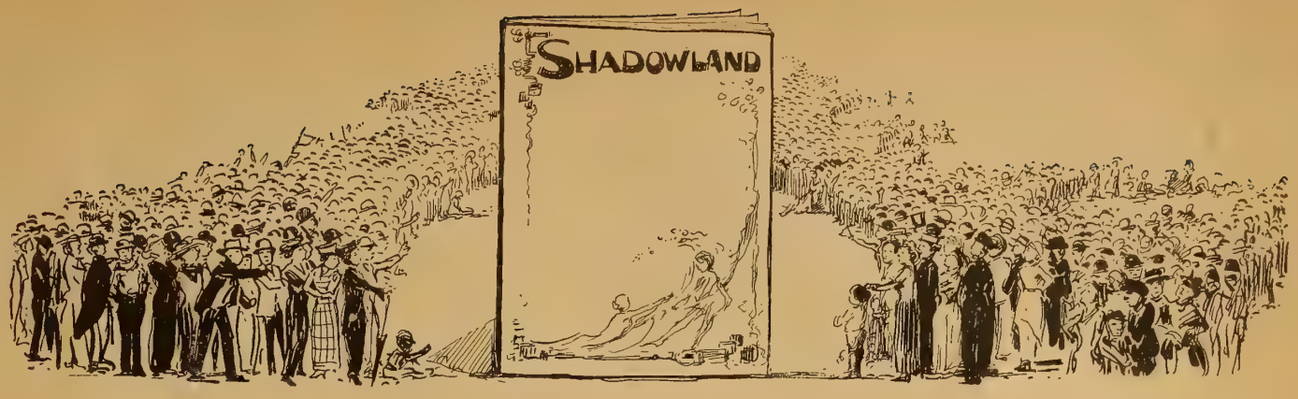
.....

When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

Height.....Weight.....

Complexion.....



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Watch and Wait for

SHADOWLAND

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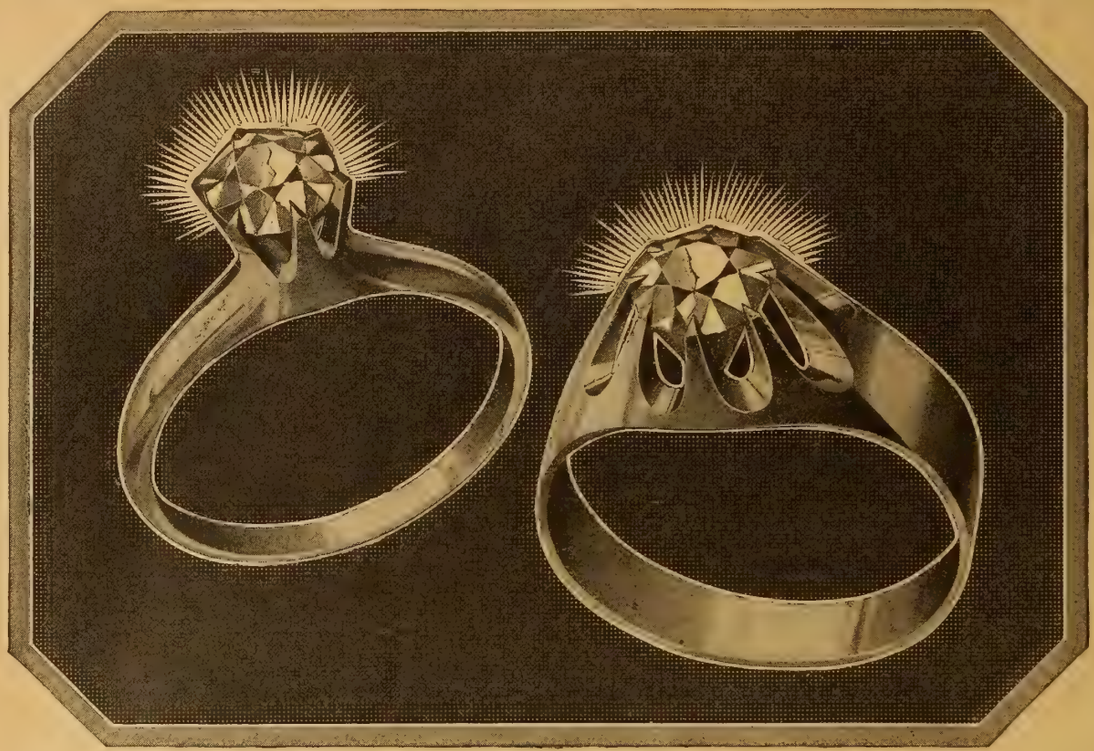

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